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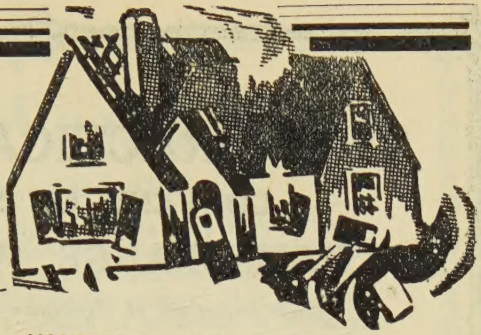

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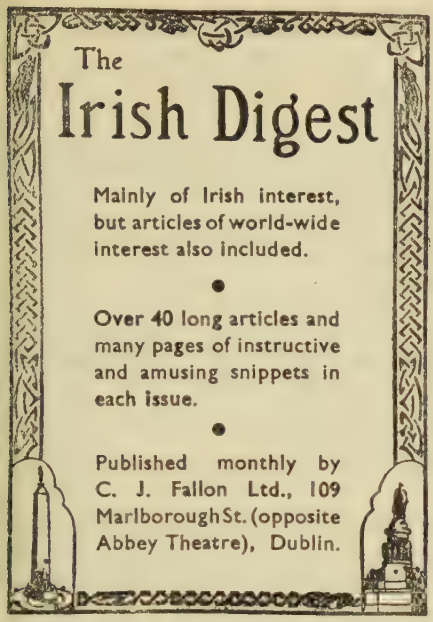
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A GREAT IRISH MISSIONARY

HOP JOSEPH SHANAHAN, C.S.SP. : 6 JUNE 1871—25 DECEMBER 1943

BY EDWARD LEEN, C.S.SP., D.D., D.LITT.

HE story of the man who is the subject of this sketch is an emphatic denial of the rather pessimistic reflection that the evil which men ves after them, whilst the good is oft interred with their bones. Very are the men whose lives are flawless. There is no one who would aim as energetically as Bishop Shanahan himself inclusion amongst privileged few. But before the end of the long process of purification preceded the closing of his days it can be confidently asserted that, uch passing tension as might have been due to the shortcomings of ch the noblest characters are not free, not a trace remained either ie devoted followers whom he had inspired or in the great undertakings ch he had initiated. As for the great-hearted missionary himself, God Whom he served with undeviating loyalty and uncalculating erosity saw to it that a thorough detachment of spirit should prepare passage from this world. Under the iron of great mental and physical ering were smoothed out the wrinkles and inequalities that disturbed surface of a soul whose quality and texture were of the finest.

A Carmelite nun transmits to a friend this simple record of the last : " You will have heard about our dear saint (it was thus the nelites spoke of him among themselves). Surely the Holy Child him straight to Heaven. These last sixteen months were just filled suffering, physical and mental. He began to break up in August with dreadful neuralgia. We did not see him again until October. t a change in a few weeks ! He was scarcely a shadow of himself. could scarcely speak to us. We did not see him again. Last April 1943), however, we got a most beautiful letter treasured now as a . He was happy in spite of his sufferings, but longing to be able to Mass and his Holy Office daily—and ' to keep ever onwards with face towards heaven ' . . . The few days before Christmas he ered intensely, but on that happy morning all pain was gone . . . as doubtful if he could receive Holy Communion, but he said : ' On ast-day—yes, certainly.' That was about 7 o'clock. The chaplain to say Mass for him at 8 o'clock, and it was during it that our Blessed her came for him . . . It is good to think of him now, all his erings over and enjoying the immense reward of his wonderful life ; the world and Nairobi and Carmel have a big, big void which can er be fully filled."

The more one sees history in the making, the less trust one is incline to place in history as it is written. The historian, in order to ge knowledge of events and personages of our days, has to rely on ou published records. His sense of the relative importance of things h has to record is controlled by the perspectives in which they are show by contemporary writers. The death of Dr. Shanahan received bu brief notice in our newspapers and, short as the notice was, it containe an inaccuracy. The passing of Dr. Shanahan received much the sam emphasis as a number of other items of news of no particular significanc and already consigned to oblivion.[1] Of the thousands of Irish reade who idly glanced through the columns of the daily papers of December 28 1943, none but the few who had been personally acquainted with th apostle of Southern Nigeria could be aware that they were reading of th death of a man whose life, were there a historian to record it, would riva in romantic achievement that of the great pioneers of the Catholic Faith The story of this great Irishman—and the term ' great ' is not carelessl employed—is as fitted to stir the imagination as the story of the adventurou ' black-robes ' who risked and lost their lives in the pagan fastnesses o North America.

The good wrought by Bishop Shanahan was not interred with hi bones. It survives in the transformation of a great and populous territor lying on the side of Africa opposite to that where he died. It survives too, in the vigorous development and the rich promise of three religiou societies that in Ireland owe their existence either directly or indirectl to his inspiration. Those who have worked with Dr. Shanahan in Southern Nigeria stand too close to his achievement to see it in its proper proportions But if that achievement could be viewed in its true perspective, it woul not be a gross exaggeration to institute a parallel between it and that of ou National Apostle. At the age of thirty-four the Tipperary-born Hol Ghost Father was entrusted with the evangelisation of a country muc larger than Ireland and whose population was estimated at ten millions The people to whom Patrick preached were refined, courteous and gentle This cannot be said of the tribes that peopled the territory that lay Sout of the Niger and stretched inland towards the heart of Africa. Ther cannibalism was rife. Hostility to the stranger, black or white, was th code. Life was held cheap. The blood not only of animals but o men flowed in the rites of fetish worship. The stagnant swamps an pools were rich breeding-grounds for deadly germs of all kinds, and th forests swarmed with noxious reptiles and dangerous wild beasts. Th whole country was gripped by a paganism that seemed ineradicable.

After the twenty years of valiant missionary effort that precede

[1] There were some exceptions. Appreciations of the man and his work appeared *The Tipperary Guardian* (January 1, 1944), *The Pagan Missions* (March 1944), *The Iri Ecclesiastical Record* (April 1944), and in *The African Rosary* (April-June 1944). Bu all these notices were penned by persons who were intimates of Dr. Shanahan.

r. Shanahan's appointment, there was little more to show than two idge-heads of Christianity, held precariously at Calabar and Onitsha. hese two bridge-heads stood relatively to each other as Cork to Belfast. ı between was a country of blackness. A few stations, five or six in l, had been opened in the neighbourhood of Onitsha, and these ultimately me to nothing. In 1905 the Church could count at most 2,000 Christians ıd 850 Catechumens. But when in 1932 the great missionary retired om the field of his labours, Southern Nigeria presented a far different cture. The Vicariate was covered over with a net-work of mission-hools and chapels. There was not a corner of it to which the message the Gospel had not penetrated. Colleges, junior and senior seminaries, nvents, training schools for teachers of both sexes, hospitals, a native riesthood—in a word, all the indications of a Christianity vital, firmly tablished and sure of itself were in evidence. Writing an account of ıe sacerdotal jubilee of Bishop Shanahan, celebrated in 1925, one of is missionaries expressed the hope that the valiant apostle would live see the number of baptised Christians reach the grand total of 100,000. vents have shown the aspiration to have been too modest.

Today Southern Nigeria counts four ecclesiastical divisions, three refectures and one Vicariate. The development had been so great ıd rapid that, at his retirement, Dr. Shanahan ruled only a portion of ıe territory he had undertaken to evangelise. Others reaped where e had sown. His rule was contracted to the Vicariate of Onitsha-Owerri. nd yet this ecclesiastical division alone, according to the returns issued 1943, registered close on 200,000 Catholics and over 100,000 catechu-ens, 51 Junior Seminarists, 21 Senior Seminarists, 683 boys' schools ith a roll of 70,000 pupils, and 17 girls' schools with a school attendance over 4,000. These schools were conducted by 2,465 teachers, men ıd women. For the provision of teachers there were two training lleges for men and three for women. Higher education was catered r in 3 secondary schools, two for boys and one for girls. To cope with l this work the Vicar Apostolic had 43 priests, 40 nuns, and 6 Franciscan rothers. Christianity was diffused from 1,341 mission stations![1] It not to minimise the splendid work done by Dr. Shanahan's co-operators ıd his successors, if the chief credit for this marvellous development of hristianity in Southern Nigeria is to be attributed to the vision, the urage, and the apostolic zeal of the great chief who ruled the Church that country for almost thirty years. It is true that it is God who ves the increase, but it cannot be denied that the Almighty chooses

[1] At time of writing I have not at hand the Sacred Returns of the three Prefectures ich, with the present Vicariate of Onitsha-Owerri, were under the jurisdiction of Dr. anahan from 1905-1930. If the figures of the Prefectures were added to those of the cariate, the Church membership for the whole territory (that is, counting Catholics d Catechumens) would approximate to the half-million. It may be doubted if there re as many members of the Catholic Church in Ireland when St. Patrick ended his ours.

apt instruments for His great designs. Hence it is that those who were privileged to enjoy the intimacy of the great missionary will not hesitate to say that, great as was his work, the man himself was still greater. He achieved what he did because he was what he was. Under God, it is in the gifts and virtues of Dr. Shanahan's soul that is to be found the secret of the immense fruitfulness of his life.

Joseph Shanahan was born at Glenkeen near Templederry in the County of Tipperary and in the arch-diocese of Cashel on the 6 June 1871. By a curious coincidence it was on the same day of the same month that he was consecrated bishop forty-nine years later. He was a studious boy. His father saw to that. The fact that an uncle had chosen the hard life of a missionary in pagan lands turned the young lad's thoughts in the same direction. He intimated his desires to the Holy Ghost Fathers of Blackrock College, and was by them counselled to undertake his secondary studies in one of their colleges in France—at Cellule in Auvergne. The boy was but thirteen years of age at the time. Neither he himself, nor those who advised him, could have realised what a remarkable influence this rather strange decision was to exert in preparing him for his future career. Education in a foreign country inured him early to separation from all he held dear, and it disciplined him to self-reliance. It proved also to be the occasion for the kindling in his soul of ardent missionary longings. France was at that time intensely apostolic. The exploits of the heroic priests dispatched to foreign parts from the seminary of the Missions Etrangères were on the lips of every adventurous levite. Many a young Frenchman dreamed of spiritual conquests and the glory of martyrdom. The naturally generous and heroic temper of the Irish lad caught fire. The seeds of French ardour, French idealism, French piety, and French culture sank into a spiritual soil that was a happy blend of deep Irish faith, Irish humanity, and Irish devotion to the Church.[1] At the close of his secondary studies Joseph Shanahan took his 'baccalaureat' with distinction. He had acquired the art of speaking French with elegance and ease; in addition he had a good acquaintance with French literature. Of English his mastery was necessarily much less perfect. But he was unduly diffident about it. Though he was persuaded that he handled it awkwardly as a medium of expression, he could, nevertheless, write letters that surpass in vigour and feeling compositions by more gifted writers of English.

In 1897, having completed his scholastic philosophy and made his religious profession, Dr. Shanahan returned to Ireland. He pursued his studies in theology at the Lake House in Rockwell College, and was

[1] An incident related by the Bishop himself and recorded in the *African Rosary* of April reveals the beginnings of the great missionary's remarkable power of self-conquest. Incidentally, it shows how the Irish boy was being annealed by his circumstances. The loneliness must have been great, as he had no companion of his own race with whom he could share his thoughts.

ained priest on 22 April 1900 at Blackrock College by Bishop Allgeyer, Vicar Apostolic of Zanzibar. In September of the same year he appointed Dean of Discipline in Rockwell College.

It must be confessed that the future missionary was not at home in task. He felt cramped by the narrow horizons of school life. His craved for adventure. Not that he failed to address himself to the on hand with his customary energy and zeal. He laboured to enkindle the souls of the students something of the lofty idealism and deep gious spirit which he had brought with him from France. For him, alty to Christ and to all that Christ marked with His authority and roval lifted the ordinary tasks and duties of school-life above the mmonplace and transfigured them with divine meaning. The writer his notice was a student of the time and still hears the echoes of those ning words that betrayed the lofty Christian idealism of the young est's soul. He also remembers with sadness that there was but a poor ponse to that idealism, though deep in their hearts the less thoughtless ongst the students justified the outlook of the Dean and condemned ir own. If he was but ill-appreciated, they recognised that it was his fault but theirs. A happy chance came to release Father Shanahan m a position that was ill-suited to his formation, his qualities and his irations. It was clear, even to us, that he did not feel in harmony h his environment. The chance was given by an incident which ame historic in the annals of Munster football.

The College Rugby team, of which the Dean of Discipline had charge, a fixture in February 1902 with a Cork team. The venue was in rk itself. At that time the College team, in order to reach the south, to make a long journey of 14 miles by car to Limerick Junction. On particular day the transport arrangements miscarried, and when the yers arrived at the Limerick Junction they found to their dismay that train for Cork had left. There were no motor-cars in those days, the situation seemed desperate. The match was an important one. e followers of the game in Cork looked forward to it with eagerness large crowds were expected. A wire announcing the 'impasse' ked a reply that was a cry of consternation. The Station Master, being consulted, said the only possibility open was to charter a special m Dublin, but, of course, that would involve considerable expense. h characteristic generosity of spirit, Father Shanahan said that honour involved in fulfilling an important engagement and expense could be allowed to weigh against that. The decision was taken. The es were set going. The line was cleared. The driver, having nothing handle but the engine, the tender and a saloon carriage for the football n, made a record run from Dublin to the Junction and from the Junction Cork. Prompt to time the Dean led his players on to the Mardyke d amidst roars of applause, for news of his splendid sportsmanship

had reached the grounds. The Rockwell team won the match, and Father Shanahan was overwhelmed with congratulations for the victory and for the generous decision that prepared the way for it. The home authorities, however, did not share the enthusiasm of the sporting world. They were not to be blamed. The Dean's fund, which had to meet the expense of a special train, had received a set-back from which it did not recover for years. The Dean of Discipline, no doubt, had excellent qualities; but—he was "somewhat extravagant and unpractical". His unconventional methods needed wider space for their exercise. Recognising this fact himself, he asked to be released for mission work in Nigeria. His request was acceded to.

In that year, 1902, Southern Nigeria presented a truly gloomy picture regarded from the missionary point of view. It was a byword amongst missions. Work in it was considered arduous and, what was worse, utterly thankless and without prospects. The climate was in ill-repute. Amongst the fields of evangelisation entrusted to the Holy Ghost Fathers it had the worst name. It was precisely Father Shanahan's reason for selecting it as the theatre of his labours. When he arrived, he found that the country's evil reputation had done it no wrong. During the first three years he must have frequently been tempted to renounce his enterprise and return home. The isolation was dreadful. He was the only Irish priest amongst the missionaries. There was no contact with the home country. Africa at that time was very distant, and for those whom he had known in Ireland he had vanished into a country of sinister legend and been swallowed up in darkness. At Onitsha, Ogbali, Nsube and Dekina he laboured hard. The fruit of his labours was the baptism of some dying children and the purchase of a handful of slaves to form some semblance of a nucleus of Christianity. He sweated under the fierce sun and learned to make bricks. With his own hands he tilled the ground to eke out the scanty fare of the missionary's table. The Igbos received, with cynical and contemptuous amusement, the suggestion to change their ancestral belief for this new religion that had such sorry representatives. The obduracy of the pagans and the hopelessness of the task broke the giant strength of Mgr. Lejeune, Dr. Shanahan's predecessor. Lejeune was a man of herculean strength of mind and body. He had envangelised Gabon and came from it covered with glory. Nigeria conquered him. At the sight of the break-down of this great man the young Irish missionary, who had a veritable hero-worship for him, must have been plunged into the depths of discouragement. Father Shanahan was marking time at Dekina in the North when the ravages of cancer rendered imperative Mgr. Lejeune's return to Europe. He describes the parting. It is as touching an episode as can be found in missionary annals. Here is the story in Bishop Shanahan's own words.

"Never will I forget my last night with Fr. Lejeune in Africa. To

ne had always been the dauntless soldier of Christ, the ideal missionary. and gruff of voice, with a heart of gold and the straightforwardness child, utterly fearless, utterly selfless, a giant in soul as in body. hing was more typical of the man than his last gesture of affection us, his fellow-workers—coming over 200 miles, unaccompanied, just ay good-bye to us. He reached us in the last stages of exhaustion, feet cut and bleeding from rough travel and clothes tattered and . . . Our hearts felt heavy within us as we sat round our little outside our mud-cabin and chatted with him—for what we felt must the last time—about the subject dearest to his apostolic heart, the ation of Africa. 'And now, my friends, before I say good-bye to , I will say it to Africa.' So saying, he stood up and straightened his hty frame to the full. Then, with eyes fixed on the new moon that e in the sky above, he began to sing in a full-throated bass voice to who is, as Scripture says, 'beautiful as the moon'. He sang the *ve Regina*, the hymn that he had learned from his Norman mother child. He sang to the Queen of Heaven and the Queen of Africa. the last notes echoed through the forest glades, he looked down on with a smile full of tenderness and faith: 'Good-bye, my friends, we ll meet in heaven.'" Mgr. Lejeune died some months later, and lone and "unpractical" Irishman was chosen as his successor. It under these gloomy auspices that Father Shanahan, or Father Onyishi ther Chief) as he came to be known to the natives, became Prefect-ostolic of Southern Nigeria in 1905.

Nothing daunted the stout-hearted priest faced the formidable task. took up his quarters at Onitsha and sat down to give a close study he situation. He studied it, as he relates himself, in the light of the tory of his own country. He pondered deeply and anxiously; and the end, in one of those flashes of intuition habitual with him, light rced the darkness. A total change of method was called for. No ger would he consume the energies of his men in profitless tending the outcasts of native civilisation. Like St. Patrick he would strike dly at the very heart of paganism. No longer would he hug the trading tres and the safe river route. He would make his way into the interior ere no white man before him had gone.[1] It is said that fortune favours bold. Rather is it that the bold who are also prudent know how understand and to turn to account the opportunities that Providence rs them. It was so with Father Shanahan.

In 1900 the British Colonial Government took over from the Royal ger Company the administration of the country. The first result of was the establishment of political stations at important centres in hinterland away from the great rivers. These stations were held

[1] There had been some isolated excursions into a few of those places by expeditions equipped, well-armed and well-staffed.

by District Officers, who co-operated with the rule of the native chiefs and at the same time opened courts where English laws regulated procedure. They were aided by native police. The subordinate officers of this force were black men ; the senior officers were whites. The chief, under the quiet compulsion of these District Officers, directed the tribesmen to change the intricate bush-paths into serviceable roads. This, it was pointed out, favoured the free flow of native commerce and linked the important native markets with the European trading stations. The country began to be opened up. The white men could not carry on without the aid of natives of some education ; and so positions in the commercial and in the political world became open to natives able to read and write and cast accounts. The Colonial Government saw that it was powerless to function effectively unless the native population was educated to the measure of being able to co-operate with it in its administration. It was resolved to take up seriously the question of education, and the Head of the Catholic Missionaries was invited to lend his help in the matter. An Education Advisory Council was formed in 1906, and Father Shanahan was elected as a member. He was to hold this post for twelve years. It gave him his chance. The plan which was to prove so successful began to take shape in his mind. Both the British Government and the native chiefs—but for different reasons—would be persuaded to further this plan.

Father Shanahan's design meant complete revolution in the function of the native catechist. The traditional catechist was a man who personally accompanied the missionary priest on his tours and acted as guide, counsellor and interpreter in all dealings with the prospective converts. The number reached by the system was necessarily restricted to those with whom the priest himself could establish personal contact. Father Shanahan could count on the aid of only twelve Holy Ghost Fathers, all foreigners, and of six nuns of the Congregation of St. Joseph of Cluny. A small force this to bring Christianity to the knowledge of ten million pagans. It needed to be multiplied, and this miracle of multiplication could be wrought by turning the catechists into assistant missionaries and by providing for a vast increase in their numbers.

From the first years in which he took up office it was the custom of the Irish Prefect-Apostolic, as soon as the dry season began, to set out on foot from his headquarters in Onitsha and make his way into the unexplored interior. Entering a native town he would remove travel stains, don an immaculately white habit and call ceremoniously on the chief. The theme of the conversation would be the advantages of education for the tribesmen. The priest pointed out that all communication between the government and the chief had to be through interpreters who hailed from the Gold Coast and other foreign places where black men " were taught book ". These interpreters traded on the Igbo man's ignorance

English to push their own interests. They made exactions which
er originated with the European District Officers. The chief saw
point and eagerly embraced the suggestion of opening a school in
town and of persuading his people to send their children to it. Father
nahan had learned to place all his hopes in the children, as there was
e prospect of getting the grown-ups to change their ways. The chiefs,
1 by the sound reasonings of the Father Onyishi, were persuaded
n to build the school and to get the town to defray the expenses of
catechist teachers. The seed of Christianity was sown once the
ool was opened and the children flocked to it; for there they
ned, with the rudiments of letters, the great truths of the Christian
h.

The sympathy of the Government officials was won by other and
y human methods. Father Shanahan was amazingly generous, and
generosity, which was truly princely, was one of the great factors
his success as a man and as a missionary. In his tours he made a
nt of calling upon the District Officers, who were glad to welcome
white man to their lonely and, at that time, isolated stations. They
ld recognise a man when they met one, and Father Shanahan enjoyed
nense prestige amongst all the Government officials. He never came
pty-handed. Fresh fruit and fresh vegetables from his own garden
Onitsha and well-fed turkeys from his fowl-run were received with
laim by men who, for the greater part of the year, subsisted on tinned
ff. After having entertained the missionary and been entertained by
1, the officials kindly furnished guides to help him on his way as he
hed his explorations further and further into unmapped territory.
t of personal regard for the enterprising missionary, and also because
y needed educated natives for their office work, they helped him in
project of establishing native schools. Hence it was that it served
interests both of traders and government that the Head of the Catholic
sion should push the cause of education in the native villages and
ding centres.

Schools needed teachers. Dr. Shanahan's great work was the formation
these catechist-teachers, who were in reality assistant missionaries.
began with a chosen few, among whom were Matthews, Oraeke,
h, Modebe and Okolo.[1] He imbued these with his own missionary
it, and trained them for their work as apostles and teachers. He
t them out on their own and bade them train in their turn the most
mising boys in their schools. These assumed the status of pupil
hers, and after a course of study lasting two years under the guidance
he Headmaster, they sat for a government examination and secured
r teacher's certificate. After graduation these young men were sent

[1] Matthews was still teaching in 1922 and initiated the writer into the Igbo language.
ebe was on a visit to Ireland during the past year.

out, in their turn, to assume independent charge of newly-founded schools and take on, each, the training of a pupil teacher. This system, reduced to method, received its final perfection when a Training College was opened at Onitsha in 1913—transferred to Igbariam in 1914 and directed by two Irish priests.

The system as perfected functioned as follows. An important native centre was selected as a site for a school. The chief's authority and patronage were invoked. A reliable teacher, with two pupil teachers under him to be prepared for their certificates, was put in charge. Within a convenient radius of this central position other schools were set up at places where the people seemed friendly. These were staffed when possible by certificated teachers or, where this was not possible, by boys who had reached the fifth or sixth standard of the primary course. These schools usually formed a group of 10 or 12. The chief teacher acted as supervisor for this group, visiting and encouraging the young teachers and controlling their catechetical work. In all these stations active preparation for the reception of the sacraments was carried on, and services were held on Sundays, presided over by the teacher. The Epistles and Gospels were read and explained and the Rosary was recited. The adults were not neglected. Such of them as showed a desire to be Christians were taught in the evenings or in the early morning, as suited their convenience. In each place were kept registers of baptisms, first communions and confirmations and deaths, and so on. A district or quasi-parish controlled by two or more Fathers contained anything from 80 to 400 of these school-chapels. At regular intervals they were visited by the Fathers for the administration of the Sacraments to such as were prepared for them and for the checking of the registers. From time to time, too, the teachers were all gathered together, usually at the mission centre, and were given an intensive course of instruction by one of the Fathers. By these courses the teachers were kept up to their work and were imbued with the spirit of their vocation as assistant-missionaries. Through them the Father was able to transmit his own mind and spirit to thousands whom he could not reach personally. The success of this plan proved phenomenal. The number of schools increased with great rapidity. It mounted from 13 in 1905 to 46 in 1912, to 255 in 1918, to 1,200 in 1925, and at the date of writing this number must be nearly doubled. The spread of the faith kept pace with the growth in the number of schools. What in 1905 had been the most benighted of missions had become, before 1930, according to the words of the Congregation of Propaganda, one of the fairest amongst the mission-fields of the Church.

Once this great movement initiated by the genius of Dr. Shanahan was well under way, it might seem as if his life-work was accomplished

[1] For a complete account of the teacher-catechist organisation see *Missionary Annals of the Holy Ghost Fathers* under date June, 1921. Dr. Shanahan himself is the writer

fact much remained to do. The very success of his scheme of igelisation threatened it with break-down. The handful of priests served the mission could no longer meet the demands of the multitude catechumens, and there was practically no provision made for the istian formation of the women. The two problems created by this ation called for solution. After a visit to Lisieux on his way back n Rome in 1920, he had one of his brilliant intuitions. He was to be secrated Bishop in Maynooth College on June 6th of that same year o. He would seize the occasion to expose to the College authorities to the students the straits to which he was reduced by the scantiness he personnel in his mission. He would count on the generosity of young Irish seminarists. He was not disappointed. His appeal with an immediate response. The first volunteer from the student- y was Father P. Whitney, later to become the organiser of St. Patrick's sion Society with its headquarters at Kiltegan. From 1920, year year, there was a steady trickle of secular priests Nigeria-wards. In years the trickle had become a stream. In the year 1927 Dr. Shanahan ed the Maynooth priests working under him their considered views o the advisability of giving continuity and effectiveness to this move- nt by organising, into a new missionary society, those of its members o were willing. The reply was favourable to the idea. Dr. Shanahan weighed this project for some time, but now his hesitation disappeared he was prepared to undertake this new task. As it happened, Father P. itney was the person who was invited by the Congregation of the paganda to set about the formation and draft the statutes of the Society ch was formally established by a letter from Cardinal Van Rossum ed February 5, 1930. To that Society, and the secular priests who k with it, is entrusted the care of the Prefectures of Calabar and Ogoja. e Holy Child nuns, in the same year 1930, sailed for Africa to share priests' toil in these Prefectures. They were followed by the nciscan Brothers from Mount Bellew, who labour in the Vicariate Onitsha-Owerri.

The needs of the native women still remained to be met. During r years Dr. Shanahan tried in vain to engage one or other of the existing ngregations of women to come to his aid. Rather than own himself ten, he ventured on a course utterly unprecedented. He accepted offer of a number of Irish girls who professed themselves ready to k by his side in the mission in a lay capacity. Two of these sailed 921, and one of these was later to become the Foundress of the Medical ssionaries of Mary. Three more followed in 1922, and of this group was later to become second Mother-General of the Congregation was destined to come into being two years afterwards and to be wn as the Society of the Holy Rosary. After experiment it was found the employment of secular women could not furnish a satisfactory

or permanent solution of the mission problem. Dr. Shanahan returned to Ireland in 1922 and, on advice from Pope Pius XI, determined to found a Congregation of sisters to be trained specially for work in the mission-field. The tentative to enlist the services of Irish girls for mission work in Nigeria did not prove altogether abortive, for out of the group who volunteered and sailed for Nigeria in 1921 and 1922 was formed the nucleus of the Congregation founded at Killeshandra in March 1924.

The story of this foundation is a veritable romance of Divine Providence and would need a whole article to itself. After Nigeria, it was what was dearest to Dr. Shanahan's heart. On the Congregation of the Holy Rosary he poured out the treasures of his great soul. He avows that one of the happiest days of his life was when he welcomed the first Sisters to Nigeria in 1928, four years after the foundation of the Society. In letter after letter he revealed to them his inmost thoughts and aspirations. Some of these letters are profoundly moving. In them can be traced his spiritual odyssey during the last years of his life. The Killeshandra Sisters more than fulfilled the hopes placed in them. To-day they labour with the utmost devotion in a large number of schools and hospitals and clinics. Last year they had 4,178 girls in their schools; and in hospitals, clinics and dispensaries they treated nearly 80,000 patients. Amongst the Sisters are found medical students, general nurses, maternity nurses, trained teachers and domestic economy instructresses. They cultivate every art and every skill that the many-sidedness of missionary life calls for. And Dr. Shanahan began the work at Killeshandra with seven postulants and a loan of £6,000! The nuns helped to complete Dr. Shanahan's work, and thus has the face of Nigeria been completely changed in the course of forty years.

It is much easier to assess the work than the man. What was the secret of his greatness and his success? It can be summed up in a few words. It lay in greatness of soul, heroic faith, dauntless courage, vision and personality. To these may be added a vivid realisation of the wonders of the divine life of grace that, he felt, he was commissioned by God to impart to the people of Nigeria. He loved the country and the people with an affection such as Patrick felt for the Irish. To him the black man was, above all else, a man who was called to be a vessel of the divine. He dealt with him as such. This was the secret of the profound respect and courtesy with which he treated the chiefs and their people. This reverence was the inspiration of his intense apostolic zeal. He thought only in terms of his people. They had become so much his own that when, broken in health, he had to leave them in 1932 he spoke of his departure as a going into exile in Ireland. He loved the black man's country: he was never so happy as when he was trekking on foot through its mysterious bush-paths. He treated with gentleness and understanding the native customs and religious beliefs. He realised that a religious

per of mind, even when the religion is a perverted one, is a better ıdation to build on than the materialism of the European who has all sense of the supernatural.

Dr. Shanahan was a born leader of men. He enjoyed an immense ndancy over black men and white. To his fellow-missionaries, ıe loved to call his priests, he manifested a charming camaraderie. combined, in a delicate blend, affability and dignity. No one feared pproach him, and yet no one was tempted to treat him with familiarity. was kind to his men in their sickness and generous to them in their ls. On the morning of his sacerdotal jubilee he was presented with ıeque of £400, a princely sum for a missionary. By evening, it is ed, there was very little left of it. It had been given away to the ly amongst the priests who had gathered for the celebration. He ıked with reluctance and approved with zest. Highly sensitive, he ured and felt injury, but never harboured resentment. He was quick forgive and melted at the word of regret. He was magnanimous could show sublime kindness to those who misjudged him. Misjudged vas, not infrequently, for the very greatness of his gifts often brought into conflict with men of smaller minds and less noble outlook.

Dr. Shanahan was not always understood. His mind was very sensitive easoning. He could see the sound sense that might be discerned conflicting points of view. He could, therefore, give a sympathetic ing to men who differed ; but he never lost sight of the fact that in tingent things there is more than one possible road to the goal. To unimaginative and inelastic he seemed to veer. But he was too docile eality to make a fetish of consistency. When circumstances dictated ıange, he preferred to change his mind and his course rather than, kly succumbing to human respect, to seek to evade the charge of nstancy. He listened to arguments and weighed them attentively then took action. As a rule his action was a surprise to his advisers, it rarely followed the line of their advice. He was almost invariably fied by events, for his intuitions were unerring. Only in one instance a decision of his on a major issue prove unwise and affect adversely interests of his mission. The clarity of his mind was due to its tual abiding in the supernatural plane. He saw all things in terms God and God's outpouring of Himself on souls. Every aspect of life for him sacramental and raised his thoughts to the divine. His appearance betrayed that he dwelt in the world of grace. In repose e was an " inwardness " about his looks that caused the term " Christ- " to come spontaneously to the lips of people who met him. To all his ntages was added that of a splendid physique, a mobile and very expres- countenance, and a voice that charmed. He looked what he was, a Prince ıe Church and a priest of the Most High God.

E. Leen, C.S.Sp.

SIR ROBERT KANE: LIFE AND WORK*

BY T. S. WHEELER, D.SC.
State Chemist

PART I: 1809—1844

ROBERT JOHN KANE was born, probably, at 48 Henry Stree Dublin on September 24, 1809, and was baptized on October 2 1809. Family tradition has it that the Kanes came from Dungiven i Derry—the last chief, Rory O'Cahan, perishing with several of his son in the Cromwellian Wars. Later, members of the family settled i Westmeath and the name became anglicized to Kean. The family the moved to Dublin, where Robert's father John Kean married, in 179 Eleanor Troy sister of the famous Archbishop Troy of Dublin. Soo afterwards, in '98, John Kean as a member of the " United Irishmen attracted the attention of Major Sirr, town-major and head of the Dubli Police, and had to " go on the run ". While a refugee in Paris he seize the opportunity to study chemistry.

Returning to Dublin when things had quietened, Kean changed h name to Kane and, against the advice of his friends, set up in busine as a lime-burner—bringing, it is said, limestone from property he owne near the Curragh in Kildare. Wilson's Dublin Directory for 1816 show him at 48 Henry Street, where he had his office and stores, and at th North Wall, where he had a factory; this latter site had been purchase from the Dublin Corporation. (In this connection it is interesting t find that, in the Dublin Directory for 1840, a court in the rear of Joh Kane's house at 48 Henry Street is called Kane's Court—a name whic it bears to this day). The business greatly prospered; in 1825 Joh Kane is given in Wilson's Directory as manufacturing sulphuric aci and bleaching powder. Eventually the firm, which passed in 1832 t his heir, William Joseph Kane, and in 1861 to his grandson, Joh Francis Kane, built up a continental trade. There is a tradition in th Irish sulphuric acid industry that " Kane's " was the first firm in th British Isles to erect and work a Gay-Lussac Tower, now an indispensab portion of a " Chamber-acid " plant, and that they installed a numb of such towers in plants across the water. The Henry Street office w closed about 1840, but the North Wall plant continued in operatio until the late seventies, when the site was sold to the L.M.S. railway.

Education and early Research

Brought up in such surroundings, Robert Kane naturally develop early an interest in things chemical. Many years later, in 186 when giving evidence before a Commission on the Science and Art Depar

* Expansion of a lecture to the Royal Dublin Society, 12 April 1944.

nt in Ireland, Sir Robert recalled how as a schoolboy he used to go
he chemical and other afternoon science lectures of the Royal Dublin
iety as soon as the school broke up at three o'clock. This,
ortunately, is the only reference I can find to Kane's schooldays,
ugh there is a family belief that he obtained a good deal of his early
ication in Germany and, as a result, spoke German so well as to be
e to pass as a native. He was also an excellent classical scholar.
Kane commenced chemical research at an early age. His first paper,
newhat polemical in nature, appeared in the London *Quarterly Journal
Science, Literature and Art* towards the end of 1828, so that the work
st have been carried out when he was 18 years of age. He states
t numerous other avocations had prevented him from dealing previously
h some published work of a Mr. MacMullen, a rival acid manufacturer
Dublin ; this work of MacMullen's indicated that mineral manganese
xide contained chlorine. Kane attributed these results to the presence
traces of hydrochloric acid in Mr. MacMullen's sulphuric acid, and
ported this view by reference to analyses he had carried out at his
ner's factory. (One gets the impression that Robert acted as a sort
works analyst for his father). He concludes his paper by stating that
was engaged on some elaborate researches on chlorine and by warning
. MacMullen—who thought that chlorine might be a compound of
gen, carbon and nitrogen—of the dangers of analogy unsupported
experiment.

The next year 1829, Kane published in the same journal a paper
ing that, in a mineral collection he had purchased, he found a specimen
elled " Manganese Ore, Saxony," supposed to be the native dioxide.
test, however, it proved to be a natural arsenide of manganese, now
own as " Kaneite " in honour of its discoverer who was just 20 when
achieved immortality in this way. In this paper Kane describes
nself as a Member of the Meath Hospital Medical Society, Dublin.
must have been studying at that hospital for some time ; for in this
ne year this Society awarded him a gold medal for an essay on the
ct of morbid poisons introduced into the circulation. In honouring
ne the Medical Society honoured itself, for it gained the distinction
being the first of many learned bodies to recognise his great abilities.
1829, too, he became a Licentiate of the Apothecaries' Hall, Dublin,
thus qualified to practise medicine ; he also entered Trinity College.
e relevant records of both institutions are extant.

The following year (1830) Kane obtained, after public examination,
post of clinical clerk to the famous Meath Hospital physicians, Graves
Stokes—nearly fifty years later he was to succeed the latter as President
he Royal Irish Academy. He also in 1830 carried off a prize offered
Graves for the best essay on the pathological conditions of the body
ds in typhus fever. In a paper published in 1832, Kane mentions

that his duties as clerk to Graves and Stokes involved a good deal of medico-chemical analysis. Whatever his duties, they do not seem to have interfered with the preparation of his first book, *Elements of Practical Pharmacy*, which he published in 1831 and dedicated to the French pharmacist, Professor A. Chevallier of the Royal Academy of Medicine of Paris, " in gratitude for his kindness " ; again in a paper published in 1833 Kane refers to his " friend " Chevallier. It is likely, therefore, that he studied, pharmacy probably, in Paris in 1830.

Author, Professor, Editor

Elements of Practical Pharmacy, published soon after Kane had attained his majority, runs to some 350 pages. It was intended, as he says himself, "to fill up that space which exists between the mere detail of the processes in a Pharmacopoeia and the theoretic explanations of their nature given in a systematic book." Like all Kane's works, it is well planned and arranged, and is written in his usual easy style. In parts it is quite modern—the section on the balance, for example, with its emphasis on the necessity for using forceps when dealing with small weights. There is a complete index and a number of well executed line-drawings. Kane states, in the text, that some of the solubilities given had been determined by him. The section on lutes is most interesting ; there is a workmanlike ring about its references to white of egg, blood serum, resin, linseed meal, lime and so on. In this connection Kane remarks that, in minute operations, the use of corks and caoutchouc connectors had almost entirely done away with the application of a lute.

The same year, 1831, the Apothecaries' Company, anxious to improve the courses given in its school, divided the former joint Professorship of Chemistry and Materia Medica to the annoyance of the occupant Michael Donovan ; and Kane, aged 21, was elected to the Chair of Chemistry—becoming known as the " Boy Professor ". This appointment ended Kane's medical career, for he never practised as a doctor, but turned his attention to chemistry. However, he became a Licentiate of the College of Physicians in Ireland in 1835 and so, by common usage of the time, entitled to be called " Doctor " and to write M.D. after his name ; he completed his medical qualifications by proceeding to the Fellowship in 1843.

In November 1831 Kane, at the unusually early age of 22, was elected to the Royal Irish Academy, a body with which he was to be closely associated for the remainder of his life. The same busy year, he founded the *Dublin Journal of Medical and Chemical Science*, a bimensal journal originally intended by Kane to cater for chemistry and pharmacy only. However, to conform with the wishes of Drs. Graves and Stokes—who after first two or three numbers, became associated with their former

ent in the editorship—he extended its scope and announced it as ded to exhibit " a comprehensive view of the latest discoveries in cine, surgery, chemistry and the collateral sciences." The first ber, issued in March 1832, showed it to be a most interesting odical, containing original papers in chemistry and medicine, reviews ooks, and abstracts of foreign scientific literature. These latter, h were Kane's special care, were particularly well done—logical gement of complex material being characteristic of his genius and ture of his work. This Journal, it may be noted, was the first successful odical, whether scientific or literary, published in Ireland during the teenth century : it still continues as a purely medical journal under title of the *Irish Journal of Medical Science*.

Kane's father died in 1832, and the family business passed to the r son, William Joseph Kane. Robert, about this time, set up house himself. The Post Office Directory for 1832 shows him, as Professor of mistry to the Apothecaries' Hall, living at 23 Gloucester Street ; tly afterwards this street became Lower Gloucester Street and is Lower Sean MacDermott Street. The site of 23 is just where Lady of Lourdes Church stands. A " Kane's Court," which still rsects the street near this point, appears in the Post Office Directory 1833, so that residences of both father and son are commemorated separate " Courts ".

Amid all this work and bustle, Kane was still an undergraduate at nity College—though, as was to be expected in view of his many vities, his attendance was a trifle spasmodic. His answering at the examinations was but mediocre ; after that there is no record of lts until 1833, when at the Junior Sophister examination he did well obtained a premium in science, which included logic in those days. as not until 1835 that he found time to take even a Pass B.A. During his time his research work engaged much of his attention. Between and 1837 he published some twenty papers, half in the journal he himself founded. In the first year there was indication of a linger- interest in medicine in his choice of themes ; thereafter he dealt ly with chemical subjects.

About this time Kane became embroiled, as young men will, in questions riority in regard to two of his discoveries. The first, which concerned composition of the platinum iodides, involved a controversy with French chemist Lassaigne, but was settled with the help of their ual friend Chevallier ; each agreed that the other had independently e contributions to the subject. The second dispute raised a much e important issue. The famous chemist Liebig announced in 1834 ecognition of the separate existence of the ethyl radical—an important y, by the way, since it is the basis of the fundamental revenue lucer, ethyl alcohol. Kane had no difficulty in showing that he had

anticipated this view in a paper published in the issue of his own journal for January 1, 1833. By this fundamental contribution to the theory of organic chemistry, which was ridiculed at the time by scientific circles in Dublin, Kane achieved a lasting place in the history of Science.

Joins Staff of Royal Dublin Society

Early in 1834, Kane applied for a vacant post of Lecturer in Natural Philosophy advertised by the Royal Dublin Society. Each of the candidates had to deliver three public lectures before the Society, which then proceeded to the election. Kane delivered his lectures on March 5, 7, and 10, 1834, and was elected on April 17, receiving 98 votes to 71 for the runner-up. It is clear from contemporary references and from his published speeches that Kane, from an early age, was a brilliant speaker and lecturer. He had in addition a wonderful pair of hands, and it is said that no lecture experiment of his ever failed. Although his appointment was to a "Lecturership," Kane in his letter of acknowledgment referred to his election to the "Professorship," and he designated himself as such in his subsequent publications. Actually it was not until 28 February 1839, some five years later, that the Society officially agreed that in future he should be styled Professor of Natural Philosophy.

This appointment led to Kane's resignation, under pressure of work, from the editorship of the Journal he had founded. This resignation was in any case inevitable; for, from the start, the papers contributed came mostly from doctors, Kane being practically the only chemist figuring in its pages. His letter of resignation published in the Journal for March 1, 1835, its third birthday, stated that the duties of his Royal Dublin Society appointment and of the chair he held at the Apothecaries' Hall left him little time for the performance of his part in the co-editorship of the Journal, so that he was resigning that important trust rather than have it indifferently executed. "The succeeding numbers," he wrote, "will be edited by my former colleagues, Dr. Graves, Dr. Stokes and Mr. Porter." The last named was a Surgeon to the Meath Hospital; so that all the Editors were and continued to be Doctors. In the first number of the Journal to be issued under the new title of the *Irish Journal of Medical Science*, March 1922, Graves and Stokes are referred to as the first co-editors of the parent Journal. Have the doctors forgotten Kane?

Kane served the Royal Dublin Society diligently and faithfully for 13 years. He worked directly under the Committee of Natural Philosophy and, as he said himself in evidence before the Select Committee on Scientific Institutions (Dublin) in 1864, the Committee left him do just as he pleased. His duties were varied: he had to give courses of public lectures in various branches of physics—electricity, optics

hanics—in Dublin and, after some years, in provincial towns. He also to report on various mechanical inventions submitted to the ety for opinion and to provide such information within his branch cience as the Society might require. In 1835, for example, it was posed that he should be asked to prepare a statistical account of the e of manufactures in Ireland and ascertain the most desirable methods pplying the natural forces to the development of " mechanic " power. s to some extent foreshadows the ground covered nine years later his famous book on our industrial resources. His lectures were emely popular—so popular that, in 1842, the Society applied for attendance of policemen at the entrance gate each evening during Kane's course of lectures.

In addition to his work for the Society, Kane was extremely busy extra-mural activities. He carried out teaching duties at the thecaries' Hall, and when in 1836 the Apothecaries established a lical school at Cecilia Street (afterwards sold to the Catholic University), e assisted in the organisation of the new courses, while in 1838 we him with the additional title of " Superintendent of the Laboratories " he Hall ; he was also for many years a Member of the Examining rd and he served too on the Court of Directors.

Achievements in Chemical Research

The period during which he worked for the Royal Dublin Society also that of Kane's achievements in chemical research, when established a great reputation and became one of the leading chemists he day. His discovery of " Kaneite " and his ethyl radical theory e already been mentioned ; they were no mere flashes in the pan. the middle thirties we find him working on the chemistry of wood it, and, as a result, he developed an ingenious process (the calcium oride process) for the separation of pure methyl alcohol from this it. Further, in 1837, he was able to announce to the Royal Irish demy a discovery now known to be of great theoretical interest : he nd that acetone—which he called " mesitic alcohol " and which is a ponent of wood spirit—yielded, when heated with strong sulphuric , a hydrocarbon which he named " mesitylene ", a name which it bears. Although its theoretical implications were not at that time erstood, this reaction of Kane's involved a passage from one great s of organic chemical compounds, the chain compounds, to another s, known as ring compounds. Part of this work on wood spirit, which ived the approbation of the famous French chemist Dumas, was ied out at Liebig's Laboratory at Giessen, where Kane spent the mer of 1836 ; for this purpose the Society gave him three month's e of absence on March 31, 1836. As a result of this visit Kane became

an Honorary Member of the Society of Apothecaries of North Germany and, on his return to Dublin, delivered a lecture to the College of Physicians on the state of Pharmacy in Germany.

In 1838 Kane acquired a European reputation when he published a long paper dealing with the metallic compounds of ammonia, a subject which had occupied his attention for some years previously. This work was everywhere hailed as important, translations of the paper were published in continental scientific journals, and the famous Swedish Chemist Berzelius pronounced it the most important research of the year. It showed not only Kane's mental powers, but also his great skill as an analyst. The Royal Irish Academy, five years later, made Kane a prophet in his own country by awarding him the Cunningham Medal for the research. The medal was presented by the then President, Sir William Rowan Hamilton, in the presence of the Lord Lieutenant, Earl De Grey. Sir William Rowan Hamilton, in the course of his speech, referred to "that combination of genius and industry which has already caused the researches of Kane to influence in no slight degree the progress of chemical science and has won for him a European reputation."

In 1840 Kane had the honour of appointment as an Editor of the famous *Philosophical Magazine*, an office which he held for the remainder of his long life. The same year he published a paper on the colouring matters present in lichens; he was always interested in the chemistry of natural products. The merit of this work was such that it gained him the award of a Royal Medal by the Royal Society in the following year, while he was elected to the coveted Fellowship of the Society in 1849. The report of the Council on the lichen work pointed out that it involved several hundred estimations conducted in a manner highly creditable to the author's skill as an analyst and that the whole might be regarded as forming a very important contribution to organic chemistry The Council of the Royal Dublin Society congratulated Kane on the award of the medal and directed that a special application be made to the Government to increase his salary by £50 per annum, so as to bring it into line with the £150 per annum received by the other Professors—but with no more success than had attended a similar effort two years before.

Elements of Chemistry

His famous textbook *Elements of Chemistry* was Kane's last important effort in pure chemistry; for in the early forties, as a scrutiny of a chronological list of his papers shows, he turned his attention increasingly towards applied science, particularly in regard to the industrial development of his own country. His *Elements of Chemistry*, of which the first part was finished in 1840 and the second and third in 1841, included (as stated

the title page) the most recent discoveries and applications of the nce to medicine and pharmacy and to the arts. It was a most prehensive work, written with all Kane's felicity of style and packed h detailed information ; it extended to 1,200 pages and was illustrated h over 200 wood-cuts.

The work was a great success. Faraday introduced it into the Army rse at Woolwich and Professor J. W. Draper of New York University ught out in 1843 an American edition, which was generally adopted he colleges of the United States. Draper wrote, in his preface, that book was undoubtedly the best extant in the English language. A nd edition, revised and brought up-to-date, appeared in 1849. In preface to the first edition Kane wrote :—" The processes given for preparation of the various substances described are, with very few eptions, those followed either in my private laboratory or in the manu-uring laboratory of the Apothecaries' Hall of Ireland ; and the apparatus red in the wood-cuts are generally similar to those which I employ experiments of research or at lecture." Kane presented each part he book to the Society as it appeared ; the copy of the first edition the National Library bears, in Kane's handwriting, the inscription : resented to the Library of the Royal Dublin Society by the Author." the letter sent with the third part he stated that the kind reception the Society of the previous two parts had sustained his flagging industry ough the mass of experimental and literary labour necessary for the npletion of the organic chemistry for the third part ; he also stressed importance of chemistry in relation to agriculture.

Busy as Kane was in these hurrying years of youthful endeavour, he, y sensibly, found time to get married, the happy event taking place 1838. The future Lady Kane was Miss Katherine Baily ; her father Henry Baily, a brother of the famous astronomer, Francis Baily Newbury, Berkshire, where the family had been settled since the time Elizabeth. Henry Baily came to Ireland and was employed as a distiller Limerick. He married—there is a family tradition of an elopement—ss Bridget O'Kelly, a sister of Matthias O'Kelly of Rochestown House, liney, Co. Dublin. Both Henry Baily and his wife died young, and ir only child was brought up at Rochestown by her uncle Matthias his two sisters. Mr. O'Kelly was a prominent citizen, a friend of Connell and of Father Mathew. He was the first Secretary of the rd of Glasnevin Cemetery ; in 1847 he accompanied O'Connell's ains on their last journey from Genoa. He had a great reputation a natural historian ; Portlock of the Ordnance Survey thought very hly of him in this respect ; so that it is, perhaps, not surprising that 1833 his niece Katherine at the age of 22 published anonymously *Irish Flora*, a descriptive catalogue of Irish plants running to 220 es. It was well received and, it is said, was used as a textbook in

the Botany Department of Trinity College. Lady Ferguson in her life of her famous husband, Sir Samuel Ferguson, states that one day Kane received, in place of his own proofs, those of an edition of the *Irish Flora ;* he ascertained the address of the author and took them in person to Miss Baily, who had already returned his proofs to the erring printer. How far this romantic meeting was responsible for the marriage I cannot say ; but the marriage was an exceedingly happy one. As there were nine children, it was fortunate for Kane that, according to tradition, he could concentrate on his work even when surrounded by a noisy family. Lady Kane was a woman of great ability ; like her husband she was a fine linguist and, it is said, they used to correspond in Greek verse.[1]

Publication of Industrial Resources of Ireland

We now come to a turning-point in Kane's life, the publication of his *Industrial Resources of Ireland.* On the 9 May 1843 he submitted to the Committee of Natural Philosophy a syllabus of a proposed course of lectures on the sources of industrial power in Ireland. The syllabus was " highly approved " and it was decided that the lectures should commence on May 23rd at half past three o'clock. On June 27th the Committee resolved that, as these lectures had given great satisfaction, Kane should be asked to give a second course in the following winter ; this he did in February 1844. The Committee also strongly recommended the Society to publish the lectures ; in January 1844 Kane was authorised to negotiate with Messrs. Hodges and Smith for their publication, and in March the Council approved all arrangements. During the spring, 100 years ago, Kane was working on his masterpiece ; there is extant a letter he wrote, on 29 April 1844, from the Royal Dublin Society to his wife's uncle, Matthias O'Kelly, in which he seeks information about the traffic on the Royal Canal : " I am giving a statement of the amount and nature of the traffic on the canals and rivers and the amount of tolls, but I possess no document regarding the Royal Canal later than the Railway report published in 1838. Now, may I trouble you to ask your secretary, whom I regret I have not the honour of knowing personally, to favour me with a return under these heads, say, for the years 1841.42.43." Referring to Kane's work, it is interesting to find that he obtained information for 1843 only.

The book, an expanded version of the lectures, appeared in the early summer, Kane's preface being dated June 1, 1844. In the preface he points out that, in other countries, it has been the most anxious care of

[1] Henry Baily had been disowned by his family on his marriage to Miss Bridget O'Kelly ; his famous brother Francis attended his niece's wedding, however, and became very friendly with the Kane family. When he died in 1844, he left his considerable fortune to Lady Kane.

the Government and of those intrusted with the superintendence of education to ascertain the nature and amount of their means of promoting industry and extending the employment of the people ; if similar zeal and intelligence were to be manifested in developing the resources of Ireland, there would be no fear of the result. To give point to his view he placed on the title-page a quotation from an eminent Belgian Minister, M. Briavonne : " Qu'est-ce que fait la difference entre l'Angleterre riche et florissante et l'Irlande pauvre et imbecile ? Le savoir industriel."

It is impossible to do justice to this great book in any brief manner. It runs to some 120,000 words divided into ten chapters. As customary with Kane the arrangement of matter is excellent ; he deals in succession with the sources of power—coal, turf and water ; next with our resources in iron and other metals and minerals of economic importance ; then follows a discussion of the agricultural industry of Ireland—the soil, drainage, fertilisers, crop rotation, and the secondary uses of food crops, *e.g.*, manufacture of potato starch, beet sugar, industrial alcohol. There is a chapter relating to the means of internal communication in the country, the railways and canals, while the final chapter deals with labour and capital in Ireland and with the necessity for the promotion of industrial knowledge in this country. A contemporary reviewer says : " Whether regarded as a source of information on almost every subject connected with the capabilities of this country or as affording suggestions for turning these capabilities to account, it is far and away the most important work which has ever issued from the Irish press." And another writes : " Accurate in its statements and its figures, not over-tedious in its details, simple yet impressive in its language, just in its conclusions, and highly instructive in its suggestions—it will long remain a monument of the author's general, chemical, scientific and statistical knowledge, as well as his energy, industry and patriotism."

Some of the possible industries suggested by Kane, as is well known, have now been established : the three mentioned above—potato starch, beet sugar, industrial alcohol—provide examples ; so do our gypsum, quartz sand and barytes industries ; the development of water-power, the necessity of which Kane stresses, is on a scale which it was impossible for him to envisage. In this connection, it should be mentioned that Kane stresses the importance of the water turbine invented by M. Fourneyron ; so convinced was he of the utility of the turbine that in 1846 he published a translation of a German book on the subject by Ruhlman ; this involved much drudgery, for Kane converted all the numerical coefficients occurring in the formulae into the British system of weights and measures. It is obvious from the manner in which the calculations are dealt with that Kane must have had a good knowledge of applied mathematics. The copy of the work which Kane presented to the Royal Dublin Society is in the National Library, Dublin.

To return to the main work, the amount of detailed information in it is enormous; Kane had obviously travelled over much of Ireland at a time when the means of communication were much poorer than they were before the present emergency. Kinahan's 1863 Memoir states that Kane discovered manganese carbonate in Clare: he is also said to have found lead there. These discoveries were made at Glandree where he had an estate. Kane himself says in the preface that the various materials for the work had been collected by him as an individual, while all the experimental investigations carried out for its illustration were conducted in his Laboratory. To this day the book is of real value as a guide to the occurrence of minerals in this country.

The discussion on industrial education with which the book terminates is particularly interesting. Kane points out that people are carefully educated for the professions, while education is thought to be thrown away on a man going into trade. To read and write and cypher is supposed to be good enough. Even if he has had what is called a good education, he finds (as Kane says) that his daily commercial intercourse is with men and nations of whose language and customs he is totally ignorant, whilst he has spent his youth in learning how he should have spoken had he lived three thousand years ago. For an industrial education it is necessary to unite the two elements—science and practice. "Science should be taught, especially, with a view to the application of its principles. Practice should be followed with constant reference to the principles upon which it rests. In this way the elements of the highest industrial progress should be obtained."

The style of the book, as usual with Kane, is simple and direct—at times rising to literary heights. The following quotation, which shows him when feeling strongly, will make an appropriate conclusion to this first part of his life and work: "So far from the habits of the working classes of this country being adverse to the introduction of industrial occupations, they have made, within the last few years, unparalleled strides in the habits which best conduce to industrial success. I do not hesitate to assert that the existing generation in this country is half a century in advance of that which is dying off, and that the generation now at school will be a century in advance of us. We were reckless, ignorant, improvident, drunken and idle. We were idle, for we had nothing to do; we were reckless, for we had no hope; we were ignorant, for learning was denied us; we were improvident, for we had no future; we were drunken, for we sought to forget our misery. That time has passed away for ever."

T. S. Wheeler

PLASTICS FOR EIRE

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PLASTICS are new materials invented by the chemist to take the place of natural or artificial products like horn, ivory, wood, metal, ilk, rubber and so on. They are called plastics because at some stage n their history they are pliable and can be made to flow and take up a emporary or a permanent set.[1] Arbitrarily the name is not given to he products of natural rubber, ebonite and shellac. The new materials re synthetic or man-made. They have remarkable properties. They re strong and light, tough and smooth. They may be any colour you lease, clearer than glass or opaque as jet. They can be machined like vood or metal. One can give them almost any shape and it is possible o mould them by speedy methods of mass-production. The novel naterials are already being used for a great variety of purposes, and their urther possible applications are so numerous as to stagger the imagination.

Much is being written to show that we are on the eve of a new industrial evolution in which plastic materials will modify the appearance of our hromium-plated iron age. It is even predicted that plastics will swing he balance of industrial power more and more in favour of countries hat are poor in minerals and other raw materials. Be that as it may, t is certain that the invention of plastics gives Cinderella nations a chance o improve on their old handicaps, for the materials required to make lastics are very widely distributed. They are to be found in Ireland. One is, therefore, tempted to conclude and urge that plastics industries hould be started and developed in this country at once and on the largest ossible scale. A word of caution is, however, necessary. The pseudo-cientific makes a lively appeal to the unscientific mind, and much xuberant and misleading publicity has been given to plastics because f their novelty and unusual properties. If these useful products are o prove the answer to a poor nation's prayer, it will be through the spread f accurate information about their nature, powers and limitations, together vith knowledge of the conditions required for setting up industries based n them. While plastics may indeed turn out to be the long-desired olution to many of our problems, their incorporation in the economy f our civilization raises a number of questions which in turn require olution if we are to achieve, with them or with other industries, a measure f economic independence comparable with the freedom already won n the political sphere.

[1] Like many chemical names, the word ' plastics ' is misleading. It now usually stands r materials that were once pliable and have since set.

The discovery of plastics was not an accident. Whether we say with British broadcasters that " it all began with Parkes and celluloid " or assert that the plastics era started with the bakelite of the Belgian-American chemist Dr. Baekeland,[1] it must be said that modern plastics owe their origin and virtues as much to pure research as to the attempt to improve on natural products and to make up for their growing scarcity. The importance of fundamental research for modern industry is gradually being recognised. Progressive business-men are finding that it pays good dividends to hitch the wagon of industry to the star of abstract research. The discovery of several hundred plastic materials is but fresh confirmation of the wisdom of such a policy. I shall not dwell on this aspect of the subject, important as it is, but I refer readers to the article in *Studies* by Professor Thomas Dillon on the relations of chemical research to industries.[2] Since Dr. Dillon's article appeared, many reports of investigations into the relations between industries and research have been published.[3] In general these reports support and extend the views of Dr. Dillon by stressing the importance of all kinds of fundamental research. It is sufficient for my purpose to point out that it was through pure research that the men of science arrived at a theory of the anatomy of plastics which made sense and order out of thousands of facts. The same theory spurs on the path-finders of science and guides them in their pioneering.

Just as a house is composed of a few elements—such as iron, wood, stone and glass—the unit or brick of a plastics material, called a molecule, is made up of a few simple elements. These basic elements are carbon, hydrogen and oxygen, with sometimes the addition of nitrogen. Carbon is found in plants, hydrogen and oxygen in water, oxygen and nitrogen in the air. It would seem then that the materials for making plastics are everywhere. While this is true it is an over-simplification, as it is an over-simplification to say that a house is just iron, wood, stone and glass. A house is an orderly arrangement of many units of these elements. Likewise the molecule of a plastic material is an organised structure consisting of many atoms of a few different elements. Compared with the ordinary molecule of the chemist, which is made up of a small number of atoms, the plastics molecule is huge and consists of thousands of atoms. It also differs from the ordinary molecule in shape. Ordinary molecules are as long as they are broad. Plastics molecules have the same breadth of beam as ordinary molecules, but they are about a hundred times longer.

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[1] Dr. Baekeland died on Feb. 23, 1944, in his eighty-first year. Besides ' bakelite ' synthetic resins he was responsible for another great development, namely ' velox ' gas-light paper in photography.

[2] *Studies*, March 1943, p. 45.

[3] See the article in *Nature*, March 11, 1944, p. 293, entitled " Scientific and Industrial Research."

hey owe their peculiar properties to their unusual shapes. The fact at they are the long fellows of the chemical world makes them tough t flexible, so that they exhibit characteristics of solids and liquids at e same time. If the ordinary molecule is likened to a bungalow or a it, the plastics molecule must be thought of as a giant skyscraper several ndred storeys tall, able to sway in the wind without breaking. The ale is such that the plastics bricks, giants among molecules, run about million to the inch.

It would be much too expensive, even if it were practical, for the emical engineer to take one by one several thousand atoms and fit em, with ultramicroscopic precision, into the structure that is the brick a plastics material, and then repeat the process billions of times over get an ounce of the substance. The chemist must combine methods mass-production with prefabrication of large sections of his molecule, he must find such sections ready-made in nature. It is as if the synthetic emist were a mammoth firm engaged in building millions of skyscrapers, firm that first prefabricates myriads of windows, doors and other com-onents, then assembles them into rooms and flats, and finally mounts orey upon storey, until the design of the architect is realised and a block offices or houses or factories results according to the original plan. he plastics chemist also works according to plan. He makes his molecules measure. He tailors them and he can cut them to fit the requirements id down in an engineer's blueprint. In their laboratories the physicists nd the chemists labour continuously to construct new molecules with ecified properties, and they try to find methods of producing them on commercial and industrial scale.

The term 'raw material' is relative. The finished product of one age of industry becomes the starting material of a subsequent process. he prime materials of plastics are found in the great natural kingdoms. mong minerals there are coal and petrol, in the vegetable kingdom mber and plants, and in the animal world the milk of mammals. About score of important secondary materials can be got from these primaries provide ready-made sections of a plastics molecule. Three of them e of special interest to Irish readers. The first is acetylene, which as discovered in this country. Most cyclists of the last generation are miliar with it, as they made it for their lamps by treating calcium carbide ith water. Acetylene gives rise to an important family of chemicals ed in the plastics industry. Calcium carbide is got from coal and ne, and it may be imported from Canada where cheap water-power ovides cheap carbide. The most promising secondary materials for aking Irish plastics are cellulose and casein. Cellulose, a complex bstance, is found in the stems of plants. The purest natural source cotton; but flax has an eighty per cent. content and wheat-straw half at amount. Experiments on corn-straw and soya beans might lead

to interesting developments in the production of cellulosic plastics for this country. Casein plastic is easier to manufacture than cellulosic products. The raw casein is obtained from skim milk or from buttermilk. One of the pioneers in casein plastics goes by the trade name of ' erinoid.' The name is derived from Erin, and it is due to the association of the English firm with this country in its early days, some thirty years ago, when the managing director was Mr. V. A. Cleeve of Limerick. He visualised getting his raw material in curd form from Ireland. Alas, the supplies of casein were not available here. The scheme was abandoned and the raw material was got from France, but the name was retained and remains a reproach and a stimulus. Casein plastics are colourful beside the drab browns of some other plastics, and they are familiar to the Irish public in the form of coloured shoe horns, cups and saucers and tumblers, and variegated buttons.

After many elaborate processes the chemist produces the new substance, very loosely called a plastic, and he finishes it in a variety of forms for the use of industry. He may present it in the form of powder for moulding purposes. He may give it to the manufacturer under the form of sheet or rod or tube of various sizes. Familiar small scale examples are sheet used for transparent wrapping of parcels (cellophane) or used for cinema and photo film ; thin rod used for artificial silk thread and nylon tufts of toothbrushes ; tube used for barrels of bicycle pumps and fountain pens. The two Irish firms that are engaged in the plastics industry import their raw materials in one or other of these forms. With imported machinery they stamp or cut the plastic material into religious objects or into what are called plain and fancy goods. These firms are doing fine work in the emergency, and they are making up for shortage of glassware and crockery and for hitherto imported crucifixes and rosary beads. But they deal only with the crumbs of the plastics industry. Their employment-capital ratio is small. When the chemical processes are included, the plastics industry employs more people for a given capital than the chemical, rubber and paper industries.[1] It is a pity that we are not getting the benefit of this high ratio.

The products of the plastics chemist should not be regarded as substitutes for other substances and necessarily inferior to them. Plastics are new, unique materials, not imitations of something else. Everyday it becomes more feasible to design a plastics molecule to give the maximum results with respect to a given quality. We have a brilliant example in the invention of nylon by the great American chemist, Carothers. With his collaborators he succeeded, after twelve years' research, in relating the spinning properties of a fibre to its chemical structure. He found it possible to combine the properties of silk and the properties of a plastic

[1] V. E. Yarsley and E. G. Couzens : *Plastics*, p. 146.

one and the same substance. Nylon is twice as strong as natural lk, much more elastic, and it resists water and damp more successfully an the product of the silk worm. Nylon, though difficult to weave, as become so important that a nylon plant is being built in America a cost of two million pounds to give a yearly output equal to that of a illion silk worms.

While there are hundreds of different kinds of plastics, each with its wn special properties, there are certain characteristics common to most lastic materials. Mechanically, plastics are remarkably strong for their eight. Hence their great importance for aircraft production, where ey take the place of metal for all purposes except for the heavy parts f engines. Plastics are strong in a variety of ways. They are strong o resist tension, compression, bending, torsion, shock or impact. Vithout grain they are equally strong in all directions. They are thus reatly superior to wood, which is liable to split. Plastics are practically nbreakable. They do not chip or shatter, and so they are superior o porcelain or pottery or glass. Some special anti-shock and anti-shatter ypes are made to stand up to trip-hammer blows longer than steel. When echanical strength is combined with the optical property of transparency, e get bullet-proof glass-clear plastics of which vast quantities are used or aircraft domes, visors of tanks, and windows of gas masks. Chemically, lastics are incorrodible. They resist solvents like water, oil and petrol, ost acids, and chemical fumes, and some are made to resist alkalies. hey do not perish like natural rubber. They do not rust or tarnish ke metals. They do not rot like wood. They fear neither the moth or *merulius lacrymans*. Requiring no coating of paint, they do not eel off or soil easily. They are eminently durable in consequence of eir chemical inertness, and they retain their smooth surface indefinitely. asy to keep clean, they are labour-saving in the home and they play eir part in solving problems of domestic economy. Being poor conduc- rs of heat, they are high grade thermal insulators. As such they are leasant to handle on hot days or cold days. They have a nice ' feel'. or the same reason a plastic roof would keep a house warm in winter nd cool in summer, and unlike stone and metal a plastic panel would ot condense water vapour readily and give rise to ' weeping walls'. Since ey can be pressed into new shapes at moderate temperatures, plastics e much easier to work than metals. The electrical properties of plastics e so marked that few electrical fittings are to be found without some lastic in their structure. As durable insulators they are used in a great ariety of ways, and one form of them replaces rubber for sheathing nductors. They are invaluable where electricity has to be transmitted ith small power loss. They stand up to severe electric stresses. It ould be hard to exaggerate their importance for modern radio and lephone industries, in the development of which they have played a

large part. Plastics appeal to the artist and decorator by their lus and beautiful colours. They lend themselves to colour schemes interior and exterior decoration. They offer the artist a new mediu to work in, and they may have special interest for the maker of stain glass. They are hygienic and easy to sterilise. They are cheaper th the rare materials but more expensive than the common.

The chief defect of plastics is bound up with their chemical natu As organic materials, that is, compounds of carbon, they are ultimate combustible and they must not come in contact with flames or temperatur much above that of boiling water. A few are made specially resista to heat. The main mechanical limitation—an advantage from anoth point of view—is that most plastics are easily scratched with a steel poi Some have been made too hard to cut, and plastics lenses have be made unscratchable by a special surface treatment. But generally is because of this lack of hardness that plastic substances are easier work than marble or semi-precious stones or metals. A thermal d advantage of plastics is their relatively high co-efficient of expansi beside metals, and this is objectionable in continental climates whe wide ranges of temperature occur.

Plastics may displace older materials in some cases but often pro is got from an alliance of the old and the new. A glass sandwich wi a plastic filling is unsplinterable and constitutes the safety glass used motor cars. Metals coated with plastic resist corrosion. The conve process recently appeared in the news when it was announced that successful method had been found of plating plastic objects with go silver and other metals for exotic costume jewelry. The technical us of such plated plastics would be important. Veneers or fibres cement together with plastic can have greater strength and stiffness than t same weight of steel, or they may have other desirable properties unusual measure. Such combinations are called laminated plastics, a they are of special interest to us in Ireland. There exists already a gr variety of them, ranging from the new ' hardwoods ' used in the ' a plastic ' plane to the 'American leather ' used extensively in upholste

Laminated plastics may be described as the reinforced concrete the plastics world. They are a new sort of alloy. Wood has defe and so have plastics. Set small bits of wood in plastic under pressu and several defects of both materials vanish while some new qualit appear. Laminated plastics consist of reinforcing chips, veneers, fibr papers or fabrics bonded by a plastic cement. The nature of the fib as also the kind of weave, is varied according to the specific propert to be produced. Linen and cotton fibres are most in demand, but asbes and other fibres are used for special purposes. Wood may be used the form of thick or thin veneer sheets, and mica in very thin flakes. T impregnated woods are nearly as hard as steel yet easy to work. They

liable when forming, but set permanently and become resistant to heat, lamp, rot and many chemicals. The new hardwoods do not swell or hrink or warp. Substitution of linen reinforcement, with special orientaion of the fibres before impregnation, has led to the production of material vith an astonishing tensile strength four-fifths that of duralumin combined vith a density only half that of the metal. The impact strength of aminated plastics is likewise remarkable. Naturally enough the striking ualities of laminated plastics find wide application. For decorative and onstructional purposes in public buildings, shops, hotels and generally vhere attractive and permanent finish is desired, laminated sheet is mployed. Table tops to resist the ravages of burning cigarette ends nd spilt alcohol are in demand for modern lounge and cocktail bars and estaurants, and they may be made of this material. In ships, aircraft nd trains where strength, durability and lightness are important, laminated lastic is without a rival. Chemically this kind of plastics resists corrosion o a remarkable degree. Hence it goes the longest way of all materials o meet the exacting physical and chemical requirements of airscrews in ircraft construction, of large and small electric fans in chemical factories, f gears and pulleys which have to run in corrosive atmospheres. Shockesisting laminated plastics increase mechanical efficiency, and an interesting pplication is seen in the silent gear wheel. The skilful design and use of lastic-bonded fibrous materials are well worth the attention of our inen merchants.

The cements used in laminated plastics are displacing the older glues, ums, bonders, stickers and adhesives obtained from fish or animal offals. The new plastic cements are more constant and regular in their properties han the old, and they set more rapidly. Vast quantities are used in the ircraft, shipbuilding and plywood industries, where powerful bonding s required in combination with resistance to heat, moisture, moulds and acteria. There are two main classes of plastic cement.[1] One is based n casein or soya-bean, while the other is based on synthetic resins. Protein adhesives, like the glue from casein, have several advantages ver the newer resin glues, and casein cements continue to be of importance.

A thriving branch of the plastics industry deals with man-made resins nd their use in the modern paint industry. The older resins employed y the varnish-maker, whether natural like rosin or fossil like amber, ad many defects which limited their application. They were not finely niform in texture or consistent in properties. By using synthetic resins vith plastic structure which can be controlled in the making, the modern echnician turns the art of varnish-making into a science. He achieves wide range of application, and he produces flexible paints that are elicately constant in composition and in properties. Fleck[2] divides

[1] Fleck: *Plastics—Scientific and Technical*, p. 228. (Temple Press, London, 1943.)
[2] *Op cit.* p. 196.

modern protectives into two main classes—namely, cellulose lacquers and synthetic enamels. The former includes all paints based on cellulose, while the latter class has a man-made resin as its chief ingredient. The older paints dry slowly, a great disadvantage. The paint film remaining wet for hours picks up dust. The newer protective coatings dry rapidly and suit the modern urge for speed and mass-production. They do not crack or craze, but dry out flexible, hard and glossy. They are made in a great variety of delicate shades. The chemistry of the synthetic resins used in the paint industry is very complex, and it offers many unconquered worlds to the young Alexander of Science. A recent success of these resins is in purifying water.

The making of fibres for textiles is another great achievement of the plastics chemist of interest to Irishmen. Until a generation ago man depended on nature for his clothing materials. He found wool, silk and cotton satisfactory as long as their large scale supply did not suffer from uncontrollable factors like weather, disease and pests. The research worker looked for fibres suitable for spinning and weaving and largely independent of the whims of mother nature. Cotton being pure cellulose, chemists naturally sought a solution to their problem in cellulose, sources of which abound in the vegetable kingdom. Parkes's discovery of nitro-cellulose helped the search for synthetic fibres and led to the invention of Chardonnet silk. Copper-ammonium silk followed, then viscose and rayon. Each had some success. Newly invented silks or wools arrive at shorter and shorter intervals, and the latest are nylon, saran, vinyon and lanital. The chief disadvantage of the man-made fibres is that they are rather cold to the touch. There is still room for improvement and for the invention of a synthetic product possessing the best qualities of old-fashioned wool and silk in combination.

The war has accelerated the evolution of plastics, and it is confidently said by the knowing ones that peace will see plastics applied for uses far beyond the dreams of the earliest pioneers. The knowing ones are often prophets who make dreams come true in our age by dint of shouting, iteration, advertisement and other forms of propaganda. While allowing for optimistic exaggeration, we should prepare for big developments in the plastics industry after the war.

Enough has been said to indicate that it is both feasible and desirable to set up in Ireland a plastics industry based on cellulose and casein. The prime materials of both kinds of plastic would come from the farmer in the shape of, say, straw and separated milk. A supply of these or other suitable materials sufficient to run an economic production unit would require more intense farming than we have at present. It would require a much greater land population or, alternatively, an improvement in our agricultural methods, machinery and standards of work. An economic production unit would saturate the home market in a short time. To

p it going we should require a considerable export trade. For several rs after this war is over there will be large foreign markets wide open ıs. Many countries will be broken and anxious for aid in reconstruction. ey will be more than grateful if we can supply them with myriads of stic objects helpful in rebuilding homes, offices and factories. Eire a big chance and perhaps a big obligation. Opportunity knocks at door. If she opens up, she may be as ' lucky ' as the small neutrals the last war—as Switzerland who captured the wristlet-watch market the whole world, as Holland or Sweden who, when peace came, were e to hold their own against the big countries in the radio, ball-bearing l other industries. It is worth noting that these industries are high de and that they demand intelligence, skill and technical knowledge. them science and industry are combined to their mutual advantage. The plastics industries are high grade and they require high grade eratives. (For this reason they would appeal to the Irish mind and ke for happy workmen). It is true that the personnel is drawn from layers of the social and intellectual pyramids, but the skilled staff is ıormally large and it is ever mounting in number and in quality. The stic industry requires men with an imaginative understanding of the ɔblems facing the constructional engineer, the textile chemist, the emical engineer, the physicist,[1] the trader and the industrialist. The iversity and the technological college, that is, a technical school of standard of the Massachussetts Institute or the Berlin—Charlotten-rg Reichanstalt, are the natural nurseries of men of this calibre. The ɔplying of such men for the plastics industries is part of a much wider ɔblem—namely, the effective recruitment, training and use of research rkers, managers and technicians in work of national importance and industry and commerce. It is time we tackled this problem in earnest, n if we get only a part-solution for the present. The plastics industry sents a part-solution. After twenty years of home education we still ɔend on foreign countries for our expert technicians. We lack supplies first-rate quality for our higher civil service. We continue to export ɔducts of our universities.[2] This high grade emigration is a cut artery the binding up of which a plastics industry would go far. The scale the industry would be such as to entail a national undertaking.

Like the supply of competent personnel, the financing of plastic ustries in their initial stages is linked with a host of wider questions, h as the relations of science and industry in this country, the develop-nts to be given to the universities to make them capable of meeting

[1] Some of these problems are mentioned in *The Future of Synthetic Plastics* by Prof. *N*. Melville (Proc. Roy. Soc. Edin., 1943).

[2] The tragedy and scandal of our high grade emigration are referred to in Prof. T. W. T. ɔn's article *The Future of Irish Medicine*, STUDIES, Dec. 1943, p. 457. Here is another ct : up to 1939 Dublin hotels sent a ' trainload ' of silver every year to England for ir while Dublin silversmiths walked the streets and drew a dole.

the country's needs in research and training of research workers, the establishment of a national technological college for industrial research. A thriving Irish plastics industry must be based on Irish research. If Irish research is to have a real chance, both the government and native industry must back it boldly and generously. The universities must have the scientific equipment they need for fundamental research and teaching. To attract men of the first quality, research workers must be paid at least as much as big business would pay them. The small amount of research work being done in this country is financed by private endowment and by the government, but the sums involved are ridiculously small. In other countries big business spends vast amounts on research. Most of our large firms are content to rest on their oars, and they fail to see that modern industry must put back some of its profits into research or achieve the paradox of falling back behind the crowd by standing still. To increase employment, big business has the social duty of probing byproducts and applying new discovery.

Of considerable interest for us at the present time are the recent reports of the British Parliamentary and Scientific Committee on " Scientific Research and the Universities ", the report of the London Chamber of Commerce on " Scientific Industrial Research," and the debate in the British House of Commons, April 19, on the vital part which research and science, if adequately financed, can play in reconstruction. In these matters England lags behind the world and we lag behind England. But if we are wise, we shall profit by her experiences. There is general agreement in these reports that the financial resources of the universities must be increased forthwith and that, in the main, the increase must come from government grants and from a compulsory levy on industry. The London Chamber of Commerce shows how the increased grants should be spent : " The universities should maintain a far larger staff than at present of graduates and of skilled laboratory technicians, and there should be a substantial increase in the number of research fellowships at the universities." The first point of urgency in establishing an Irish plastic industry is generous endowment of our universities for research and for training first rate men. The second point of urgency is planned direction of research through a Central Research Board, a national body that would foster self-help and keep the government informed of the needs and possibilities in various fields of research. It would direct research into those departments where social needs, instead of mere financial or sectional interests, show it likely to yield the greatest advantage to the country. The plastics industry is undoubtedly one of these departments.

P. J. Mac Laughlin

G. K. CHESTERTON

A NEW APPRECIATION*

BY JOHN MURRAY, S.J.

Editor of *The Month*

ALTHOUGH he died less than eight years ago, Gilbert Chesterton has already an assured niche in the long gallery of English literary nius. Edmund Bentley, a life-long friend, has even called him the eatest Englishman of his age. His was a highly lovable character, and roughout all his long years of controversy he made no single personal emy. His books remain an abiding source of joy and encouragement : those who cultivate the human mind and spirit—and for those too io have a care for that England which he loved with a deep sincerity at was well-nigh a passion. Others of us remember him—and perhaps incipally—as the man who made his way out of Victorian Liberalism o the full splendour of Catholic truth.

Miss Maisie Ward now gives us what may be described as an official ography. It was published in the United States last year, where it ceived high praise and acclamation. Now, after several printing delays, makes its bow in Chesterton's own city. May I begin by saying that consider it a splendid piece of work. Then I shall feel freer later on add a handful of small qualifications. But—splendid piece of work it : and I mean both epithet and noun. It is " splendid " because it es us a sympathetic and a coherent picture of a great writer and a ar man ; indeed, it brings out clearly and, I think, for the very first ie the remarkable consistency and continuity of G.K.'s thought from earliest years until the end. It has meant " work "—plenty of work d hard work. So much is evident. Six years have gone to its making. ss Ward tells us that, adopting a suggestion of Christopher Dawson, read through all the works of Chesterton in the exact order in which y were written, " thus trying to get the development of Gilbert's mind fectly clear to myself and to trace the influences that affected him at ious dates." Armed with fountain pen and notebook, she has tracked wn Chesterton's associates over three countries, going to Paris to erview one and to Indiana to see others ; meeting for the first time, lengthy conversation, Maurice Baring, H. G. Wells and Bernard aw ; unearthing Hilaire Belloc in the South country ; gathering the

* *Gilbert Keith Chesterton.* By Maisie Ward. London : Sheed and Ward. Pp. viii, 1944. 21s. net.

members of the Junior Debating Club in London and visiting " Fathe Brown " among his Yorkshire moors. A labour of love, if you like ; bu please spare some of the emphasis for the first of the two nouns. I addition, there were one or two awkward incidents that had to be deal with—the Marconi scandal and Cecil Chesterton's trial of 1912–1913 for example, and the statements made in Mrs. Cecil Chesterton's book *The Chestertons*, issued a few years back. The second of these question is treated fully and very fairly in an appendix. The Marconi chapter after Miss Ward had made several attempts to do it herself—withou success or at least not to her own satisfaction—was redrafted and re written by her husband. It is a crucial chapter in the biography, partl for the events concerned but even more for the profound psychologica effect those events had upon Chesterton's mind.

Gilbert Keith Chesterton was born of comfortable but honest parents on th top of Campden Hill, Kensington. He was christened at St. George's Churc which stands just under that more imposing building, the Waterworks Tower This place was chosen, apparently, in order that the whole available water supply might be used in the intrepid attempt to make him a member of Christ, a child o God and an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven.

Of the early years of this remarkable man few traces remain. One of hi earliest recorded observations was the simple exclamation, full of heart-felt delight " Look at Baby. Funny Baby." Here we see the first hint of that ineffable con versational modesty, that shy social self-effacement, which has ever hidden hi light under a bushel. His mother also recounts with apparent amusement a incident connected with his imperious demand for his father's top-hat. " Give m that hat, please." " No, dear, you mustn't have that." " Give me that hat" " No, dear, ——." " If you don't give it me, I'll say 'at." An exquisite selectio in the matter of hats has indeed always been one of the great man's hobbies.[1]

This is not, as you might have imagined, a passage from Chesterton's own *Autobiography*, his latest and among his greatest books. It come from one of the love letters penned to Frances, his wife to be. In 189 Lucian Oldershaw, a schoolfriend of his and subsequently to become th brother-in-law of Frances, took Chesterton on a visit to the Blogg family then in Bedford Park. Chesterton fell in love at once with Frances, on of the daughters. One of the lasting impressions created by Miss Ward' volume is that of the deep and tender and abiding love which G.K. ha for Frances, his wife. It is in the letters written to her—many of the sent abroad where Frances was recovering from a serious illness cause by her sister's sudden death—that we discover the beginning of th *vita nuova* of Chesterton. They are letters brushed with the tend wing of human love ; and, under that delicate touch, the writer's ey are opened wide upon the beauty and significance of the world. " A good things are one thing. Sunsets, schools of philosophy, babie

[1] Ward, pp. 90–91.

nstellations, cathedrals, operas, mountains, horses, poems—all these e merely disguises. One thing is always walking among us in fancy-ess, in the grey cloak of a church or the green cloak of a meadow. e is always behind. His form makes the folds fall so superbly."[1]

These words date from 1899, nine years before *Orthodoxy* and more an twenty years before his reception into the Church. Space will ermit little further mention of G.K.'s domestic life. But it is significant at, though Chesterton is considered—and rightly so—as essentially nglish, English in his qualities and English in his genius, his mother's ame was Marie Grosjean, English in her upbringing but of French-wiss stock, while the original family name of Frances had been de logue—not too happily englished into Blogg.

But I am anticipating. A word or two about his first years will not e out of season. He was certainly no infant prodigy. He did not talk uch till he was three, and learnt to read only when he was eight. For rawing he soon showed remarkable talent; and once he had mastered ie art of reading, he read voraciously. He loved to listen to and to ompose stories. In a preface which he contributed in 1924 to Greville MacDonald's *George MacDonald and his Wife*, he declared that one of MacDonald's stories, *The Princess and the Goblin*, had made all the ifference to him as a young lad; it peopled house and garden for him nd transformed the staircases, doors and windows " into magical things ". Maybe there was a touch of self-dramatization in his story-telling and is easy to picture him—a tall, ungainly and untidy schoolboy—trudging long West Kensington streets to St. Paul's School, rolling on his tongue he sonorous lines of ancient ballads which, once arrived in the class-oom—such was the schoolboy etiquette—he proceeded to repeat as tupidly and mechanically as ever he could. In the *Autobiography* is o be found an entertaining passage from the chapter entitled " How o be a Dunce." One of his masters at St. Paul's was the eminent istorian, Dr. T. Rice Holmes. Rice Holmes had a knack of getting nder Chesterton's guard, and on one occasion he surprised him into the dmission that he had heard of the Song of Roland, and even read a play r two of Shakespeare :—

> Nobody who knows anything of the English schoolboy at that date will imagine at there was at the moment any pleasure in such prominence or distinction. We ere all hagridden with a horror of showing off, which was perhaps the only oherent moral principle we possessed. There was one boy, I remember, who was o insanely sensitive on this point of honour that he could scarcely bear to hear one f his friends answer an ordinary question right. He felt that his comrade really ught to have invented some mistake, in the general interest of comradeship. When my information about the French epic was torn from me, in spite of my fforts, he actually put his head in his desk and dropped the lid on it, groaning in generous and impersonal shame, and faintly and hoarsely exclaiming, " O, shut

[1] Ward, p. 99.

it . . . Oh, shut up ! " He was an extreme exponent of the principle, but it was a principle which I fully shared. I can remember running to school in sheer excitement repeating militant lines of *Marmion* with passionate emphasis and exultation ; and then going into class and repeating the same lines in the lifeless manner of a hurdy-gurdy, hoping that there was nothing whatever in my intonation to indicate that I distinguished between the sense of one word and another.[1]

Though never a " bright boy " in the accepted sense, Chesterton came to the notice of his masters. The establishment of the Junior Debating Club, with its companion magazine *The Debater*, helped this. And though the highest form he ever reached was VI B, he was specially privileged to rank with boys of the top form, the Eighth. This third chapter of the *Autobiography* ought to be given another title, something like this : " You cannot fool all your schoolmasters all the time," for that is the moral that is driven home by Chesterton's school reports. Born in 1874, he entered St. Paul's in 1887. The 1888 report has it that he is " wildly inaccurate about everything ; never thinks for two consecutive moments to judge by his work." 1889 refers to him as " a great blunderer with much intelligence." 1892 states that he is " not on the same plane with the rest ; composition quite futile but will translate well and appreciate what he reads." Not all of them, at least not all the time, Mr. Chesterton ! For when his mother visited the High Master of St. Paul's to ask his advice about her son's future, the answer she received was : " Six foot of genius. Cherish him, Mrs. Chesterton, cherish him."

During the interval between leaving school and his marriage, Gilbert Chesterton studied art at the Slade School and English literature at University College, London. He worked for publishing firms, earning remarkably little money ; he started to write ; he placed his feet on the ladder of journalism. One of the most valuable portions of Miss Ward's volume analyses what she terms " The Notebook," an exercise book in which Chesterton noted down, from 1894 to 1898, thoughts which he considered were building up a philosophy of life. Miss Ward also stresses certain influences in those post-school days, notably that of Walt Whitman. The scraps and jottings from the Notebook give snatches of the themes he is later to develop in *Orthodoxy* and in the first novels—a sense of wonder, of thankfulness for life and the riotous abundance of nature, for friendship and fellowship, of reverence for the Power behind the world ; for as yet he is far away from Christianity. This sense of the Power behind all haunts some of these fragments from the Notebook—for example these two :—

> The axe falls on the wood in thuds, " God, God."
> The cry of the rook, " God," answers it,
> The crack of the fire on the hearth, the voice of the brook, say the same name ;

[1] *Autobiography*, pp. 69–70.

All things, dog, cat, fiddle, baby,
Wind, breaker, sea, thunderclap
Repeat in a thousand languages—God.

There was a man who dwelt in the East centuries ago,
And now I cannot look at a sheep or a sparrow,
A lily or a cornfield, a raven or a sunset,
A vineyard or a mountain, without thinking of him;
If this be not to be divine, what is it?[1]

Once he had put his feet on the journalistic ladder, Chesterton mounted apidly. During the Boer War he wrote regularly for the *Speaker*, a ournal which opposed the war policy. It was then—actually in 1900 nd at the Mont Blanc restaurant in Gerrard Street, Soho—that he first net Hilaire Belloc. Belloc opened the conversation by saying in his most ontifical manner: "Chesterton, you wr-r-rite very well." Chesterton's ecollection is found in the *Autobiography*: elsewhere, he has spoken bout Belloc as "the man who has made the greatest fight for good hings of all the men of my time."[2] Chesterton's friend—it was Older-haw—entered the restaurant,

Followed by a sturdy man with a stiff straw hat of the period tilted over his eyes. hich emphasized the peculiar length and strength of his chin. He had a high-houldered way of wearing a coat so that it looked like a heavy overcoat, and nstantly reminded me of the pictures of Napoleon; and for some vague reason, specially of the pictures of Napoleon on horseback. But his eyes, not without nxiety, had that curious distant keenness that is seen in the eyes of sailors.[3]

It was from this dingy Soho restaurant, Chesterton reminds us, as rom a cave of witchcraft, that there emerged the quadruped, the twi-ormed monster Mr. Shaw has nicknamed the Chesterbelloc. Shaw himself soon became their acquaintance and close friend, though on matters of politics and philosophy he was poles apart from them. Chesterton met Shaw for the first time in Rodin's atelier in Paris when he French sculptor was making a bust of the Irish playwright. The controversial "singles" played so long and so brilliantly by Shaw and Chesterton, with the occasional "double" between the Chesterbelloc nd Shaw plus H. G. Wells, attracted great interest and caused, on occasions, not a little annoyance. There was a good deal of precious ooling in their debates. Chesterton would let himself be carried away by the glory and, on occasions, by the humour of words. One of his happiest near-puns was uttered on the subject of the Emancipation of

[1] Ward, pp. 61, 63.

[2] Introduction to *Hilaire Belloc; The Man and His Work*, by C. C. Mandell and E. Shanks, 1916.

[3] *Autobiography*, p. 116.

Women : " Twenty million young women rose to their feet with the cry, *We will not be dictated to :* and proceeded to become stenographers." One reviewer, puzzled by Chesterton's first volume of essays *The Defendant*, took refuge in that blessed word " paradox," so frequently to be flung at G.K.'s head, as though there were something indecent in re-thinking a truth and then expressing it in fresh, at times provocative, language. " Paradox ought to be used," wrote this particular reviewer, " like onions to season the salad. Mr. Chesterton's salad is all onions."

All this time Chesterton was working prodigiously. He wrote for the *Daily News* and had begun his long association with the *Illustrated London News*, which lasted from 1905 until 1936. Literary studies of Browning and Dickens, with an artistic monograph on G. F. Watts, had placed him in the front rank of critics and had revealed an insight into genius and character quite out of the common. In Fleet Street the Chesterton legend was growing apace—that legend of the cloaked and sombrero'ed figure, who might be come upon reading a manuscript or composing poetry under a lamppost in the pouring rain or encountered on his roisterous, rollicking way from one Fleet Street tavern to another.

Novels were appearing. Among them in 1904, *Napoleon of Notting Hill*, heraldic and fantastic from one point of view and from yet another a dialogue, in the persons of Auberon Quin and Adam Wayne, between two of the personal Egos of Chesterton. Nonetheless, there is a serious undercurrent of protest against the big thing that had come to strangle the older, smaller things, of that genuine patriotism which resisted the Boer War and thought of England primarily as a land of people who might be free anywhere save in their own land. *The Man Who was Thursday*—a detective story *au rebours* or, as Mgr. Knox referred to it in the funeral panegyric preached in Westminster Cathedral on June 27, 1936, " an extraordinary book, written as if the publisher had commissioned him to write something rather like the *Pilgrim's Progress* in the style of the *Pickwick Papers*." When the story was adapted for the stage many years afterwards, Chesterton told an interviewer that he thought it would be fun to make the tearing away of frightening masks reveal not evil but benevolence. " Associated with this merely fantastic notion was the one that there is actually a lot of good to be discovered in unlikely places, and that we who are fighting each other may all be fighting on the right side." I recall a sentence from his *Browning* in which he spoke of the poet being the first to descend into thieves' kitchens and publicly accuse men—of virtue. From 1910 to 1914 followed *The Ball and the Cross, Manalive*, and *The Flying Inn*. All three are fantasies ; all three are fantastic stories. Innocent Smith is blown by the great wind to Beacon House ; he is a housebreaker, but it was his own house into which he broke to re-taste the fresh joys of ownership ; he is a bigamist, but it is his first wife he has married once again to recapture the first

lush of love; he is a would-be murderer, but his weapon thunders orth life, not death. So much for *Manalive*. In *The Ball and the Cross* he young Highlander and Turnbull, the atheist shopkeeper, wander cross the country, continually beginning their duel, only to have the olice interrupt and arrest them.

Everywhere there is protest against the staleness and shallowness of nodern life, which Chesterton is now learning to see in its harder and more ruel features. The *Eye Witness* is already in existence, and he is helping Belloc and his own brother, Cecil. The Marconi case caught G.K.'s nagination so forcibly that it swept any Liberal optimism from his soul vhich might have still lingered there despite his gradual departure from Liberal ideas, in the social and political sense. There is no doubt that the Marconi incident left a profound impression on Chesterton's mind. n *Orthodoxy* he had stated: "As much as I ever did, more than I ever id, I believe in Liberalism. But there was a rosy time of innocence vhen I believed in Liberals." He could write these sentences in 1908. fter the *affaire Marconi* he lost his faith in Liberalism. *L'affaire Marconi* vas to him very much what a similar *affaire* concerning Dreyfus had been n France of the nineties and what perhaps *l'affaire Pucheu* may prove o be in the France to come.

Meanwhile, during these active years, his whole religious position vas altering. In the Notebook there are jottings that could easily bear Christian interpretation; but that was not yet their obvious interpretaon. In the first years of this century Chesterton was examining the claims nd attitudes of contemporary writers. His work *Heretics* dealt with and, s might be said to-day, debunked their main pretensions. Chesterton vas feeling for something more fundamental, something solid—*quod mper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*. Newspaper controversies with . J. Campbell and with Robert Blatchford further clarified his position. Ie saw ever more clearly that modern teachers were stressing just one ossible aspect of the truth, whereas the truth is central. The result was *rthodoxy*. I fancy I have read it ten or even twelve times, and each me with interest and delight. Granted that it has *dated*, for the adversaries ith which it deals are less sure of their ground to-day than they then ere; the scientist is less materialistic and far less dogmatic; the apostles f progress have had since then experiences far too shaking and bitter o go on dreaming of inevitable progress. It is a spiritual Odyssey, and is at the same time one of the most able of all Christian apologetics. he insight into men and problems which had been so evident a characteric of Chesterton's literary studies is here focussed upon the religious roblems of mankind; as it was to be concentrated, even more fiercely nd fixedly, in his greatest book, *The Everlasting Man*. In *Orthodoxy* ere is fun and fantasy, and passages that are rich and strong and eloquent. reatest of them is the vision of the Church, with the equilibrium of a

man behind rushing horses, seeming to stoop this way and to sway that way, yet in every attitude having the grace of statuary and the accuracy of arithmetic. To have avoided all the pitfalls set by sheer reason and false emphasis " has been one whirling adventure ; and in my vision the heavenly chariot flies thundering through the ages, the dull heresies sprawling and prostrate, the wild truth reeling but erect."[1]

Chesterton's association with the *Eye Witness* and its successor, the *New Witness*, and his growing disillusionment with the social and economic condition of England drew him further away from the ideas he had shared with the optimistic Liberals of 1906 towards the social doctrine of the Catholic Church. He had discovered Cobbett and was startled to find that Cobbett had foretold the very state of things which he was now learning so grievously to deplore. The peasantry of England was dispossessed ; the ordinary Englishman had been robbed of his birthright and consequently of his dignity and position as a Christian man. After the 1914–1918 war this attitude and this conviction would result in the foundation of the *Distributist League*.

On the eve of the 1914–1918 war there was nothing to be done. Here it should be remarked that Chesterton, whatever his grasp of philosophy—and that was considerable—and however fine his sense of personal liberty and responsibility, was no good judge of political events. He had experienced a violent shock to his ideas and hopes in 1913. He had hoped much—hoped too much—from the Liberal resurrection of 1906. It was a short emergence. But when his faith was shattered, he went at once to the opposite extreme of doubt and disillusionment. He was too simple and too sincere a character to be a realistic critic of the affairs of politics and government. Consequently he now saw corruption everywhere; he became over-sensitive to the evils of public life, forgetting that there were men engaged in it who were still untarnished and sincere. This is not to say that his arguments, and still more the arguments of Belloc in the *Servile State*, were not justified. We are now faced—in Germany and even in our own country—with the consequences of that Servile State far more radical and frightening than were then seen, and possibly envisaged, by Chesterton and Belloc. In 1914 Chesterton was gravely ill for many months. When he recovered, he found himself in full sympathy with Britain's effort in the war. Comparing the war with the struggle with the Boers, he argued : " I thought that England's action in the South African War was wrong ; and I still think it was wrong. I thought that England's action in the Great War was right ; and I still think it was right . . . . In the first case, I thought and think that Jewish financial power should not dominate England. In the second case, I thought and think that Prussian militarism should not dominate Europe." It was during the war that he published *A Short History of England*—a work

[1] *Orthodoxy*, chapter VI, pp. 184–5.

n which the pundits found several serious inaccuracies, but even then hey had to admit that its author had something which they did not possess —again an example of his extraordinary insight into the problems which ıe handled. He had vision—that was their honest verdict. And how he eferred in that book to the common folk of England ! They had not been ıewitched or bemused by the educated Englishman's cult of German *Kultur* in the half century prior to 1914 —

> Never in any story of mankind has the irony of God chosen the foolish things o catastrophically to confound the wise. For the common crowd of poor and gnorant Englishmen, because they only knew that they were Englishmen, burst ırough the filthy cobwebs of four hundred years and stood where their fathers tood when they knew that they were Christian men. The English poor, broken ı every revolt, bullied by every fashion, long despoiled of property, and now espoiled of liberty, entered history with a noise of trumpets and turned themselves ı two years into one of the iron armies of the world. And when the critic of olitics and literature, feeling that this war is after all heroic, looks around him o find the hero, he can point to nothing but a mob.[1]

During the war Chesterton visited Ireland. In his *Irish Impressions* .e has recorded some of his ideas and views. They are inspired and niformly favourable to Ireland. The volume is unfortunately out of rint. I have read it more than once and copied out many extracts from :s pages. Writing this article, I regret that I cannot find them, for they vere so telling. He spoke of Ireland as a land where it might be tested ow far the Christian ideal could be put into practice. I recall a passage vhich—alas—I cannot quote in which he referred to the experience of ne Holy Family in flight before the horsemen of Herod as an experience ımiliar to the Irish people. Speaking of Irish nationality in those days vhen it was the fashion in England to depreciate or deny it, he declared ıat nationality cannot be defined, as an individual is not capable of efinition :—

> . . . . nobody can define a nation. He can only see it, smell it, hear it, handle , bump into it, fall over it, kill it, be killed for it, or be damned for doing it wrong. [e must be content with these mere hints of its existence ; but he cannot define , because it is like a person, and no book of logic will undertake to define Aunt ıne or Uncle William. We can only say, with more or less mournful conviction, ıat if Aunt Jane is not a person, there is no such thing as a person. And I say ith equal conviction that if Ireland is not a nation, there is no such thing as a ation.[2]

Chesterton was to revisit Ireland under brighter circumstances during ıe Dublin Eucharistic Congress. His commentary was a warm-hearted ne. Among its incidents he told the story of the old Dublin woman who, n the last day of the Congress when the weather looked threatening, marked to him : " Well, if it rains now, He will have brought it on imself."

[1] Ward, p. 357. [2] Ward, pp. 343–4.

But then he had found his true spiritual haven within the Catholic Church. One might reasonably ask why he had tarried so long in his religious Odyssey, if one did not realise beforehand that such queries are fruitless. Man proposes, God in His time disposes—and this is certainly a valid principle with " converts ". They advance so far—seemingly quite far enough—and yet there is a halt. *Orthodoxy* had indeed shown that G.K. was Christian and Catholic at heart. As a point of fact, he did discuss further steps during his prolonged illness of 1914 and 1915. Maybe he hesitated to take the final step on his wife's account, for she was a devout Anglo-Catholic, though she was destined, shortly after his own submission, to follow him into the Church that is fully Catholic. A visit to the Holy Land after the 1918 armistice solved any personal difficulties that might have lingered in his mind. The result of this journey was the *New Jerusalem*, one of his happiest and most intimate books. He was not actually received until 1922—and then in a shed with a corrugated iron roof and wooden walls, for Beaconsfield, where he lived, had at that time no regular Catholic chapel. Before and after the event he received letters from Catholic friends—among them not unnaturally Belloc and Maurice Baring. Indeed, one of the most pleasing features of this book is the inclusion—on so generous a scale—of such personal documents, otherwise and elsewhere unobtainable. Belloc wrote in August 1922 : " The Catholic Church is the natural home of the human spirit. The odd perspective picture of life, which looks like a meaningless puzzle at first, seen from that *one* standpoint takes a complete order and meaning." Maurice Baring's letter is fuller and more personal :—

> Well, all I have to say, Gilbert, is what I think I have already said to you, and what I said not long ago in a printed book. That I was received into the Church on the Eve of Candlemas 1909, and it is perhaps the only act in my life which I am quite certain I have never regretted. Every day I live, the Church seems to me more and more wonderful ; the Sacraments more and more solemn and sustaining ; the voice of the Church, her liturgy, her rules, her discipline, her decisions in matters of Faith and Morals more and more excellent and profoundly wise and true and right, and her children stamped with something that those outside Her are without. There I have found Truth and reality, and everything outside it is to me compared with Her as dust and shadow.[1]

And so Gilbert Chesterton passed within the fold of the Catholic Church. Some of the reviewers of Miss Ward's book have complained that the growth in Catholicism of G.K.C. is too strongly emphasized and that the biographer has concentrated overmuch on the directly spiritual odyssey of her subject. With this criticism no Catholic would agree. What is striking in the development of Chesterton is just this progress from a joyous and rather noisy acceptance of life and a belief in Nature or the spirit of Life or, somewhat impersonally, God to a faith in God

[1] Ward, pp. 405–6.

nd the revelation of God through Christ and in the Catholic Church. t is the custom in certain literary circles to assume that, once an author .as been received into the Church, his creative period must be finished nd all his subsequent work will necessarily be inferior and second-rate. This was said about Newman ; it has frequently been said of Chesterton. The truth is almost the exact opposite. Like Newman, Chesterton grew n maturity and insight after his conversion. Maybe he was less amusing, ess entertaining for the superficial reader. His books are certainly more profound, more luminous. Greatest of them surely is *The Everlasting Man*, while his studies of *St. Francis of Assisi* and *St. Thomas Aquinas* eveal the extent to which he had penetrated into the storehouse of Catholic ruth and the mystery of Catholic holiness. On the second of these two tudies of great saints the comment of M. Etienne Gilson is illuminating. M. Gilson is one of the world authorities on medieval philosophy, has been professor at the Sorbonne and the Collège de France, has given the Gifford Lectures in Aberdeen and the William James Lectures at Harvard. On reading Chesterton's work on St. Thomas, he remarked : " Chesterton makes one despair. I have been studying St. Thomas all my life and I could never have written such a book." After G.K.'s death, M. Gilson eturned, in a written appreciation, to the same topic :—

> I consider it as being without possible comparison the best book ever written n St. Thomas. Nothing short of genius can account for such an achievement. Everybody will no doubt admit that it is a " clever " book, but the few readers who have spent twenty or thirty years in studying St. Thomas Aquinas, and who, perhaps, have themselves published two or three volumes on the subject, cannot ail to perceive that the so-called " wit " of Chesterton has put their scholarship o shame. He has guessed all that which they had tried to demonstrate, and he has aid all that which they were more or less clumsily attempting to express in academic ormulas. Chesterton was one of the deepest thinkers who ever existed ; he was leep because he was right ; and he could not help being right ; but he could not ither help being modest and charitable, so he left it to those who could under- tand him to know that he was right, and deep ; to the others he apologized for eing right, and he made up for being deep by being witty. That is all they can ee of him.[1]

An extraordinary tribute when you consider that it was paid by a first- ate scholar on a subject from his own special terrain to a man whom he lesser critics have—in their time—airily dismissed as a bright and breezy journalist. Belloc incidentally has judged *The Thing*—a much slighter work of this period—to be Chesterton's masterpiece.

All this time Chesterton was engaged in heavy and worrying literary work. The hopes raised during the war of 1914–1918 that he, and his fellow-countrymen, might see the dawn of a brighter day for post-war England were slowly vanishing. He was never bitter ; but there is a note that is as near to the bitter as Chesterton could ever reach

[1] Ward, pp. 525–6.

in an Open Letter to Lord Reading, published in the *New Witness* for December 13, 1918, and in the short poem which ends with the following stanza :—

> And they that rule in England,
> In stately conclave met,
> Alas, alas, for England
> They have no graves as yet.[1]

Partly out of reverent memory for his brother, Cecil, who had died in France as a soldier in December 1918, and in part too because of his own share in the ideas for which Cecil stood, he carried on Cecil's work in the *New Witness* which, after a brief interlude, became *G.K.'s Weekly* in 1925 and the *Weekly Review* since G.K.'s death in 1936. Miss Ward hints what other friends as well as critics of Chesterton have openly said, namely that the editing of these papers placed upon Chesterton a heavy burden which took far too much of his time and energy, was a continual drain upon his financial resources, and finally robbed him of the leisure that might have been employed to wider creative purpose. This argument has undoubted force. Yet it must not be allowed to obscure the important service which Chesterton rendered to the community. He was voicing a protest—a sustained protest—against the condition to which economic policy and industrial development had reduced the common people of Britain. Throughout the Boer War he had condemned imperialism; always he valued patriotism as the love of home and homeland, not as pride of race or Empire. In much the same manner the tale *Napoleon of Notting Hill*, although it was a web of fantasy spun out of the imagination of Adam Wayne, did reflect its author's care for the smaller and the more local loyalties. In *G.K.'s Weekly* the protest was continued, week into week, against exploitation of every kind, against political and business corruption, against the power and influence of finance—against the growing conspiracy to control, and so to de-personalise, the people's lives. He thought of " democracy " not on the lines of " one man, one vote " but on the broader and more healthy basis of " one man, one house " or " one man, one field ". What frightened him was the prospect of a state in which we should be regimented on the lines of " one man, one employment ticket " or, should the worst come to the worst, " one man, one unemployment dole ".

The remedy of Distributism, put forward by Chesterton and his colleagues on *G.K.'s Weekly*, has frequently been misunderstood. Some critics confused it with Socialism, of which it is the most direct opponent, while the " planners " disliked it for removing the ordinary man from their spheres of planning. Some critics identified it with a " Back to the Land " movement, which in part it was, and with the solution through

[1] *Collected Poems*, p. 65.

half an acre and a cow "—a solution that did not seem to make sense twentieth century England. Some among the members of the *istributist League* were their own worst enemies. Squabbles were common ıough. Though he was continually urging them to define their principles ıd their position, G.K.C. avoided being drawn into their disputes, ımorously reminding them that he was far too occupied earning sufficient ıoney—through stories about " Father Brown "—so that their distributist leas might be publicized :—

> Many a shot has rung out in the silent night, many a constable has hurled mself through a crashing door, from under which there crawled a crimson stain, order that there might be a page somewhere for Mr. Kenrick's virile and logical :position of the principles of Distributism. Many an imperial jewel has vanished om its golden setting, many a detective has crawled about on the carpet for clues, :fore some of those little printers' bills could be settled which enabled the most stinguished and intelligent of Distributists to denounce each other as Capitalists ıd Communists.[1]

For Chesterton, Distributism, as a theory and a policy, was bound p with the Christian view of man. Man is a person, in the very first ıstance, with rights which no larger society may abrogate and with duties—) God, to himself, to his family, and to his fellowmen—which he must be llowed the means to fulfil. The most necessary of these means was the ossession of property of some kind. Property was a moral extension of ersonality, whatever form that property might take. Personally, I feel ıat he would have welcomed the growth in the number of small property- olders, in the form of Post Office deposits and War Saving Certificates, ıat has been so marked a feature of these war years ; it is property ithin an industrial and financial framework, but it is property none the ss.

Between 1919 and 1930 Chesterton travelled widely : to the Holy and, as has been mentioned ; to Poland, in 1927 (he ever retained an ffection for countries with a strong Catholic tradition, like Poland, Italy nd France) ; to Rome, and twice to the United States. He grew fond of mericans, but mistrusted dollar imperialism. Returning home, after ıese exhausting but to him stimulating lecture tours, he laid aside on ccasions his journalism to produce one or other study in literature— n Stevenson (1927) and Chaucer (1932). The wide variety of his interests nd writing had not taken away that special genius for interpreting his ıvourite authors. When the book on Stevenson appeared, Chesterton eceived this letter from Stevenson's friend, Sir Edmund Gosse :—

> It is and always since his death has been impossible for me to write anything hich went below the surface of R.L.S. I loved him, and still love him, too tenderly) analyze him. But you, who have the privilege of not being dazzled by having nown him, have taken the task into your strong competent hands. You could ot have done it better.

[1] *G.K.'s Weekly*. October 12, 1929.

The latest survivor, the only survivor, of his little early circle of intimate friends, thanks you from the bottom of his heart.[1]

I must call a halt. Miss Ward's biography, as has already been said, is a splendid piece of work. It is full of all kinds of good things. Perhaps the most interesting feature of the book is the inclusion of so many personal letters and entries (*e.g.*, from the early Notebook), for these help us to see something of Chesterton's own development and his relations with prominent literary personages of his time. It is more from such documents than from the actual narrative provided by Miss Ward that we can estimate the progress of G.K's thought. The book throughout is objective—it does not attempt to rely on personal impressions. Neither can it be called a critical study, since it does not seriously assess the qualities of Chesterton's various works or attempt to decide his permanent place in the story of English letters. The task of writing a Chesterton biography, remembering all the time how magnificently Chesterton had done this himself in the *Autobiography*, must have appeared alarming. However, Miss Ward was not afraid to face the task and she has carried it through with sympathy and competence. The result is that the reader's interest never flags; and of the value of the work there is no question. There are times when it leaves the impression of a mountain glacier moving slowly onwards, with massive pieces of rock embedded in its surface. The pieces of rock are the letters, documents and extracts, and we are truly grateful for the glacier that keeps them together and carries them on. Miss Ward has made herself a Boswell to her G.K. and there are times when she is a more lively and observant chronicler than Dr. Johnson's sleepy associate.

The Church of England Newspaper, I am told, reviewing the book, urged its readers to sell something or other—even their shirts, if need be—to purchase Miss Ward's book. I cannot imagine that the readers of that journal are normally in the habit of selling their more intimate garments to put them, proverbially, on horses or to exchange them over the counter for new biographies. And so it must mean high praise; therein I am at one with the *Church of England Newspaper*.

JOHN MURRAY

[1] Ward, pp. 464–5.

PATRICK BYRNE: ARCHITECT

BY C. P. CURRAN, M.A.

THE name of Patrick Byrne is almost forgotten, his origin unknown and his personality only to be guessed at. Yet his work is familiar us, has distinction and, if it suddenly disappeared, many of our streets ould lose their most characteristic accent. His days were long in the nd, stretching from 1783 to 1864; he saw the end of Georgian building, e birth of neo-Grec, and he was himself foremost in the Gothic revival. or that reason a special interest attaches to his work as illustrating a table and notably unsettled period in the history of Dublin architecture.

Beginning as a classicist Byrne saw all architectural frontier-posts rown down, took both sides in the battle of the styles and saw the short- red Gothic victory. When he reached his maturity, men were no nger building as their fathers had built—that is to say, either un- nsciously by tradition or according to the classic principles they had arned as apprentices. The prop of tradition or habit that supported the erage builder was knocked from under him. He limped at large. All ads no longer led to Rome. They led him as likely to Amiens or Venice, Athens or the Crystal Palace, and above his head the familiar planets d suddenly turned to dishevelled wandering stars. The very language d changed. Taught to lisp in the tongue of Vitruvius, of modillions d triglyphs the neophyte must now prattle of lychnoscopes and perpeyn alls, and his work in the end was as likely to be abused by the pioneers attempted to follow as by the old guard of classicism.

Some of these Gothic pioneers were scholars. Viollet-le-Duc in ance and the younger Pugin in England were men of invention and riosity, though poles apart in temperament and method. Both men died, wrote and built indefatigably, but in circumstances characteristic- y different in their two countries. In England the Gothic revival was mixture of romanticism and morality. In France it was less a revival an a matter of salvage. In England high principle and morality ruled e quarrel. Pugin, who wondered how William George Ward could d his texts in a room without mullioned windows, was a hearty, adstrong intransigent and, taking after an English mother, he stoked fires of his propaganda with such a heat of moral fervour as excited worst apprehensions of other zealots. He would crush as infamous y building later than the fifteenth century. Exclusively identifying thic with Christianity, his language toward post-Reformation architects isfied many that his campaign for Gothic was just another Romish rigue. This he could accept as a compliment, but he was less pleased

when certain of his co-religionists delated him to Rome as an innovator. Others, more reasonably, failed to see a necessary connection between pure doctrine and pointed arches or how a straight lintel undermined faith. Pugin simplified all controversy to the single issue between Christian Gothic and the paganism of the classic. As Gibbon in another age passed through France " darting contemptuous glances at the monuments of Gothic superstition," so Pugin in his sailor's jacket hurried out of Rome away from the contaminating architecture of St. Ignatius and St. Charles Borromeo.

As most often happens with men of genius, Pugin's likes were admirable, but his antipathies were open to question. Both in his books and building he shows scholarly knowledge of Gothic. More truly than Ruskin he understood medieval construction and the practice of craftsmen. In his own instruction to his craftsmen he anticipated Ruskin—to whom, indeed, in this matter he left little but repetition and a superior rhetoric. But there is no good reason why we should not admire Killarney Cathedral, his best work in Ireland, without objurgating Bramante or the Baroque. So far as Baroque is concerned Pugin joins hands with all the classical purists and religious zealots in deriding this foreign abomination. The insularity of English criticism is nowhere more marked than when it touches Baroque. Anti-French, anti-Roman prejudice, isolation from the Continent during the French wars, the growth of the evangelical movement—all contributed to define an attitude, unknown abroad, which even in our own day has only begun to break down in England. One observes with curious interest the paroxysms into which the first sight of this deplorable continental excess throws the Victorian traveller whose architectural taste has been perfected by the efforts of his Ecclesiastical Commissioners. Even in 1905 Banister Fletcher can dismiss Baroque and Rococo as a mere debased application of Renaissance features ; but in 1862 Mr. Smirke, R.A., could put more heart into the debate, telling his students that the architecture of Bernini and Borromini is " a shocking devastation and corruption of taste, the worst architecture yet devised by human ingenuity, for which the activity, influence and wealth of the followers of Ignatius Loyola are responsible"—a criticism not less extravagant than Pugin's abuse of Smirke's masters as " men besotted in their mongrel compositions."

Henry McManus, R.H.A., lectured his students at our Academy in the same year as Smirke in London. He has a profound distrust of non-professional critics and inveighs against the Gothic leaders : " the pragmatical assumption and pedantic insolence of these graduates of Oxford, Palgrave and Ruskin . . . their vanity and crotchets . . . the startling titles given to the works of the latter marking the charlatan." On the whole the partisans of the classical school held the Irish platform. The architects themselves were silent ; the " gentle and passionate spirit "

Woodward was " dumb as an oyster " ; and alone amongst our men letters William Allingham backed " the charlatan ". Sir Samuel rguson identified himself with the age of Gandon and repudiated ery sentiment and association of the medieval kind. " We desire light d distinctness, stateliness, regularity and spaciousness . . . We live Dublin in the midst of great but un-noticed beauties. All our works Gandon's period are those of an intellectually advanced and consistent ople, and no better answer could be given to those who make the charge tameness and monotony against Regular Art than the variety, freedom d yet fitness, strength and dignity of the public buildings of Dublin the last century." He rejoices, prematurely as it appears, that we ve escaped " the Byzantine and medieval mania . . . an aesthetical ntagion fantastically prevalent amongst the leaders of public taste in gland . . . making grotesque ravages " (*Dublin Univ. Mag.* June 47). He deplores all the building of the paid Boards of Commissioners— or-houses that are " rural eye-sores," schools that are " offensive to ucated eyes and detrimental to our character," additions to the Four urts and to Tyrone House that deface the work of Gandon and Cassells, d especially the activity of the Board of Ecclesiastical Commissioners who exceed all the rest in the odium of having lowered the standards public taste."

But each camp had its own divisions. When the sham Goths had en partially liquidated by the studies of Britton, Rickman and the der Pugin, the purists who followed advanced rival orthodoxies. Some ifted precariously from perpendicular to pointed ; some insisted that e important thing was to "pyramidise the sky-line," while Ruskin and oodward[1] led another group away towards Venice. Examples are merous within five minutes walk of College Green. As Ferguson 1847, so Evelyn in 1687 deplored " the nonsensical insertions of various rbles impertinently placed and pinnacles thick-set with monkeys and imerae "—which was precisely what Woodward, with the O'Sheas and rrison, was doing in the T.C.D. Engineering School and the Kildare St. ub. Italian villas went up in Knockmaroon and, when McCurdy ilds a gate-lodge for John La Touche at Brannockstown, it is " grand the Byzantine style in green and granite and red brick." The banks d insurance companies recalled their Lombardic forefathers. College een was re-conditioned with " new Byzantine fronts," and St. Anne's Dawson St. and Sandford Church were veneered in Byzantine-mbardic.

The classicists were more decorously divergent. Some forsook lladian grace for the post-war severity of neo-Grec. This not too opily named variation of the classical theme began in France with such

[1] For article on Woodward and Ruskin *see* issue of June 1940.

Paris churches as Chalgrin's S. Philippe du Roule (1769-1794) and the Madeleine, and it was followed in due course in England by St. Pancras (1820) and St. George's Hall (1836) and in Germany by the Walhalla and a kindred brood. Though the first chapel in Maynooth, built by Michael Stapleton *ca.* 1796, was described in a letter of Montalembert as *une belle eglise, style grec,* the description is hardly exact and our period is better dated by the pro-Cathedral of 1815, closing with Mulvany's impressive terminus at Broadstone in 1847—a masterpiece whose inspiration is as much Egyptian as Greek. In that year Sir Samuel Ferguson attacked the neo-Greeks and " the clumsy affectation of Doric simplicity and solidity which one constantly encounters in the porticos of pretentious houses of worship and other public buildings recently erected." It was no doubt at these buildings, as well as to the King's Inns Library and changes at Tyrone House, that Belfast Sir Samuel pointed an accusing finger. It is hard to join the quarries of Pentelicus with Ballyknockan and more difficult to reconcile the austerity of some of these granite porticos with the Renaissance disposition within.

The Pro-Cathedral has perhaps more unity in this respect than its fellows—or had before the dome and a new window system were introduced into Sweetman's original design. This design, which can still be studied in the large model preserved in the building, has been said to follow in one feature or another the Propylaea, Paestum, the Temple of Theseus, St. Mary Major's and S. Philippe du Roule. There is a general resemblance with the latter church, more marked in the model than in the fabric, which makes this comparison more reasonable than the others; but it does not stretch much beyond a general stylistic likeness and there is no ambulatory in S. Philippe, its aisles extending only to the chancel. John Sweetman may well have got his inspiration from Paris for this, his only work. He was an amateur architect of a Raheny family; kinsman of the Robert Sweetman of Baldoyle who assisted Hamilton Rowan to escape to France. He is said to have taken part in the '98 movement and—perhaps by reason of this—he lived much abroad.

Nothing is more illustrative of the eclecticism of our mid-nineteenth century building in Dublin than the erection in the same generation of Mulvany's Broadstone and Woodward's Engineering School, and nothing shows more clearly how far in fifty years our architects had travelled from Palladian forms. The work of Francis Johnston and Patrick Byrne each shows as complete a change-over. Johnston's dates (1761-1829) entitle him to all the attention as a Gothic precursor which Mr. John Betjeman has given him. Born when Strawberry Hill was building and an almost exact contemporary of Mrs. Radcliffe, he played with the picturesque and with the embattled parapets popularised here later by the Morrisons. His Gothic church at Ballynakenny (1793) and his

apel Royal (1807) have significantly early dates. The Chapel Royal s virtues which others than Horace Walpole could approve—Pugin rtainly not. Whether one regards it as a true or a false dawn matters tle ; for his most successful buildings and those that mark our streets ow him one of the regular fellows.

Patrick Byrne was a lesser man, but his equal competence in two mpeting styles gives interest to his now hardly discernible career. hy his name should have dropped out of circulation does not surprise e in a country indifferent to its arts, where the name of Adam supplants bert West and Michael Stapleton. Unlike these late Georgian chitects—master builders of 86 St. Stephen's Green and Belvedere—rne's work, so far as we know it, is mainly ecclesiastical. He was born 1783, and we may assume from his name that he was a Dublin or Wicklow an—perhaps son of the architect, John Byrne, who competed in 1769 r the building of the Royal Exchange. He was certainly working at s profession in 1815. The first work I can trace from his hands is as architectural draughtsman. In 1818 and 1819 he made drawings of e Custom House and of the east portico of the Bank of Ireland, with e front of T.C.D., which he exhibited in the R.H.A. as an old man hen he became member of that body, and a little before that he had epared drawings of St. Patrick's Cathedral and the archiepiscopal lace at Tallaght which were published by Monck Mason. His life vered the great period of Dublin building. He was older than the ustom House ; as a boy he might have seen the opening of the Four urts and as a youth the building of the G.P.O. and the laying-out of lountjoy Square. He was brought up in the old world of regular chitecture and in the sharply defined city area. But long before he ed, he saw the city break the canal banks and begin the surburban velopment of Rathmines and Pembroke. More significantly, he saw e change worked by the Catholic Relief Act and he who went to mass-uses was buried from the Pro-Cathedral. He built the church of . Paul's Arran Quay, from which swung out the first ring of bells rmitted to be placed in an Irish Catholic church since the Reformation, d he planted at least nine other churches in the city and suburbs.

These early Dublin churches—the Pro-Cathedral (1815), St. Francis avier (1829), St. Nicholas of Myra (1829), St. Andrew's (1832), St. rancis, Merchant's Quay (1834), St. Paul's (1835), St. Audoen's (1841)—ese churches of the Emancipation and the decade following it have compelling attraction. Their architecture expresses the days and mper of Dr. Murray, the Borromeo of Dublin to whom they greatly we their existence, and of his friends Fr. Peter Kenney, Dr. Yore and 'Connell. They represent the emergence from the catacombs. Their assical form, their comparative spaciousness, the statues on their ediments by the pupils of Edward Smyth, classical or faintly baroque,

their monuments within, echoing Canova from a great distance, their Latin inscriptions, even the chilly lucidity of their mural tablets and reliefs announce a quiet re-entry into Christian Europe, the resumption of an unending tradition.

Not all, but many of these churches were built by Patrick Byrne. His first is St. Francis, Merchant's Quay—Adam and Eve's, whose familiar name and irregular entrances remember the Rosemary Lane Chapel. Byrne's work is now only part of the greatly enlarged edifice, but the nave shows many of his characteristics. In the next year, 1835, he was across the river working at the foundations of St. Paul's, and the year before it was finished he was at work on St. Audoen's. These two churches—Palladian rather than neo-Grec—represent his best work, clearly distinguishable from the stronger, more severe façades of their predecessors. (St. Nicholas need not be counted in because its portico and tower were not added till 1860 or thereabouts and match Byrne's work). The situation of St. Paul's adds enormously to its effect, and the architect knew how to take full advantage of his site. With very slender resources he had to build on a narrow front, but he secured dignity and grace for his façade. The bell-tower and its copper cupola compose admirably with the neighbouring Four Courts, and tower and portico lift themselves above the river in a unity we may admire whatever purists may say about perching a steeple on a classical pediment. There is less to be said for its side elevations or, indeed, for the side elevations of any of Byrne's classical churches. They are however for the most part inconspicuous; with houses pressing in on both sides the architect gave all his pains to the principal front, with its tetrastyle portico, and could adopt Ferguson's attack on neo-Grec in his own defence. The interior is simple enough and substantially unchanged : a nave without aisles or transept, the altar in an apsidal recess divided off by pillars. The concealed top lighting of this apse is the most striking feature of the interior. It is dimly reminiscent of some Bernini church in Rome, and the baroque touch is maintained by a great altar-piece, which used to be a fine copy of Rubens Conversion of St. Paul in Berlin until in comparatively recent years an itinerant dauber was permitted to introduce an incongruous figure into the centre of the canvas.

Byrne's next church was St. Audoen's at which he worked from 1841 to 1847, leaving its front incomplete. He had ill-luck with his porticos and bell-towers. In fact St. Paul's alone received from him its characteristic completion of Corinthian tetrastyle and tower. The Famine of 1847 and the business depression following it intervened and deferred the addition of these ornamental features of St. Audoen's and Rathmines until, at a much later date, they were added by Stephen Ashlin and W. H. Byrne. The same thing occurred with the fine cupola of John Leeson's church of St. Nicholas of Myra. But it may be assumed that these

atures, as in the case of Merchant's Quay and St. Paul's, were part of yrne's original plans and that the porticos of St. Audoen's and Rathmines o not materially differ from them. Within and without St. Audoen's as a fine unity. Withdrawn from the street its courtyard has the pleasant ffect of an atrium and adds dignity to the portico. Its interior, with ansepts though without an apse, is richer and better lit than St. Paul's nd is admirably proportioned. MacDowell Cosgrave says that it earned ne praise of John Ruskin ; but I rather think that this praise, deserved nough it be, was in fact bestowed by Ruskin on the Gothic church of ne Augustinians further up the street.

The graceful proportions and animated sky-line of these two churches tand, as we have said, in clear contrast with the neo-Grec, but in clearer ontrast with Byrne's next two churches, Blackrock and St. James'. His hurch of St. John the Baptist at Blackrock was begun in 1842 when t. Audoen's was still in hand and it is his first experiment in Gothic. Dr. Donnelly, who holds it to be one of the first pure Gothic churches rected in Ireland since the Reformation, says that its plan and principal eatures, the different heights and dimensions of the nave and chancel, erive from Pugin's drawings and writings and are copied from the Oxfordshire church of Stanton St. John's. There is a good deal of justice n this comparison. The church, which resembles also his own later hurch at Enniskerry, has an indefinable air of bookishness that listinguishes the work of a student-copyist. It is built in the perpen- licular style, which was the form of late Gothic first and very tentatively dopted by the revivalists. Newcomers from the classical obviously ound it easy to copy the conspicuous and less excellent characteristics of the Perpendicular—a style tending to the flat and shallow, its character nore evident in surface decoration than in construction.

After this, his first essay in Gothic, Byrne goes further back to the pointed style in his church of St. James, James's Street, which celebrates ts centenary this year. For its date it is a remarkable performance. It has obvious defects. The nave calls for an apse ; it is cut short abruptly and looks as if it were planned for a longer site. One looks with interest at the heads of O'Connell and Fr. Canavan at the entrance, but the stone- carving within is meagre and insensitive enough. The stained glass is as bad as any in our nineteenth century churches, and I seem to remember a tranquil gravity from the uncoloured stone which, with a good deal of light and shade, is now lost in a general colour wash. Yet with its strong side elevations, its eight bays, triforium and clerestory the church speaks with authority, suggests space, and has something of the air of a great church.

These two churches of St. John the Baptist and St. James place Byrne in our history as a pioneer of the Gothic revival in Dublin. George Richard Pain was running a parallel course in Cork and Pugin, to be

presently followed by Ashlin and J. J. McCarthy, was outbuilding both with Killarney Cathedral (1842) and Enniscorthy (1843-1848). Having endured too much from later nineteenth century Gothic, we look back now with jaundiced eyes on the whole movement and have grown sceptical of all such revivals. But, though Byrne's classical work is his best, yet the fact that he turned away at sixty from the style of his youth and (with two exceptions) remained at Gothic is evidence of a vigorous and active brain. Enniskerry, Fairview (1855), the little church of St. Assan's Raheny (1863-4), unpretentious but with an exterior of some interest, complete his Gothic achievement. He was engaged on extensions of the O'Connell Schools in 1863 and died in the next year, when he had been invited to prepare plans for the new church at Donnybrook.

Byrne's remaining two classical churches—Our Lady of Refuge, Rathmines (1850) and the Three Patrons, Rathgar (1860)—are evidence of the sharply divided public taste. If St. Paul's and St. Audoen's represent a reaction from the neo-Grec of the Pro-Cathedral and Bolger's church at Westland Row, these later churches represent equally the reluctance of some of his patrons to go Gothic. Both of these churches were built with something more than docile collaboration from Dean Meagher, the parish priest—which, in the case of the second, reduced the architect to something like the position of clerk of works and exposed him to some undeserved criticism. Here again the plan included an unexecuted portico and campanile. The Rathmines church is boldly and simply conceived. Its adoption of the form of a Greek cross—a noble form admirably suited for seeing and hearing—is, I think, unique in Ireland ; and if we owe it to Dean Meagher's initiative or encouragement, his collaboration is amply justified. A dome of grandiose proportions has, since the fire of some twenty years ago, replaced the original saucer dome, and an enormous baldacchino has been introduced on a scale only less doubtful than its frantic decoration.

It will be seen that this building list covers only the last thirty years of Byrne's eighty-one years. Who his master was, what training he received, or what work he did before he built Merchant's Quay I do not know. An obituary speaks of " a practice of upwards of half a century, extending throughout Ireland in numerous ecclesiastical works of greater or lesser importance and of various structures of domestic or private character." He had, I suppose, his share in the growth of the city and in the erection of conventual buildings through the country. Born, as I have said, in 1783 his name appears in our directories as practising from 1815 in Mabbot Street, where he had as his neighbour John P. Keane who worked on St. Francis Xavier's, St. Laurence O'Toole's and St. Mel's Cathedral, Longford. He must have been married at that date, since he had at least two sons qualified in his own profession from 1839, one of whom was appointed city architect in 1839 or 1840.

member of the Institute of Architects, whose first meeting was held on
) August 1839 in 10 Upper Gloucester Street, Byrne was one of its
ree vice-Presidents from 1852 to his death, and he was a member of
veral scientific and artistic societies, including the R.H.A. Although
e Royal Hibernian Academy owed its premises to the generosity of
rancis Johnston and although this was a period more distinguished in
chitecture than painting, yet in 1859 J. S. Mulvany was the only
chitectural R.H.A. with J. J. McCarthy as the only associate. The
tuation is not very different at the present moment, though the Academy
ody has been greatly, perhaps unduly, enlarged. But in 1860, when
e Academy got its new charter, McCarthy was promoted to full
embership and Patrick Byrne with Sir Thomas Deane and Charles
anyon was named academician without any previous associateship.
wo years later he was one of the six members of its Council, and it
as in 1861 and 1862 that he exhibited the early drawings I have mentioned
ith an Interior of the Royal Exchange dated 1834 (now in the National
allery) and a design for Merchant's Quay church showing an unexecuted
mpanile. In his recent enlargement of this church Mr. John J. Robinson
s introduced a similar feature. Byrne's interest in the Royal Exchange,
idenced before his son became city architect, lends some slight colouring
the theory that he may have been son of one of the unsuccessful competi-
rs of 1769. All these years he was living in Mabbot Street and later,
th his son Hugh, in Lower Gardiner Street—maintaining offices in
albot Street.

Patrick Byrne had three sons architects : Hugh, Patrick J., and John
no, working in his office, predeceased him by a few months. Of
trick J. I know little save that he was a member of the Royal Irish
cademy, built a residence for F. G. Foster in Co. Louth, was a competitor
a church in Dun Laoghaire, and exhibited in the 1863 R.H.A. a " Design
bmitted to the Corporation for the improvement of the front entrance
the City Hall." A catastrophe involving loss of life had happened
ars before to its balustrade, and it may be that Patrick Byrne, junior,
s associated with its present disposition, including the pedestal bearing
Connell's name which we still see flanking the entrance. Hogan's fine
tue was transferred there ; but, in view of weathering, was wisely
laced in its present position in 1866. These changes were effected
ring his brother Hugh's term of office as City Architect from 1840
his death in 1867. It was during Hugh's tenure that an unfortunate
ange was made in the hall of the old Royal Exchange. Cooley's building
owed the hall as a square enclosing a rotunda of twelve columns
porting the drum and dome. Described as one of the most beautiful
dern halls of a similar plan in Europe the effect of colonnade and
bulatory was destroyed when the Corporation took over the building
1852 and built up the interspaces between the columns. " With a

view more to use than beauty they altered and mutilated the interior, dividing the outer portions of the noble hall into offices, and they have so well succeeded that its first proportions are no longer recognisable" (*Dublin Builder* 1866). Cooley's plan of the original hall has recently been identified in the Institute of Irish Architects. When new offices are provided in the projected new municipal buildings, it is greatly to be hoped that the hall will be restored to its original proportions.

There is also in the Institute a photograph from a good painting of Patrick Byrne. It is a very winning portrait of Byrne in his middle years; it shows the kindly sensitive face of a poet, an oval face with rather pointed chin, clean-shaven, with chestnut or fair hair and light eyes. It bears out the *Dublin Builder's* testimony to the character of the "above-named venerable gentleman, who died on January 10th at the patriarchal age of eighty-one years . . . his genial disposition . . . his honesty of purpose and unswerving integrity of character." "Few," it continues, "have descended to the grave with more sincere friends and less enemies . . . Mr. Byrne's attainments were pre-eminently practical, and to no member of the profession in the kingdom did he yield in skill in construction, while at the same time his designs were distinguished for orthodoxical principles and sound judgement though probably less venturesome and ambitious than those of modern classicists and medieval revivalists." Another writer on the occasion of his re-election as vice-president of the Institute writes of "this veteran octogenarian, happily in full possession of the comprehensive faculties of an eminently practical and scientific mind."

From what we know of Byrne's work we may still accept these cautious, contemporary judgments, though the estimate leaves a good deal un-said. His long life carried him into an age of divided opinions, much curiosity, imperfect but growing scholarship, and little or no originality. Other circumstances of his day, the hang-over of penal conditions when sites had to be acquired surreptitiously, when tithes were not at the disposal of our church builders and famine depressed the land—such circumstances did not aid the full exercise of his ability. But he made, none the less, a substantial contribution of beauty and utility to his generation. His classical work has a unity, dignity and fitness that can command admiration for his achievement, while his studies in Gothic must win respect for his initiative. The resolute amplitude of Our Lady of Refuge and the grace of St. Paul's and St. Audoen's lift him to the front rank of our nineteenth century architects, and his progressive Gothic experiments in Blackrock, Enniskerry and St. James prepared the way for others whose names are more—but not more justly—familiar to us. His work has not the inherited sensitiveness of Michael Stapleton, but it is not inferior to the best work of Sweetman, Keane, Leeson or Bolger, and in variety and extent it is much more considerable. And if in this I have made

so niggardly a subtraction from his deserts, let me quote as a second opinion the swelling but not less sincere eulogium of Dr. Meagher: "Of this gifted man whose talents and disinterested care have laid us under such obligations, of him who designed the portico of St. Paul's, and erected the majestic shrine of St. Audoen's, and the solemn cathedral-like pile of St. James and the bold and beauteous dome of Our Lady of Refuge, of the accomplished and good and generous Patrick Byrne how truly may it not be said that he regarded the beauties of classical and mediæval art with equal reverence, studied their several excellencies with equal assiduity and wrought upon the principles of both with equal super-eminent success." Super-eminent—still Dr. Meagher knew the man's work and generous spirit. Who will now cavil at a penultimate prefix?

C. P. Curran

SOME IRISH BARDIC POEMS

EDITED BY LAMBERT MCKENNA, S.J.

LXX

Accession Poem to Tomás Mág Shamhradháin

MAOILÍN ÓG cc.

1. A sháith d'oighre i n-ionadh Briain
[coimhdhe] san ionadh a n-uair;
do-ní a leas is a leas féin
ní dá gach cléir theas is tuaidh.

2. Aithris mhaith ar Brian do-bheir
gach flaith gá riar nó go raibh;
is le cliaraibh cáin an fhir
gérbh áil libh a hiarraidh air.

3. Mág Shamhradháin re bhfill fóir
rinn gach armagháidh rob áil;
cá tarbha breith ar na buaibh
buain re cleith n-Annla ó nach áil.

4. Tómás mhac Briain bhronnas sgor
biaidh ar a chomas a chrodh ;
ní sgítheach bhfaghla barr Breagh
cá tarbha seadh ann i n-or ?

5. Craoiseach croinn leabhair n-a láimh
do bhoing tre chneadhaibh i gcriaidh ;
druim an fháinne san gcrann gcruaidh
do-chuaidh ó bharr Gáille i ngliaidh.

6. Leomhan conchar ó [Chreit] Rabh
gleic re chonfadh ro badh cion ;
ar ndol tre chairthe ó bharr Breagh
do bhean lann dá aithle d'fhior.

7. Gabh an rannso dhó dom dhán
gan chradh damhsa ní dó as dual ;
áirmhid gach maith do bhí ar Brian
gach cliar, a fhlaith Lí, god luadh.

8. A shlógh fhir na n-abhra ndubh,
gé tharla ibh ag ól fhleadh,
is romhaibh budh chóir a chur
[a] ndul [thoraibh] go Bóinn mBreagh.

9. A chath mharcaigh Moighe Réin
gan n-a [chartaigh] sloighe sluaigh,
créacht nocha dtabhair an tóir
ná róigh éacht n-a aghaidh uaibh.

10. Binn an comhrádh do chan mé
re hó gColmán do ghabh gnaoi :
" Ar glór do shuirghe, a fhlaith Lí,
do bhí cuimhne mhaith ag mnaoi."

11. Cá hoireacht nar loisg go léir
do choisg a toigheacht dod thóir ?
ag teacht do ghéig Teamhra i dtír
bídh a meanma [n-a] méid mhóir.

12. Creach a fhaghlaidh ag an fhior
dar fhalmhaigh teach agus tor
dá dhíon dá éise do an
mar do ghabh gríobh Chéise crodh.

13. Doirbh a leanmhain ar mbreith bhuair
ar mbeith a theaghlaigh re thaoibh ;
a n-aghaibh cleath Eine d'fhóir
nach dóigh creach eile ar a aoidh.

14. Lucht foladh nach [dóigh] do dhul
ar a omhan do-chóidh car ;
mar thugsad aithne ar barr mBreagh
fear n-a aithle ann nír an.

15. Leathar leis gach breath ma mbia ;
cá neach ar nach ceis a clú ?
gidh mór an síoth dó cleith chró,
ro ba mó a dhíoth bheith gan bhú.

16. A throigh í Cholmáin a Cliaigh
do [roghráin] i dtoigh an trír ;
beag nach creach slighe bhur sluaigh,
ní fhuair a leath tighe i dtír.

17. Fatha a gcagair do-chluin sé
gach a n-abair a bhfuil faoi ;
budh iad do sgéala, a fhlaith Lí,
gach ní maith a-déara an draoi.

18. Glór slóigh re hó gCuinn a Cult :
" Dá dhruim is dóigh [doid] clódh cniocht ;
ainee an duine do fheall ort
ar dtocht dá cheann uidhe ar t'iocht."

19. Glór a bhiodhbhadh re hó mBriain
ar n-a gclódh, gidh diobhladh dáibh :
" Ní har an arm do bhí buaidh
acht buain, a bhadhbh Lí, red láimh."

20. Mac mheic Donnchaidh dreach mar shuibh
ní toghthair acht breath dá mbeir ;
gach fear fial tarla i n-a thigh
ó [riar] fhir Banbha do-bheir.

21. Nocho lamhair dol n-a dháil,
ní thabhair crodh acht i gcéin,
ní iompá cleath Eine ón fhóir,
go róigh a chreach reimhe ní réidh.

22. Arm trom do bhuille do bhlagh
don chronn rob uille san fhiodh;
is iad ro fhill ag baidhbh Bhreagh
na hairm do bhean inn ó fhior.

23. Mairg duine ná dearna rioth
re n-ó Meadhbha Muighe Rath;
ní thug dá úidh san uair each,
nír smuain leath a chúil re cath.

24. Mág Shamhradhán ro shaor sgoil
raon tre bhadhbhraghádh do-bhir;
bídh neimh ar fadhbhaibh ó bhfuil
[fan] ghuin sin d'armaibh an fhir.

25. Mac Maoile Meadha is maith linn
dan deala [caoine] a raith rinn;
gach conair do chreach ó Cuinn
ní bhuing cleath Chodhail re cill.

26. Ní ghrádhaigh ó Cuinn an cradh
gan bhuing a chrábhaidh [re cion];
nocho tabhair i séad seadh
géag Breagh acht dá fhaghail d'fhior.

27. Tómás mhac Briain, barr na lúb,
ní mall acht [ón] ghliaidh an ghéag;
flaith Taoidhean gé do fhóir iad
slóigh Liag [ní mhaoidheabh a mhéad].

28. Craobh dhruimneach ós a dhreich mhín
a bhruinnleath gá cleith do chlúimh;
taise nó gur chlaon an gcéibh
ní léir re taobh gcaise an chúil.

29. Lón gach cléire i ngroigheach geal;
oineach í Chréidhe is mór mion;
[ren tí] gar adhair géag Gamh
réad dá rabh aghaidh gon fhior.

30. Airgfidh gach neach ná fuil faoi
n-a theach acht muna thoir sé;
ag feitheamh gach neich fa ní
(a mbí) ag teicheadh re cleith gCé.

31. Mairg as bhiodhbha dá bharr thiugh
[nochan] iomdha a chlann ón chion ;
ní mairg dan cara ceann Breagh
teann do lean a fhala d'fhior.

32. Gach ionbhaidh ro ghabh a ghreim
a chradh dá bhiodhbhaidh gur bhuing ;
ó nach é bhus urra inn
ar mhill sé is cuma d'ú Chuinn.

33. Ní meinic bhíos aghadh air
an talamh fa chíos ro chuir ;
moltar aisdear each an fhir
ba sir cleath Mhaisdean dá muin.

34. Tómás mhac Briain barr mar chnú
biaidh a chlann ós mhac gach mná
léim a fhoghla ó rígh ní ria,
do gcongbha Dia a thír mar tá.

35. A sháith do mhnaoi ag oighre an fhir,
a gnaoi nocho coimhdhe chruidh ;
an chraobh ní ghéabha fa ghroigh,
éara as-toigh ar aon ní fhuil.

36. Nualaith riamh ní docht re duain
gach cliar ag tocht tar an treoir ;
ní reich a diomdha ar a dáimh
gidh iomdha dháibh go gcleith cheoil.

37. Inghean Méig Uidhir ucht nua
n-a bruidhin a lucht re lá ;
gidh iomdha flaith im chraoibh gCró
is mó do shaoil maith na mná. A sháith

38. An rannso dhó ar a dhuain féin
feirrde a-chách Tómás mar tá ;
iomdha giall n-a thigh ón treas
riar an fhir a leas re lá. A sháith

Translation

1. A worthy heir is now in Brian's place, a man to guard all he finds there ; his gifts to all poets North and South benefit them—and himself too !
2. Well he imitates Brian so that every prince may serve him ; the hero's tribute belongs to you (poets) though 'tis a pleasure for you to ask it of him.

3. Mág Shamhradháin, before whom hosts retreat, welcomes the onset of every sword-struggle ; it boots little to seize the kine of this Pillar of Annla if one will not face himself (in fight).
4. Tómás son of Brian, great giver of steeds, shall ever have wealth at his disposal ; Breagha's Chief never tires of foray ; is it not useless (for foes) all that time to think of ploughing ?
5. A long-shafted spear in his hand pierces through its wound till it reaches the earth ; the Chief of Gáille finds the back of his ring pressing into the hard spear-shaft in the fight.
6. The hound-loving Lion of Creat Rabh—to strive against his fury would be itself a thing to boast of ! (?) ; the spear cast by Breagha's Chief pierces a rock and thereafter wounds a man.
7. Recite for him (Brian) this verse of my poem, for 'tis his duty to reward me : " When we poets sing of thee (Tómás) Prince of Lí, we are recalling all the excellences of Brian (thy father)."
8. Ye hosts of the dark-browed hero, though ye are now drinking banquets, what ye should resolve is that they be left aside (*i.e.* put off)(?) till ye come to the Bóinn of Breagha.
9. Ye warriors of Magh Réin's Knight, in whose charter a defeat for (his) host finds no place, no troop inflicts a wound on you without your doing some great deed of prowess in return.
10. Pleasant was what I said to Colmán's well-loved scion : " Well does a lady remember the words of thy wooing, O Prince of Lí."
11. What land which resisted thy troops' onset have they not wasted with fire ? When Teamhair's Branch returns to his home, his joy is full.
12. The *creach* of the foe whose house and castle he has spoiled remains in his possession ; when the Dragon of Céis has seized a land's wealth, he stays there to guard it !
13. 'Tis dangerous to pursue him when he has carried off kine and has his men around him : Eine's Pillar captures so many of the (foe's) troops that he need not think of making a further raid !
14. His foes coming unexpectedly on him are thrown into confusion with terror of him ; when they recognise Breagha's Chief no man of them stands his ground.
15. He states openly his intentions ; which of his foes is not troubled to hear them ? For his foes to hide their cattle is a dear price for peace, but their loss would be greater were they deprived of it !
16. O foot of Colmán's scion from Cliu, terror of thee is felt throughout the Home of the Three ; almost like a raid is the progress of thy troops, not half of them can find billets in the (depopulated) land.
17. He is told what is the subject of his folk's talk and what they say ; the news thou shalt get, O Prince of Lí, will be good tidings (*i.e.* omens) coming from thy seer.
18. This is what the troops say of Conn's scion from Colt : " Thou sparest the man who has been false to thee (only) when he comes and places himself at thy mercy ; therefore 'tis likely that thou shalt overcome the (English) Knights."
19. His crushed foes though humbled say to Brian's scion : " The only virtue in thy weapon is that it was in thy hand, O Raven of Lí."
20. What Donnchadh's grandson, whose face is berry-bright, decides is alone adopted ; all the nobles who have submitted to him, he holds (in submission) owing to their willingness to serve Banbha's Hero (?)
21. No man dare approach his kine, he gives it only to those who keep far from it ; Eine's Pillar never turned away from any host ; he rests not quiet till his *creach* is being driven before him.
22. With a single blow he cuts away the heavy weapon from the mightiest tree (*i.e.* the biggest foe ?) ; the weapons we take from foes, they are shrinking back in presence of the Raven of Breagha.
23. I pity the man who flees not before the scion of Meadhbh of Magh Rath ; then he does not spare his horse or think of turning his back on the fight.
24. Mág Shamhradháin, exalter of poets, forces his way through ravening danger ; sore are the blisters caused (on his hands) by the hero's weapons engaged in that slaughter.
25. Beloved of us is Maoilmheadha's son, the fairness of whose fortune is of near concern (?) to us ; wherever Conn's scion, Pillar of Codhal, goes on foray, he never touches a church.
26. Conn's scion has no love for wealth ; his piety is far removed from sin (?) ; the Branch of Breagha sets store on wealth only when taking it from foe.
27. Tómás, Brian's son, that curly head, is slow of limb only when leaving a battle ; though the Prince of Taoidhe saved Liag's hosts, I will not tell how often (?).

. Furrowed hair is on his brow over his gentle face, and his chest is covered with down ; owing to the curliness of his locks the sweat (on him) is not seen till it makes his hair lie down.

. Enough to feed a whole poet-band is the value of one of his bright steeds ; the hospitality of Créidhe's scion is lavish and thoughtful ; he who abides with this Branch of Gamh owns every treasure on which he sets his heart.

. This Pillar of Cé will harry all not subject to him till they come and submit ; he will guard in their property all who flee to him.

. I pity the foe of this thick-haired hero, few will be his children owing to his crime (of opposing Tómás) ; well for the man whose friend is the Chief of Breagha ; fiercely his anger pursues a foe.

. On every occasion he holds his grip till he has got the kine from his foe ; little thought does Conn's scion take of all he destroys as he is not its owner !

. Rarely will any man cast eyes on the land whereon Tómás has fixed his cess ; the cavalry-raids of Maisde's Hero are to be praised owing to his purpose in making them.

. Tómás son of Brian, round-headed hero—his children shall rule over every son of mother ; no prince will succeed in raid to plunder his land ; may God keep that land as it is !

. A wife worthy of him has the hero's son, her glory is not in storing wealth ; that lady will never refuse (to give) a horse ; she never in her heart has thought of refusing any man.

. Nualaith is never niggardly in rewarding poem (even) when a poet presumes too far ; her anger will not fall on poet-band, however many come with their harps.

. The retinue of Mág Uidhir's bright-breasted daughter dwell in her castle every day of her life ; many the princes around the Branch of Cró, and many more expect favour from that lady.

. This verse to himself in this poem to Tómás is the fitter for the good fortune he enjoys ; many the hostages in his castle after each fight, 'tis good for them to serve him ever.

NOTES

Mag. MS. p. 48 1*a*. thsaith ; *leg*. Bhri. ? *b*. coinndme ; a fuair *c*. lleas is . dabeir 3*a*. Mac ; fill *b*. robaigh *c*. eir na 4*c*. sgithach fa.- *d*. a nar . da ; a cr. *c*. innane sa cnd (u *over* c) cr. *d*. da chu. a barr Ga., *leg*. Gháille ? . indist. *c*. Br., *leg*. Bhr. ? *d*. da ; dir 7*a*. do *b*. cdh (u *over* c) *c*. da ; Ban (i *over* B) *d*. laith 8*b*. tarla ; lead *c*. coir ; cur *d*. ar nul oraibh 9*a*. mar. ai., *leg*. mhar. Mhoi. ? 10*a*. da *b*. golmain da *c*. laith *d*. da bi 11*a*. -. *b*. da coisgede dodeacht dad toir *c*. *leg*. Thea. ? ; a tir *d*. sa 12*a*. o fa. din ; da an *d*. da 13*a*. bu. *b*. taibh *c*. doir 14*a*. roigh da dul *b*. da aichne *d*. sa aith. 15*b*. narc ceis *c*. cro *d*. ro bo 16*a*. Cliaidh roghnim (?) *d*. a dir 17*a*. gagair da *b*. fuil *c*. laith 18*a*. guind *b*. a da feall *d*. doch da ceand uire 19*b*. glodh *b*. dibladh, *leg* diombladh ? ni ar ; da bi *d*. ach 20*a*. meic ; Do. ; tuibh *b*. ach *c*. ana tigh *d*. ria ; *leg*. Bhan. ? 21*a*. dul *b*. a cein *d*. roidh ; reigh 22*a*. da bu. da bl. *b*. san dh *c*. Br. *d*. da 23*b*. ho Mea. ; *leg*. Mhui. ? 24*a*. sa saer *b*. ren tre ; bir *c*. fuil *d*. fa guin 25*b*. gaine *c*. da *d*. Co. 26*a*. i cr. rogin (?) *c*. seagh *d*. Br. ; ach ; dir 27*b*. an gl. *c*. da *d*. *illeg*., *text ajectural* 28*a*. druineach *b*. buindleath ; da *c*. gar ; geibh *d*. caise i il 29*a*. ngraig. *b*. eineach *c*. rati gor 30*a*. Airc. *b*. ach mona eichim ; ra ni *d*. ni bi ; ge 31*a*. bi. da ba. ti. *b*. noch bha *d*. da 32*a*. go naidh ra gabh *c*. he 33*a*. meineic bis aadh *b*. a tal. ; da *c*. -dir. Maisdin 34*d*. gongba 35*b*. coimge cr. 36*b*. a tr. *c*. roich ; air *d*. cl. bil 37*a*. Meg Uighir *c*. gro *d*. da ail 38*b*. fearrdi cach *c*. taigh

A CHALLENGE TO THE PLANNERS

BY PROFESSOR GEORGE O'BRIEN, D.LITT.

NO subject has engaged the attention of economists in recent years more than the trade cycle, that well recognized sequence of boom and slump which has such disturbing and, in some cases, such devastating consequences. A similar fluctuation may be perceived in the field of political and economic thought. A movement towards liberalism generates a reaction towards socialism which, in its turn, gives way to another swing in the liberal direction. The first seventy years of the nineteenth century witnessed a great rise of liberal opinion. The seventy years since about 1870, on the other hand, have been remarkable for the advance of socialism in theory and practice. In the period between the wars socialism was everywhere in the ascendant. Three of the great powers became completely totalitarian. After the world depression the democracies resorted more and more to planning. In the realm of controversy the planners, who were numerous, vocal and aggressive, secured a very wide popular support. Their doctrine was attuned to the temper of the times. Among professional economists, however, the critics of planning never ceased to be active. A considerable literature in defence of liberal principles accumulated year by year. The main conclusions of this modern liberal school have now been stated with great force in a form that will secure wide popular attention. Professor Hayek's new book *The Road to Serfdom*[1] may well mark the opening of the counter offensive against socialist thought. It is, to say the least, a challenge which cannot be ignored or passed over in silence. Nobody is better qualified to conduct this great argument than the author, an economist of the highest possible academic repute who has divided his life between Austria, America and England and is therefore uniquely qualified to assess current developments in theory and practice. Although the book is frankly stated on the first page to be political, it is primarily concerned with the economic aspect of politics, with " political economy " in the strict sense of the term. The economic skeleton underlying the political flesh is everywhere correctly drawn.

The two leading points that Professor Hayek attempts to establish are, firstly, that planning is inconsistent with the freedom of the individual and, secondly, that socialism, by whatever euphemism it may be disguised, leads to fascism in one of its various forms. The book is addressed primarily to the British public, because opinion in Great Britain believes that it is possible that socialism and freedom can be combined. The

[1] London: Routledge. 1944. 10s. 6d.

thor contends that current political thought in Great Britain to-day ›sely resembles German political thought during and after the first ›rld war, and that it is in danger of moving in the direction of totali-:ianism unless the prevailing trends are reversed. In other words, he gues that Great Britain is about twenty-five years behind Germany the wave of the anti-liberal reaction which in Germany has reached logical conclusion. He suggests that waves of thought can be observed space as well as in time. Up to about 1870 political theory was moving stward ; since then it has moved westward. The westward movement naturally socialist owing to the great lead which Germany has attained the theory and practice of socialism. The foundations of nazism e to be found in the socialist rather than in the distinctively Prussian ıaracter of German civilization. Assuming that this be correct, it llows that other countries that flirt with socialism are in danger of falling to nazism. The only way to safeguard the liberty of the individual to resist incipient socialism before it becomes too strong. This is .e main thesis of Professor Hayek's stimulating book.

The first obstacle in the liberal path to-day is the contention that ıe advent of planning on a scale amounting to socialism is inevitable n account of recent developments in the scale and technique of production. he debate on the merits and demerits of planning, it is urged, is purely :ademic since planning is bound to replace private enterprise, whatever ıe economists may say. Competition, it is argued, is being everywhere placed by monopoly, which, sooner or later, leads to planning by the ublic authorities. This position is vigorously combated by Professor ayek. The assertion that large scale production tends to monopoly denied. The majority of monopolies are the result of restrictive agree-ents or of government encouragement rather than of technical nsiderations. It is significant that monopolies appeared later in the ost mature capitalist economy of Great Britain than in the less mature conomies of the United States and Germany. It is the very complexity an advanced economic system that renders planning so difficult. "Conscious control" might be possible in primitive conditions, but a system so specialized and differentiated as ours the automatic regulation the pricing system is the only method of securing a rational allocation resources. It is sometimes argued that the advantages of mass produc-on can be enjoyed only if producers are limited to a small number of andardized products. Such standardization would, however, secure undance and cheapness at the expense of variety and experiment, which possibly too high a price. The general adoption of such standardization ould retard progress. A great deal of the enthusiasm for planning ises from the technical experts' perfectly soundly-based belief that ıe production of any particular commodity might be more orderly and ore cheap if the wastes of competition were eliminated. But this ignores

the central difficulty of planning, which is to decide how much of different commodities should be produced. If only a single article were demanded by the public, there would be no denying the claim of the technical experts and the engineers that they should be entrusted with the task of its production. The central problem of any economic system is to decide how much of innumerable competing articles should be produced, and it is precisely this problem that is solved, rationally and consistently, by pricing in a free market. In the absence of competition consumers would be provided with large quantities of things which they would not want, and would fail to secure many things which they would like to possess.

This leads to the central difficulty of planning, namely the lack of agreement regarding the ends of economic welfare. It is easy to talk about the organization of the labours of society for a definite " social goal " or for a " common purpose " or in the " general interest ". When these vague expressions call for closer definition, wide disagreement is experienced. The advocates of planning assume a degree of agreement on values and priorities which does not exist. " It is not difficult to see what must be the consequences when democracy embarks upon a course of planning which in its execution requires more agreement than in fact exists." Parliamentary government postulates a high degree of unanimity regarding the ends of legislation. In the absence of such unanimity about the ends of economic planning democratic institutions will prove unequal to the task imposed upon them and will fall into disrepute. Delegation of legislation becomes inevitable if every step in the plan is not to be delayed by discussion, and the experts to whom the powers of legislation are delegated will impose their own scale of values upon the community. A dictatorship of a group or even of a single dominant individual may easily emerge. It is at least certain that a strongly organized minority will possess more power than the unorganized mass of the general public. The sovereign virtue of liberalism is that it narrows the field of necessary agreement to an extent that renders democracy workable. Democracy, however, must not be regarded as an end in itself. The end is freedom. If democratic power becomes arbitrary, it is as objectionable as any other type of arbitrary power. The distinctive mark of a free society is not the existence of democracy but the observance of the rule of law.

The rule of law means " that government in all its actions is bound by rules fixed and announced beforehand—rules which make it possible to foresee with fair certainty how the authority will use its coercive powers in given circumstances and to plan one's individual affairs on the basis of this knowledge." In countries where the rule of law prevails the discretion of the executive is confined within the narrowest limits. Provided that the law is obeyed the individual enjoys the utmost freedom to plan his activities. Planning is necessarily arbitrary and inconsistent

th the rule of law. The difference between the two kinds of system the same as that between laying down a rule of the road and ordering ople where to go; or, better still, between providing signposts and mmanding people which road to take. Rational economic calculation comes impossible if the action of the State cannot be accurately predicted. the State interferes arbitrarily in particular cases, instead of laying wn general principles of universal application, an element of uncertainty introduced which prevents rational planning by the individual. More- er, planning necessarily elevates the State to the position of a moral stitution in the sense that it imposes on its members its views on moral estions. In actual practice moral decisions involving the definition " fairness " or " justice " are left to the decision of officials or judges, us widening the area of arbitrariness in the system. Distribution ich is made on some authoritative basis undermines the principle of uality before the law. " To produce the same result for different ople it is necessary to treat them differently." Any weakening of the inciple of equality before the law reduces the protection afforded by e rule of law and denies the existence of inborn, inviolable rights of an. It is not without significance that socialist writers are more ncerned with man's duties than with his rights. The socialist Leviathan mits no limitations on its sovereign power.

If a planned economy is to be conducted efficiently, it must be governed ore or less dictatorially. This is generally admitted by the advocates planning and is justified by them on the ground that such a dictatorship uld apply only to the economic side of men's lives and that it would e greater freedom to pursue the higher values of life. It is not however ssible to isolate the economic part of peoples' activities in this way. The authority directing all economic activity would control not merely e part of our lives which is concerned with inferior things; it would ntrol the allocation of the limited means for all our ends. And whoever ntrols all economic activity controls the means for all our ends and ust therefore decide which are to be satisfied and which not. Whoever s sole control of the means must also determine which ends are to served, which values are to be rated higher and which lower, in short, at men should believe and strive for." Controlled production means ntrolled consumption, because the mechanism of the market is no ger available to register consumers' desires. The public would be ed by one huge monopolist with absolute power to decide what would produced, in what quantities, of what quality and at what price. Belloc ptly quoted to the effect that " the control of the production of wealth the control of human life itself."

A planned economy would obviously allow little freedom in choosing occupation. The allocation of the labour force of the community uld be determined in relation to the programme of planned production.

Something in the nature of industrial conscription would be inevitable, especially with the highly differentiated and specialized division of labour that exists today. The institution of private property would necessarily lose much of its importance as a guarantee of freedom in a system in which investment was centrally controlled. The great sacrifice of freedom in consumption and in the choice of occupation would not solve the fundamental economic problem of scarcity. " The claim that a planned economy would produce a substantially larger output than the competitive system is being progressively abandoned by most students of the problem." Planning is coming to be justified rather on the ground that it would secure a more equitable distribution of wealth. If the rough correlation between effort and reward which regulates distribution in a capitalist society is abandoned, what principle is to take its place? Absolute equality, however attractive it may appear, is utopian. But any other principle of distribution would provoke grievances and discontent among those who received less than others. Inequality, poverty and suffering would be tolerated less patiently in a society where these evils could be laid at the door of the government. In such a society every economic and social discontent would be a political grievance. A planned economy would give rise to innumerable intractable problems and to many insoluble antagonisms. The next step, inevitably, is the emergence of a dictator.

A dictator who wishes to preserve discipline in a planned society must be prepared to use force in any required degree. " Just as the democratic statesman who sets out to plan economic life will soon be confronted with the alternative of either assuming dictatorial powers or abandoning his plan, so the totalitarian dictator would soon have to choose between disregard of ordinary morals and failure. It is for this reason that the unscrupulous and uninhibited are likely to be more successful in a society tending towards totalitarianism." The dictator finds his most useful instrument of government in a small party of fanatical adherents organized on military lines. Such a party is more apt for action than for profound thought and is not likely to attract, or indeed to desire, the services of the best political intellects. Experience has proved that collectivist societies tend to become intensely nationalistic, aggressive in the field of international relations and contemptuous of the rights of smaller nations.

The great concentration of power in the hands of the government favours power politics at home and abroad. Power politics is based upon a foundation of power morality in which the end justifies the means. " In collectivist ethics this becomes necessarily the supreme rule ; there is literally nothing which the consistent collectivist must not be prepared to do if it serves ' the good of the whole '." Such a conception of public morals naturally leads to the adoption of methods of enforcing conformity and discipline which appear repellent to those who have been nourished

n liberal traditions. Within the collectivist societies these methods ppear less repellent because of widespread acceptance of the totalitarian ode. " If the feeling of oppression in totalitarian countries is in general nuch less acute than most people in liberal countries imagine, this is ecause the totalitarian governments succeed to a high degree in making eople think as they want them to." This conformity is attained by arefully studied propaganda, by rigorous censorship, by the suppression f all criticism of the government and by a far-reaching control of education nd even of scientific discussion and research. Truth acquires a new neaning in such an environment. Plato's " noble lies " or Sorel's ' myths " play their part in moulding opinion. Reason is suspect because f the unwelcome conclusions to which it leads. " The tragedy of ollectivist thought is that, while it starts out to make reason supreme, t ends by destroying reason because it misconceives the process on which he growth of reason depends."

These political generalizations are capable of being tested in the ight of recent experience. Briefly Professor Hayek's contention is that, n the great wave of opinion which is flowing towards socialism, Germany nas been, and still is, about a generation ahead of England. It is possible, herefore, by observing German opinion at any date to predict where British opinion will have arrived twenty years later. In the comparison of the development of thought in the two countries Professor Hayek's unique acquaintance with both German and English economic literature stands him in good stead. The genealogical tree of national socialism includes the names of Sombart, Plenge, Lensch, Naumann, Spengler and van der Bruck. National socialism is shown to have been derived from the democratic socialism of the last generation. " It is simply collectivism freed from all traces of an individualist tradition which might hamper its realization . . . The doctrines which had guided the ruling elements in Germany for the past generation were not opposed to the socialism in Marxism but to the liberal elements contained in it, its internationalism and its democracy . . . It was the union of the anti-capitalist forces of the right and the left, the fusion of radical and conservative socialism, which drove out from Germany everything that was liberal".

Similar trends can be observed in England today, " where we can watch the same drawing together of the socialists of the left and the right and the same contempt of all that is liberal in the old sense . . . The increasing veneration for the State, the admiration of power, and of bigness for bigness' sake, the enthusiasm for ' organization ' of everything (we now call it planning) and that ' inability to leave anything to the simple power of organic growth ' which even von Treitschke deplored of in the Germans sixty years ago, are all scarcely less marked in this country now than they were in Germany." A number of examples drawn from current

economic and political literature are given in support of this contention. Professor E. H. Carr is put in the forefront of the ranks of the offenders. His book *Conditions of Peace* is criticized for very much the same reasons as in the review in *Studies*[1]. The scientists and engineers who confuse the problems of technical and economic planning are also aptly quoted. The middle class socialist organizations such as "Common Wealth" are shown to bear a resemblance to similar German movements. The growing approval by public opinion and by the State of restrictive and monopolist practices by organized capital and organized labour is opening the way to socialism. The abandonment of its liberal principles by the Labour Party is especially significant. There is a widespread impatience with the restraints imposed upon freedom of action by the realities of economic scarcity as reflected in the pricing system, but "man does not realize that the new authoritarian restraints which will have to be deliberately imposed in their stead will be even more painful." Abundant evidence is produced to show that present courses will lead to unforeseen and unwelcome results. Public opinion is apparently oblivious of "the crucial point that individual liberty cannot be reconciled with the supremacy of one single purpose to which the whole society must be entirely and permanently subordinated." There is no social gain, even the solution of the problem of unemployment, for which some price is not too high.

Finally, Professor Hayek examines the results of planning in the sphere of international economic relations. "In no other field has the world yet paid so dearly for the abandonment of nineteenth century liberalism ... Many kinds of economic planning, conducted independently on a national scale, are bound in their aggregate effect to be harmful even from a purely economic point of view, and in addition to produce serious international friction . . . The result of planning is inevitably the piling up of restrictions on the movement of men and goods . . . Less obvious but by no means less real are the dangers to peace arising out of the artificially fostered economic solidarity of all the inhabitants of any one country and from the new blocks of opposed interests created by planning on a national scale." In short, planning is, in its international effects, inimical to peace and to plenty. If pre-war trends are not reversed, the world after the war will consist of a number of competing and conflicting national-socialist areas. In such a world wars will be certain to occur. The remedy for these conflicts is not planning on an international scale by some super-national authority. The difficulties of international planning would be insuperable. The area of agreement regarding the definition of welfare is much narrower among different peoples than in any one nation and the willingness of some to make sacrifices for the sake of others would be almost completely lacking. "Who imagines that there exist any ideals of distributive justice such as will make the

[1] June, 1942.

orwegian fisherman consent to forego the prospect of economic improve-
ent in order to help his Portuguese fellow, or the Dutch worker to pay
ore for his bicycle to help the Coventry mechanic, or the French peasant
pay more taxes to assist the industrialization of Italy? " In the absence
the necessary basis of agreement the plan would have to be imposed by
ce, which means that some strong and determined nation would plan
e destinies of its weaker neighbours. *Grossraumwirtschaft* needs for its
ccessful operation a *Herrenvolk*. It is as impossible in the international
in the domestic sphere to isolate the effects of planning on the economic
le of life. It is as true of nations as of individuals that whoever plans
other's economic activities controls his whole life. National freedom
as incompatible with international planning as individual freedom is
th national planning.

The foregoing compressed and inadequate summary of Professor
ayek's line of argument necessarily stresses the destructive and critical
pects of his case. The liberal position is, however, in no sense merely
gative. Liberalism is not to be confused with crude *laissez-faire*.
ie modern liberal economist insists that the State has great powers for
od as well as for evil and demands that those powers should be actively
d vigilantly employed. The fundamental principle of liberalism is
it " in the ordering of our affairs we should make as much use as possible
the spontaneous forces of society and resort as little as possible to
ercion." This principle is capable of an infinite variety of applications
olving different degrees of State intervention. Modern conditions in
dustry call for an increasing amount of public supervision and control;
socialized sector of life is growing and will continue to grow.
Planning," used in the broadest sense of the word, is a feature of
ntemporary economic conditions. Such " planning " is compatible
th freedom provided that the government " confines itself in general
creating conditions under which the knowledge and initiative of
dividuals is given the best scope, so that *they* can plan most successfully."
is is the liberal conception of planning—planning for and not against
mpetition. " To create conditions in which competition will be as
ective as possible, to supplement it when it cannot be made effective . . .
se tasks provide a wide and unquestionable field for State activity.
no system that could be rationally defended would the State just do
thing. An effective competitive system needs an intelligently designed
d continuously adjusted framework." The legal and social institutional
mework within which economic life is carried on is what secures the
ncidence of private and public welfare. Within this framework the
ividual must be free to work out his own salvation without arbitrary
unpredictable interference. In other words, the rule of law must
vail. The liberal does not deny the need for social services on whatever
le a country can afford. A distinction must be drawn between two

forms of security—security against want and security against change. The former can be " provided for all outside of and supplementary to the market system," whereas the latter " can be provided only for some and only by controlling or abolishing the market." The modern habit of valuing security above liberty is fraught with danger. Benjamin Franklin's statement that " those who would give up essential liberty to purchase a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety " is in danger of being forgotten.

In the international field Professor Hayek favours some type of regional federation. What converts anarchy into civilization is the restraint imposed by society on the harmful and predatory action of its members. Similarly some sacrifice of national sovereignty is necessary if anarchy among nations is to be avoided. " There must be a power which can restrain the different nations from action harmful to their neighbours, a set of rules which defines what a State may do and an authority capable of enforcing these rules. The powers which such an authority would need are mainly of a negative kind ; it must above all be able to say ' no ' to all sorts of restrictive measures." In other words, nations must be made to act within a framework of institutions devised to prevent them from injuring each other. The rule of law must prevail. Restrictive planning would not be allowed, whereas expansionary planning would be encouraged. With international relations in their present condition little is to be gained by sketching the organization of the post-war world, which must await events. Everybody will not agree about the desirability or the practicability of regional federations. Possibly it would have been better to have emphasized that the reduction of national planning would minimize international economic friction, and would consequently reduce the danger of war.

Professor Hayek has performed with singular distinction a useful service for all lovers of human liberty. The demonstration that the drift towards totalitarianism is not inevitable is timely. The belief that society is doomed to develop in a certain direction apart from human volition is a relic of Marxian determinism that cannot be accepted. If man is losing his freedom, it is because he does not value it enough to save it. *The Road to Serfdom* is more than a mere reaffirmation of the principles of political liberalism. It is a restatement of fundamental Christian truths that are in danger of being denied or forgotten in the modern world—that man is master of his own fate, that he must shoulder the moral responsibility for all his deeds and misdeeds, and that the State exists for man, not man for the State. The argument of the book is capable of being condensed into a single sentence of Hilaire Belloc's—" The effect of socialist doctrine on capitalist society is to produce a third thing different from either of its two begetters—to wit, the Servile State."

GEORGE O'BRIEN

THE ROLE OF THE LIBRARY IN AN INTELLECTUAL REVIVAL[1]

BY STEPHEN J. BROWN, S.J.

SO as to forestall wrong impressions let me begin this paper by defining my terms. You will understand in the first place that by library I do not mean any chance collection of books. I mean a collection of books made available and fruitful by the labours of the librarian and his staff, books intelligently selected, classified, catalogued, arranged, kept up to date, and supplied with adequate reference books. That and nothing less is a library. By intellectual revival I do not in the present connection mean anything 'high-brow,' as the term goes. I mean merely a general appreciation of, an interest in, the things of the mind, in ideas. And if I speak of a revival it is because I believe there is in this country, owing to various causes, a widespread lack of such appreciation and interest. This last point, however, is not essential to my thesis which is this: that, as the world is to-day, a generous and ample provision of libraries is vital to the intellectual life and development of our people. In maintaining that thesis I may, so far as my present audience is concerned, be attempting to break in an open door. My excuse in presenting it must be this: that, though the truth of this thesis may be taken for granted, its consequences, its logical implications, are not always sufficiently realized. Let me at the outset fairly warn my hearers that, in the words of a great Irish librarian,[2] "it is very hard to write or speak about books and libraries in general terms without truism, platitude, and repetition."

In the first place, then, I maintain that the library is an essential agent in enhancing, conserving, and advancing the results of formal school education. I say enhancing, because I am firmly convinced that the library has a very important role to play even *during* the period of formal school education. As you are well aware, it is often during their very early years that children are seized with a passion for reading. Now this personal, voluntary, eager reading may play as great a part in the training of their minds, imaginations, and emotions as is played by the books imposed upon them by their educators. On the one hand you have training in that atmosphere of restraint, discipline, control which is necessary in school life and is of itself of great value; on the other hand you have self-development in an atmosphere of freedom. This last is the proper aim of the library and, I submit, is a most valuable

[1] A paper read before the Dublin Literary Society on March 3, 1944.

[2] Mr. T. W. Lyster in *The Idea of a Great Public Library*, an essay in the philosophy of libraries.

complement to the work of the school. But an atmosphere of freedom need not exclude all guidance, and it seems to me of the utmost importance to the child's development that this extra-school reading should positively aid and not counteract the influence of his formal schooling, provided of course that this latter is what it ought to be. Hence the great importance of school and college libraries and of the recognition of their role, as an integral part of the education given in the classes. Much, very much, depends upon the choice of what those libraries shall contain.[1]

Moreover, if there be any truth in the old adage (and the tabloid wisdom of the people may not lightly be dismissed) that the child is father of the man and if, as I hope to show, the library has an important role to play in life when the child is grown to man's estate, it is surely well that he (and equally she) should be introduced to it at this early stage, before the first fine frenzy of his rage for reading shall have died away. And even in the absence of this craze, as the parents are wont to call it, would it not be well that in the course of this formal education children should be taught the use of libraries, the value and use of books as friends and companions, as tools for many purposes, as keys opening doors into wonder-worlds they might never have explored. Such knowledge would be surely as valuable for life as the Algebra and what not that are taught to them. Indeed an educational authority in the United States has gone so far as to say (and, aside from moral and religious training, I am not far from agreeing with him) that the chief role of the school is to prepare the pupil for the fruitful use of the public library.

For it is merely a commonplace to say that it is not until schooldays end that the more vital part of a man's education begins, though indeed for many it does not get very much further. We must not forget that, despite all school attendance legislation, very many of our fellow countrymen manage to escape all but a bare minimum of schooling. The vast majority of them leave school at fourteen or fifteen. At that age, however efficient their schooling has been, what do they really know of life and the world? And where is further knowledge to be had? Life itself, you may say, will teach them. No doubt. But only the life of their narrow environment. And life is often a poor schoolmaster anyhow. Still, granted that the formal education received in school-days is continued in a sort of way by a man's business or occupation, by his contacts with his kind, by the occupations of his leisure hours—sport, dancing, shows, and the rest—and by his religious life, all these do not open for him a window on the world. If he would broaden his horizon and develop his mind, I do not know where he can go for the purpose

[1] I fear that this choice is apt to be on negative rather than positive lines, the chief consideration in the mind of the selector being the harmlessness of the book from a religious and moral point of view. And its entertainment value is apt to be considered sufficient without regard to further and broadly educational values.

nless to the library: he usually prefers the cinema. Apart from the brary the only print that comes his way is the newspaper and I fear iat, as things are, a hundred men read the newspaper every day of their ves for one who reads a book even occasionally.

Here two questions present themselves: Is the newspaper (I mean ie single newspaper, which is all that the average man can manage to uy and read)—Is the newspaper enough, and, secondly, if not, where ; something better to be had? I think it will be admitted that the inction of the newspaper, at all events the only function which it fficiently performs for Everyman, is to give day by day information out current happenings. That is a valuable service and because of newspapers, given modern conditions, are indispensable. But the ther contents of any newspaper are largely rumour and propaganda f one sort or another, and one may ask what *proportion* of the information provides is, for a given reader, of any value or consequence? To ike a single instance, what reliable knowledge of a foreign country would ie reader derive from the columns of any single newspaper? What ccurate impression would he be likely to form, let us say, of Latin America, r Poland, or French Canada? And as for books, where—outside of)ublin, Belfast, Cork, and a few other towns—are they to be had? If 'e mean a real choice of worthwhile books, then I answer: only from ie county libraries. Bookshops are rare, sparsely stocked, and that nly with the cheapest of popular literature. And how many people in afford to buy just the books, the more or less serious books, they esire or need? Hence the very real importance of these libraries to ie intellectural life of a large proportion of our population.

There is another angle from which, I think, we may reach the same nclusion. Formal schooling ends at fifteen or (for secondary pupils) eighteen. But it is absurd to think that all training for life should nd at such an age. What do boys and girls really know at fifteen or ven at eighteen? So it is little wonder that there should unceasingly e question on the one hand of raising the school leaving-age and on ie other of Adult Education, with its continuation schools, vocational chools, University Extension Lectures, and the like.[1] In this latter eld of education we have made progress during the past twenty years so, though there is still much to be done. My present point, however, that, important as is undoubtedly the role of the teacher in this adult ducation, the role of the library is no less indispensable. The teacher imself needs it no less than his pupils. A few text-books, bought cording to immediate need, do not suffice. Else there would be merely struction not education, not an all-round training of the faculties, not opening-up of the mind. We need not mere technicians but citizens—

[1] I pass over, for the moment, that small fraction (too large a fraction some will say) our population which can (or does) go to the University.

men, in fact. An all-round library, a library of *humanism,* is needed. We shall see presently what library services are available.

I asked a moment ago what boys and girls who leave college at eighteen may be said to know. Well there is one thing at least which they ought to take with them from the college into life and that is a taste for reading and an ability to appreciate the best.[1] If they have not acquired that, I venture to assert that their college education has been largely a failure, and I think I have good warrant for the assertion. Here are some testimonies in support :—

Let me call first a rather unlooked for witness, Father Frederick William Faber. " The best test (he writes) of a system of education is the power of thinking which it engenders in its men . . . Next to the power of thinking we may reckon the power of reading, or, to be less exacting, the taste for reading. As the power of thinking is the highest test of a system of education, so the second test by which it should be tried is its successful creation of a taste for reading."[2] Let my second witness be the Hon. Maurice Francis Egan, United States Ambassador to Denmark and a distinguished literary man. He says the same thing as Father Faber but in a negative form : " If children leave school without a taste for good books, classical books, your education has been a failure." An American Jesuit who died within the past year ventured on this expression of opinion : " Make your child a reader and you remove almost every possibility of adolescent collapse. No parent can take out a better insurance policy against children's failure." I might quote to a similar effect another American Jesuit and prolific writer, Father Edward Garesché.[3] But I will call only one further witness, no less a person than W. E. H. Lecky. He writes as follows in his book *The Map of Life* :—" The taste for reading is illimitable in the vistas of pleasure it opens ; it is one of the most easily satisfied, one of the cheapest, one of the least dependent on age, seasons, and the varying conditions of life. It cheers the invalid through years of weakness and confinement ; illuminates the dreary hours of the sleepless night ; stores the mind with pleasant thoughts, banishes ennui, fills up the unoccupied interstices and enforced leisures of an active life ; makes men for a time at least forget their anxieties and sorrows . . . It is eminently a pleasure which is not only good in itself but enhances many others. By extending the range of our knowledge, by enlarging our powers of sympathy and appreciation, it adds incalculably to the pleasures of society, to the pleasures of travel, to the interest we take in the vast variety of events which form

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[1] Unhappily there are college boys and girls who have simply learned to hate books. The last day's class is a farewell to books for good and all.

[2] *Spiritual Conferences.*

[3] In his book *Training for Life.*

e great world-drama around us." And he adds, "To acquire this ste in early youth is one of the best fruits of education."

But of what use is a taste for reading and an appreciation of real erature unless there be an abundant, steady, varied supply of worth-hile books? And whence could such a supply be had if it be not from library, in the sense in which I am using that term in this paper? Is not a simple fact that nine-tenths of our people have to depend upon iblic libraries for even a *sight* of worth-while books? Yet of that nine-nths only a small proportion have any notion of what may be found libraries or would know how to find it there if they had. They have)t been taught at school even how to make contact with the library, uch less how to use it. Well, in default of those who ought to have ught them, it is the librarian's finest role to bring about that contact.

Hitherto I have been talking of the education of the masses and of e role of the library in that education. It seems to me that here in eland the classes (as they used to be called) are too indifferent about ot to say distrustful of) the intellectual life of the masses. Yet it is om the midst of the latter that, in every country, many of the leaders of dustrial, political, religious, and even literary life have sprung.

Let us turn now to that very small class which has had the privilege a secondary education, and in particular the still smaller class of those ho have gone to a University. Of these latter the majority enter the niversity solely with a view to one of the professions; and I am afraid iat, once the entry into a profession has been gained, that profession, hatever it be, claims the entire intellectual life to the exclusion of every-ing else. Too often all interest in the things of the mind, other than rofessional reading, seems to die away. It seems a pity that it should e so, for these could be our leaders of thought and culture. And I o not think it need be so, for there are few men who have no leisure ours—the golf links and the bridge tables are witnesses to that.[1] Outside e Universities such intellectual life as there is, and there is not much it, is largely maintained by debating and literary societies, by the Royal ish Academy, and by various courses of public lectures such as those the Royal Dublin Society, the Central Catholic Library, the Aquinas ociety, Alexandra College, and a few other institutions. I fear that, in spect of cultural associations, we lag far behind England, the United tates, and Western Europe, which indeed is not to be wondered at. Moreover outside of Dublin, Belfast, and Cork such cultural associations e all but non-existent.[2]

[1] Since this paper was read there has come to my notice an article by John S. Kennedy iblished in the American review *Columbia* and entitled "Failures of Educated Catholics." e writes: "The second failure of educated Catholics goes far to explain the first. It the fact that, once out of college, we all too often give no further attention to the exercising id feeding of our minds. Specifically I am thinking of the educated Catholic's failure to ad. That is, to read meaty Catholic books." And he goes on to justify this statement.

[2] Musical and dramatic societies are perhaps an exception.

Now, if our cultural associations are to play any useful part in the intellectual life of the nation, it can only be, I submit, on two conditions. In the first place there ought to be a free bandying about of ideas, a certain intellectual fermentation, a stirring of life, as against mere mutual admiration societies with perfunctory votes of thanks and the rest of it. In the second place when knowledge is called for, and it nearly always is, it ought to be forthcoming. Else you have lectures and papers that cast but a dim light, if any at all, on their subject because based on inaccurate or superficial information. And you have debates in which the speakers have neither adequate nor accurate information about the subject under discussion. Almost the only remedy for this is the intelligent use of a public library.

So far I have been speaking only of the general public, the average man or woman of limited leisure. What of those whom we have come to call (usually with disparagement) the *intelligentsia*—I mean the scholar, the scientist, the lecturer, the professor, the editor—the people in short who ought to be the leaders in the various spheres of thought, religious, scientific, philosophic, social, literary? What does the library mean to these and how does it serve them? It is plain that such people can *buy* only a fraction of what they need. For the rest they must depend on some other source, and I know of none other than the libraries. But what libraries? The county and municipal libraries, catering as they do for Everyman, are too general for their wants. Institutional libraries (in colleges, seminaries, and the like) are inadequate for any really special studies, to say nothing of original research. Our university libraries are only to a very limited extent available to the public.[1a] There remains the National Library and, fortunately, the Central Library for Students in Upper Mount Street. This latter can draw on very rich book resources both in Ireland and in Great Britain, and from it books may be obtained gratuitously on loan.

But is that enough? I cannot think so. The resources of the National Library, which has to be all-embracing, are very limited as regards most specialities,[1] as I can witness for having often tested them. It was founded as a National Library only in 1877 or so and possesses to-day less than half a million volumes, a number considerably smaller than that of most national libraries and than any of the great collections in the leading countries.[2] Again the research worker needs not only the possibility of obtaining (and that with no little trouble and delay) certain specified

[1a] That of the National University is very poorly housed.

[1] It is very rich in books relating to Ireland and possesses certain other special collections. It is weak in American books and in Catholic literature.

[2] See *National Libraries of the World* edited by Arundell Esdaile (London: Grafton, 1934). This authority gives the number of volumes in Scotland's National Library as 800,000, Belgium's 802,459, Switzerland's over 600,000, Sweden's a like number, Wales 500,000. These figures date from at least ten years ago. The number of volumes in the English, German, French, American, and Russian National libraries runs into millions.

oks. He needs a highly organized special library with all the best *eign* books and particularly the files of learned specialized reviews and : most up-to-date reference books. Even in the United States, with its vast resources, the existence of certain *lacunae* has been felt. The eat American librarian William Warner Bishop, addressing the American brary Association only a few years ago, pointed out the inadequacy of nerican libraries in this respect as compared with those of Europe. : puts the question : " Have we the goods? Can American science, :, philosophy, criticism, history, literature discover in any (or all) our raries their needed and, indeed vital, food? " " We have," he says, some splendid examples of specialization—the Surgeon-General's brary, the John Crerar Library, the John Carter Brown Library, the nited Engineering Societies Library in New York, the Wisconsin istorical Society's Library, and others . . . But not even the libraries aintained by the Federal Government have yet come within sight of e point of saturation in their respective lines. Our American scientists, chnicians, historians, economists, jurists have not at their command . . . ch resources as are at the disposal of their British, French, German, d Austrian colleagues."[1] He then proceeds to give specific instances the shortcomings of American libraries. Yet the United States possesses x or more libraries with over a million volumes each.

One thing is certain, to quote Mr. Bishop once more : " It is a fair uestion whether it is possible to conceive any extensive and deep learning art from books in libraries. . . . It is almost impossible to conceive wadays any branch of knowledge which is not based on the recorded ogress of the past. . . . No science, no discipline, no branch of arning under our modern conditions flourishes for long aside and apart om its record in books. . . . Preeminence in any field is more and ore a question of ability to put book-learning to vital and practical e."[2] Ireland possesses a small number of special libraries—a law rary, a medical library, and some small government departmental raries. At least a beginning has been made with a library of atholicism—amid the general indifference, be it said, of those whom it ight be supposed to concern.[3] But a beginning has yet to be made ith other special libraries.

The role of libraries as ministering to every branch or field of learning then, of great importance. But it seems to me that they have a further le of a different kind which is perhaps more important still. To preciate this role we may remind ourselves of what books, books at

[1] That was in 1916. No doubt matters have greatly improved since then.

[2] These quotations are from *Backs of Books and Other Essays in Librarianship*. Balti- re : Williams & Wilkins Co. 1926.

[3] All the more credit is due to those collaborators who have helped to make the Central tholic Library what it is.

their best, really are. "Books," wrote Milton, "are not dead things but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and essence of the living intellect that bred them . . ." Yes books may be dynamic things, storehouses of power, as the world's great books—and many lesser books, too—have shown themselves to be. Again—"In books," says Carlyle, "lies the soul of the whole past time; the articulate, audible voice of the past, when the material and bodily substance of it has altogether vanished. All that mankind has done, thought, gained, or been—it is lying as in magic preservation in the pages of books." Let us put together the thoughts expressed in these two quotations—synthesize them, if you will. They come to this: civilisation, the best of the civilisation of all past ages, lies stored up in our great libraries. But it is not a fossil, not a mummified thing, though to bring it to life there is needed contact with mind. It bears within it latent energy and vitality, possibilities of renewed life and growth—in a word, renascence. This idea was developed at some length in an address[1] to the Library Association of England by L. Stanley Jast, Chief Librarian of Manchester.

By way of practical conclusion let us ask how the library in Ireland fulfils its role of ministering to what I have somewhat vaguely called an intellectual revival. In the first place, between the two wars remarkable progress in library provision was realized. Beginning in 1925 the entire country, with the exception of two small midland counties, has been gradually covered by a network of county libraries. In 1928 a Library Association was founded and has rendered noteworthy services. A year later a School of Library Training was inaugurated in University College, Dublin. Meantime the Central Library for Students under the auspices of the Carnegie Trust had been opened. In 1937 a Hospital Library Council was appointed by the Government and supplied with funds from the Hospital Trust: all the voluntary hospitals and the sanatoria now possess libraries. Cork and Limerick, as well as Dublin and Belfast, have excellent city libraries. The Dublin Municipal library service has been extended to the suburbs. It is not too much to say that in twenty years we have become a reading people. Lastly in 1943 there was founded a Book Association of Ireland to do for books published in Ireland, in Irish, or by Irish authors, what the National Book Council has done so well for England during the past eighteen years.

All this is good. But my purpose is not to register progress realized but to point out what still remains to be done. Well then, to begin with the children, very few of our schools—even our secondary schools and colleges—have libraries in the sense in which I am using the term in

[1] Later published in his book *Libraries and Living*. (London: Grafton, 1932).

is paper.[1] It is to be feared that school libraries are apt to be considered purely recreational or as fulfilling the useful function of keeping boys d girls quiet on wet days and on dark evenings. To fulfil their full nction they ought to be integrated into the educational work of the hool and equipped with that end in view. Several of our city libraries ve excellent children's departments, but more are needed.

Next there are the County Library systems. Wonderful work has en accomplished by our County Librarians : pages could be filled with e record of their achievement in bringing books within the reach of arly everybody, even in the remotest districts. But I must endorse iat was stated in a recent number of a Dublin periodical[2] : " All our iblic libraries are under-stocked and under-staffed, while such staffs as ist are wretchedly paid." Few of the county libraries have anything e adequate headquarters, though the situation in this respect is improving. ur expenditure per head of the population on our libraries is certainly t extravagant. It amounts to 4½d., whereas the *minimum* recommended the British Library Association for County libraries is 1s. 7½d. per ad. For Municipal Libraries our rate is 1s. 2d. per head, while the brary Association scale is 2s. 6d. In the United States a dollar or more not uncommon.

In our towns readers have to depend on the circulating libraries, anches of the Torch, the Argosy, the Dial, etc., etc., which in recent ars have become extremely numerous. Very few of our towns, hardly lf a dozen, have town libraries in the sense in which we are using the m. Yet surely a permanent source of information, of serious and ltural literature, a well-appointed place where reference books of all ds could be consulted, ought to be considered as little short of a necessity a town of any size. It is true we are a poor country. Yet we can pend relatively huge sums on the building and equipment of asylums, spitals, and county homes. These, of course, are necessary. The int is that when money has to be found it is forthcoming to any amount at is required. A library would cost but a fraction of the cost of an lum and it might do something to reduce the running expenses of the ter ! Leisure time might be spent there instead of in the public house. id something might be done thereby to counteract the intellectual gnation of our towns. In America the library is the intellectual centre town life, and towns pride themselves on their public libraries.[3]

In general much more could be done to increase the attractiveness all our libraries. There should be comfort, light, colour, easy

[1] Poland, a poor country and with enormous lee-way to make up after the last war, succeeded by 1937 in providing a very high percentage of its schools with libraries. ns 92·8% of the State primary schools had libraries with nearly five million volumes. he secondary schools 98·3% were provided with libraries.

[2] *The Bell*, January 1944, p. 324. The writer does not reveal his identity.

[3] It is a common practice there to bequeath large sums of money for libraries.

accessibility to the books, few formalities, many books of general interest, and so forth. Our libraries must learn the art of publicity of the right kind. They must work in with the schools, with every form of cultural association, even with their rivals the radio and the screen. Only so will they gain their rightful place in the intellectual life of the country.[1]

In what I have said hitherto about the role of libraries I am not losing sight of the fact that libraries, like books, are merely tools or instruments, means to an end. If the public does not use them, nothing happens. If the public uses them wrongly—and of course they can be wrongly used—then the result is bad. But one must ask: Is there any good reason for thinking that on the whole they are or will be wrongly used—*viz.* to the religions, moral, or intellectural detriment of the users?

I venture to make my own the conclusion of the anonymous writer above referred to. "Somebody," he writes, "once described the travelling library-van as 'antennae of culture.' If officialdom ever comes to realize the value and importance of Public Libraries and the contribution they may make to the encouragement of mental growth beyond that stage of adolescence where it so often stops, then that description will become really true." It will also become true that the public library is the people's University.

STEPHEN J. BROWN

[1] A vast amount of information about popular libraries drawn from nearly every country in Europe and America was gathered shortly before the War by the International Institute of Intellectual Cooperation and published in two volumes, one entitled *Bibliothèques populaires et loisirs ouvriers* (1933) and the other *Mission Sociale et intellectuelle des bibliothèques populaires* (1937). They are full of valuable suggestions. If we are seeking a model for a nation-wide system of public libraries, we need not look only to England or America. There are (or were) models on the Continent, for instance Belgium since 1921 or the Dopo Lavoro in Italy.

OUR ESSENTIAL PLANNING PROBLEM

BY JOSEPH O'NEILL, M.A.

DURING the second half of the twentieth century the ebb of Irishmen and Irishwomen from the rural areas which had begun in the iddle of the nineteenth century still continued, with the result that ıe population of this naturally prolific race fell steadily in its home country spite of the fact that successive native Governments had given the ople of Ireland that secure possession of their own soil which had been enied to them for centuries and had done everything possible to enable ıem to use it to the full. It is a strange anomaly that the centuries-long ttle for political freedom, when won, should have had, in spite of all ıe efforts of native Governments, so little effect in preventing the Irish ıce from becoming a static or declining remnant in its own country, hile its best blood continued to be drained away to England, America, ıd other lands overseas to vitalise the human communities of those lands."

Can it be possible that future historians will have to record such an pitaph on our people? It would seem incredible that it could be possible. he vitality and courage that endured and finally won the centuries-long ruggle for freedom would surely seem to be a guarantee that, having on the political struggle, the Irish people are not going to lose the vital ms that gave the struggle its meaning; and yet if we are to attain these ms we shall have to succeed, as we are not yet succeeding, in turning ıe ebb of human life into a rising tide in those vital areas that are the ource of our human and material wealth?

That the ebb is still going on, in spite of all the efforts of our National overnments, is unfortunately only too clear. Within the last two ecades alone, the fall of the population in the country districts has been o continuous that it has thrown hundreds of Primary Teachers on the nemployment lists. In other branches of rural life the drain is equally vident. Land division has not stopped it, hardly checked it. The ıtroduction of new industries has so far had only a slight effect on it. ll the signs tend to show that, when the war is over and the roads are ee again for emigrants, the fatal drain of our young people overseas likely to continue, if not to increase. If it even continues at the pre-war ıte, it will empty the countryside of three quarters of each young generation ıat would fill the land with power and human vitality, if only it could e enabled and induced to remain in and round its home.

Can that tide be turned? Can the coming generations of the next alf century be enabled and induced to remain in the country? That the vital question for our people, the question beside which all other ıaterial questions are only part-issues or side-issues, since if a full and ital countryside cannot be preserved in Ireland no other vital life can e created or held.

When the problem is examined, it will be found to fall into two main parts: the two quite different problems of *enablement* and *inducement*—of which the former is the basic one. Yet the curious thing is that a great many of the solutions that are put forward deal with inducements without touching the basic issue on which the inducements solution depends.

It is a platitude to say that, if the bulk of our farmer's sons and daughters cannot be enabled to get a decent living from the land, no inducements of a lesser sort can get them to stay there. And the brute fact is that, since at present the average small farmer can in general provide for only one son on the land, the boy who is to get the farm, the others must seek their livelihood elsewhere. There are no longer, as there were in the nineteenth century, a series of rural crafts and occupations which offer an alternative means of livelihood, nor in this age of machinery and fast transport is there any possibility of restoring such country crafts on the simple pattern on which they existed up to half a century ago.

This elementary basic fact that the farmer's surplus of sons and daughters must normally seek their livelihood elsewhere than in the rural areas must be kept in mind in discussing the rural problem of the present day. It is, for instance, little use presenting the teaching of rural science as one of the panaceas for inducing boys and girls to remain in the country, if there is no means of livelihood to support them there. A knowledge of rural science gives valuable help to the farmer and creates an interest in country life generally, but no amount of rural science can enable a boy or girl to live in the country if he or she can get no land to live on and no other means of obtaining a living wage in the rural areas.

It may be said that further land division is the solution of the problem. It is an essential part of it; but it can provide only a partial solution, since, when all the available land is divided up, there will be still more numerous families of country boys and girls to be provided for, the majority of whom cannot get farms unless these latter are subdivided to a point where they become uneconomic. Therefore, though the problem can be partially postponed by the further division of land, a more permanent solution will have to be devised not only to meet the needs of the rural boys and girls who cannot even now get farms, but to provide for the future boys and girls of our rural areas when all further division of land has become uneconomic.

The problem then boils down to this: we must find some way of dealing with a great surplus of young rural population; we must devise some scheme that will prevent this surplus from having to leave the country or swell the excessive urban population of our larger centres.

Can this be done with our present rural economy? The answer, I fear, is that it cannot without such a fundamental reorganisation of the system as will enable it to hold its own against the organised systems

agriculture which already exist in many countries and which are resulting
om the needs of the present war in those lands which did not possess
em before the struggle. Over 75 per cent. of our farmers are com-
ratively small holders with farms of less than 50 acres. More than
lf of them are trying to live on farms of less than 30 acres. In the
echanised and industrialised agriculture that will follow the war such
nall holders will have little chance of competing with the cheap, highly-
ocessed products of the agricultural combines which have made their
pearance all over Europe. From the initial stages to the final processes,
matter what they do, our small farmers will be completely outclassed
the preparatory purchases, the farming operations, the processing
d marketing of their products, in every stage of their work, if they
ntinue to act as an unorganised crowd of little units each doing his own
ying, tilling, sowing, reaping and marketing.

Heavy tariffs, if they are possible after the war, may save the home
arket or part of it for our farmers ; but, with our present system of one-
an agricultural business, nothing can hold the foreign markets against
e competition of standardised agricultural corporations in other lands
d nothing can raise the standard of profits and of living amongst our
rming community to such a degree as to enable life on the land to compete
human interest with life in urban areas or overseas. The dissatisfaction
ith rural life will still continue. Labourers will go on complaining
tterly of their miserable standards of existence. Farmers will have to
on retorting that their own are little better, and the sons and daughters
both will continue to do their utmost to escape by any road from the
oor conditions of life to which they see their struggling parents condemned.

Parish halls, rural amenities, the teaching of nature lore, of rural
ience—none of these things can supply the place of a fundamental
uman requirement, the need to have such an economic life that a man
d woman will earn a sufficient income from his and her work to provide
decent a standard as they could get in ordinary urban areas and enough
ofit over and above to ensure sufficient leisure and the means to use
. That is the minimum that any worker is entitled to claim from the
mmunity ; but it is a minimum that neither the small Irish farmer
or the Irish farm labourer has in general been able to attain, and it is
ne that they are still less likely to achieve after the war if they continue
struggle as individual units in competition with great industrialised
vals.

One such rival may be the conglomeration of the Bolshevik Re-
ublics acting as one great corporate body, invading the English markets
order to pay, through its surplus agricultural products, for the
achinery it will need so sorely for years after the war. A rival nearer
ome will be the new English Agricultural System mechanised and
rporated during the war and kept in full vitality by an awakened

community as an insurance against the requirements of future struggles. Even if these rivals do not materalise, others—such as the French, Dutch, Belgian and Danish Agricultural Systems—will certainly be in the field, developed and reorganised on the new lines of the corporated and mechanised agriculture of the future.

Everywhere Agricultural Combines and Corporations will be in control—buying, farming, selling through expert officials and managers, each trained to the highest degree for his special work.

How can our scattered community of little farmers meet such a competition? There can be only one answer: through similar corporate buying, corporate farming, corporate processing, corporate selling.

When a modern nation has to compete with another in commerce or industry, it has discovered that it can no more do this successfully as a mere collection of individual competitors than it could meet it successfully as a collection of individuals in the final competitions of war. Farmers of all countries have been the last to discover this grave modern truth. The example of the big totalitarian countries, such as Germany and Russia, in the fields of agriculture began to open the eyes of farming communities elsewhere to this new danger even before the war. The war-needs of all countries have completed the lesson, and the plain truth is that the Irish farmers will have to assimilate it or fail completely in the coming time.

If they fail, we all fail, since Ireland is based entirely on the farmer. I would put it forward, therefore, that the most urgent and essential of all planning problems at the moment is the devising of some means that will enable and induce our farmers to come together in corporations of sufficient size to hold their own in the competition they will have to meet from great organised bodies elsewhere.

That this can be done by a little nation of small farmers is evident from the example of Denmark. Here is a nation with an area less than two-thirds that of Eire, in which half the farmers hold farms of less than thirty acres, nearly 70 per cent. have farms of less than fifty acres, and not 10 per cent. have farms over a hundred—a nation in fact of small holders with poorer land than ours, with no industrial power or mineral resources, with a climate that is much less favourable for farming and a school system that ends for the vast majority of farmers at fourteen years of age; and yet that little nation, with no single natural advantage that we do not possess, has kept its countryside intact, has captured world markets outside its own shores and has built up *on its farming alone* an industrial system which provides sufficient high-grade employment to keep its surplus agricultural population at home, on one of the highest standards of life in Europe.

Practically every one of those Danish small farmers has electricity in his home and his farm-offices, while our farmers still toil along for the most part with candles and oil lamps. The vast majority of Danish

rmers have telephones and radio-sets. A great many have central eating, modern bath installations, everything they could get in towns. hey are, in fact, in every way as well off and almost as closely in contact ith the world as the urban dwellers, while they retain all the advantages f the natural life of the countryside. No wonder there is no flight from ıe rural areas in Denmark. No wonder that the Danish farm labour of the highest class, being in fact supplied very largely by the surplus ons and daughters of neighbouring farmers who are attracted by ıe high wages, the high standards of life and the excellent train- ıg they will get on those modern small farms that are almost clean and bright and pleasant to work in as the city shops and ffices—and with all the advantages of air and light that cannot be found ı the city.

It cannot be too often repeated that all this has been achieved by mall farmers like our own, with poorer land than ours, smaller natural ower resources, a poorer climate for tillage and not one single natural dvantage that we have not got here in Ireland. How has the thing been one? The answer has often been given: "Largely through the ombinations of the small farmers into corporations for the purposes of uying, farming, processing, and marketing." The differences between ire and Denmark in this respect are startlingly evident from the fact nat, as against five hundred organisations of farmers with a membership f less than a hundred and fifty thousand in Eire, there are over five nousand combines in Denmark with a membership of over six hundred nousand and a turnover which makes the turnover of all our agricultural rganisations a mere petty trifle.

The result of this big business organisation of the small farmers of)enmark is that their gross receipts per acre from their comparatively oor land are more than treble ours, that they can afford to pay more than wice as much for labour per acre, that their average family remuneration er acre is more than double ours, that on the surplus spending-power nus created they can have a personal life of much higher standard than urs and can support an Industrial system with a hundred thousand nterprises that give employment to over half a million people as against ur four thousand Industrial enterprises which do not give employment) one third as many workers as theirs.

To put the matter in a nutshell: as other nations wage war, the Danish ırmers "wage" peace, carrying out their agricultural operations in ighly specialised brigades and divisions against which, in the struggle for ıarkets and the attainment of a decent standard of living, our small farmers ave as much chance of success as a mob of individual fighters would ave against a highly mechanised and scientifically directed army.

Since the Danes and similar modern agricultural communities are our ivals for markets, it seems evident that if we do not organise ourselves

to meet them on the lines on which they have had such striking success, there is no alternative for our nation except to go under in the struggle and to endure such a steady drain of our life-blood away to other lands that the twenty-first century will find us in a moribund condition from which we can hardly recover as a living people.

It is hardly credible that we should be willing to suffer this; but, if we are not to suffer it, we must at once set about achieving the two main objectives which every nation requires as a healthy vital community. We must keep the yeoman farmer class in its full human vigour, and at the same time we must possess an up-to-date agricultural system in which the machine will play its full part in raising the standard of the farmer's life to a proper human level.

It has often been said that the two things are incompatible, that where the machine enters the human community is bound to decrease on the land and that the greater part of the remnant that remains will tend to become a mere parcel of machine tenders. The Danish example shows that this is not the case. Here is a nation of small farmers living on holdings of which the average size is little more than our own and the average quality is much less, and yet using the most advanced machinery in every stage of its work, from the buying of seed and manures to the final marketing of the products, and prospering marvellously in the process—producing too, through the use of the machine, the industrial life that solves for the farmer the problem of the employment of his younger sons and daughters in the neighbourhood of their own homes.

If the Danish farmers had any external power sources that we do not possess, we might ascribe their success to that. We cannot do it in their case. Neither can we ascribe it to any special agricultural training. It is true that the Danes have a fine system of Folk High Schools, about which much has been written in this connection; but these are comparatively few in number, are mainly literary and academic in curriculum, and rarely affect directly the life or work of the Danish small or medium farmers who constitute 90 per cent. of the farming population.

Peter Manichee, the Principal of the Folk High School at Elsinore and one of the foremost Danish educationists, states that more than four-fifths of the farmers' sons in Denmark never see the inside of a Folk High School or of any other type of school beyond the Primary School, which they leave at fourteen years of age, and that not more than a fifth of the Danish boys in agricultural areas receive any sort of school instruction in any form of Agriculture, elementary or advanced.

The success of the Danes, in spite of their poor soil, their total lack of power sources and their paucity of agricultural education, is in truth due neither to natural resources nor to special schools but to the firm grasp, by a hard-headed practical race, of the fundamental fact that the small farmer cannot compete against the great capitalist farmers or

mbines except by adopting their wholesale methods of purchase and ocess and marketing and their use of the best machinery in agricultural oduction.

To enable themselves to do this the Danish small farmers have banded emselves into great corporate bodies which employ the best available perts to advise them on agricultural methods, marketing processes, the st methods of capturing and holding markets at home and abroad, of justing themselves flexibly to changing needs and tastes amongst home foreign customers. In a word, for all those important and highly tricate problems and methods, which can only be dealt with successfully specialists, they use specialists at every stage of their work, while ch of our farmers tries to deal with these most difficult and intricate oblems largely by the use of his own very limited and unspecialised perience and knowledge.

There could be only one outcome to such an unequal struggle—e complete defeat of the Irish farmer.

At this stage of the argument it is possible that some people will ask: What about the Government? The Department of Agriculture? urely it is their business to see that our farmers have all the expert advice ey need at every stage of agricultural operations." To argue in this ay would be to show a complete misconception of the problem. It not a question of supplying advice to the individual farmer. It is a uestion of the complete reorganisation of the whole system of handling rming. Except in a purely Totalitarian State no Government could, cept as a last resort in an extreme national emergency, apply the gimentation necessary to ensure that the farming community as a whole ould reorganise itself in such a way and would as a body accept the pert control and management necessary to make our farming industry ch a success as would solve the problem of the survival of our people n the land and the other grave issues that depend on it. In a modern mocratic nation such unification and standardisation of agricultural erations can, under normal circumstances, only be produced by the gricultural community itself acting through its own combines, though e Government will naturally be expected to aid as far as possible in all e steps the farmers may have to take in their task of reorganisation.

The question as to how such a reorganisation of our agricultural system ould be begun and carried out would seem to lie within the functions of e Vocational Commission. Whatever body deals with it will have to ew the problem from the point of view of the nation as a whole, to sualise a system in which industry and agriculture will be much more osely inter-related than they are at present, a system in which our industry nd trade will in fact be based largely on our agricultural system and veloped to meet the needs of that system.

I do not believe, however, that these other issues will present a

serious difficulty. The growth of industry will prove inevitable if the agricultural system is placed on a proper basis. A modern agricultural system, such as the Danes have evolved, cannot indeed exist without a corresponding industrial development, since it requires the production of the most modern agricultural machinery, the upkeep of modern buildings, the handling in a scientific modern way of the farmer's needs in seeds, fertilisers, feeding stuffs, all his modern tillage requirements, the processing and marketing of his agricultural products, the whole vast series of complicated enterprises involved in the upkeep of an agricultural system based on mechanisation and standardisation.

On the products of his agriculture alone the Danish farmer has built up an industrial system which provides a most valuable home market for his products, a multitude of excellent careers for his sons and daughters and, through its dispersal over small and medium-sized concerns, a safeguard against the concentration of employment in great urban centres at the expense of the small centres or the country regions. If we can do the same, there is no reason why our industrial output should not reach that achieved by the Danes, which had before the present war a gross value of over two hundred millions and gave employment to three times as many people as our industries have been able to provide for. Neither is there any reason why we should not work up to the level of the export trade of the Danes, which is three times ours per head of the population, or of their internal trade which is also much greater than ours—more than double the turnover and double the employment.

The one thing that is necessary to attain these objectives is the evolution of our agricultural system from its present basis of little one-man business to a system of regional corporations of farmers acting as modern scientific combines with the fullest use of scientific advice, expert management and modern machinery. Is this achievement beyond the powers of a people that has won back its land and its political freedom after one of the greatest struggles that has ever been carried through by any race?

Surely there can be only one answer to such a question.

JOSEPH O'NEILL

IOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF IRISHMEN IN FRANCE

BY DR. RICHARD HAYES

Part X

LYNCH, JOHN BAPTIST, politician. Born at Bordeaux on 3 June 1749, was the son of Thomas Lynch, an avocat of that city, and grandson James Lynch, a colonel of horse in the Irish army of James II whom followed to France. They were the Cranmore or original line of the mily whose seat was at Newcastle in Rahoon parish, half a mile from e city of Galway. Pursuing the study of law, John Baptist Lynch was 1771 received as a counsellor in the parliament of Bordeaux. He took active part in the sharp struggle between the parliaments of France nd the monarchy in the years preceding the Revolution, when he fought ard against the attempts to curtail the powers of these bodies. During ie Revolution, however, he was a zealous royalist. His property was equestered and he was confined in various jails till his release on the ll of Robespierre. Returning to his home at Bordeaux, he became a ember of the Council-General and in 1808 was elected mayor of that ty. Two years later, though he was a partisan of the exiled Bourbon mily, Napoleon conferred on him the title of Count of the Empire.

Lynch was again mayor when, in March 1814, the English forces under Marshal Beresford entered Bordeaux, which had been evacuated on the revious night by the Bonapartists. At a short distance outside the ty Lynch, at the head of the civic authorities, met the English troops nd, after a short address, stripped himself of the colours and insignia f Bonaparte and put on the white cockade and scarf. In the following ear, on hearing of Napoleon's return from Elba, Count Lynch hurriedly ft the city and took passage to England. When the Emperor arrived n France, he declared that he pardoned everyone except his two greatest nemies, Count Lynch and the royalist Lainé. After the Bourbon estoration Louis XVIII created Lynch a peer of France, but after the uly revolution of 1830 he abandoned public life and retired to his country state, where he died on 15 August 1835. He was twice married, but ad no children—his second wife was the Countess de Perdiguier, a escendant (on the maternal side) of the Irish family of Blake. In 1828 e received permission to hand down his title to his first cousin, John rmand Lynch, Count of Calvimont, who had been an officer of the Irish Brigade. The latter, however, died before him and, having no heirs, he peerage became extinct and this famous Irish family of Bordeaux eased to exist.

Count Lynch was the author of the following works: "L'Esprit du Siècle" (Paris 1819); "Notice sur le Baron de Montesquieu" (Paris 1824); "Correspondance relative aux événements qui ont eu lieu à Bordeaux dans le mois de Mars 1814" (Bordeaux 1815); "Simple Voeu" (Bordeaux 1831).

LYNCH, THOMAS MICHAEL (CHEVALIER), soldier and politician. A younger brother of preceding, he entered the army and was an officer of the Light Cavalry in the royal household in the reigns of Louis XV and XVI. At the Revolution he retired into private life and occupied himself with agriculture and literary studies. He was compelled to abandon this peaceful life in 1796 when he was elected deputy of the Gironde in the Council of the Five Hundred. In that assembly he was strongly royalist and, after the 18th Fructidor, was expelled from the legislative body. Retiring to London he remained there till the restoration of the Bourbons, when he returned to France and, resuming his peaceful country life, died at Bordeaux on 13 August 1840.

MACALESTER, OLIVER, adventurer. Born in the Co. Louth in the early part of the eighteenth century, he was descended on his mother's side from Oliver Plunket (Lord Louth) and was related to several of the notable Jacobite families of the Pale (Cusacks, Nugents, &c.). He went to France in 1755, a time when there were various secret movements afoot in that country for a Stuart restoration. He attached himself to Lord Clancarty (Robert MacCarthy), then living in exile at Boulogne, and to Lord Clare, commander of the Irish Brigade—two of the leading supporters of Prince Charles Edward. MacAlester played a treacherous role as secret agent for the Jacobite party in France at the same time that he filled a similar position for the English government. He was also in the French secret police, though he was arrested and imprisoned by the French government in 1761 for several months on a charge of corresponding with England. He was author of a volume entitled "A Series of Letters," published in 1761, which deals with the '45 in Scotland and with the scheme of the French government to invade England in 1759 with flat-bottomed boats. Before its publication he tried to blackmail Lord Clancarty, who had entertained him generously on his coming to France. There was at that time much rancour among the Jacobite exiles abroad, and MacAlester in his Diary for 4 January 1757 writes: "When we had drunk hard after supper, he (Lord Clancarty) broke out: 'By God! dear Mac, I'll tell you a secret you don't know; there is not a greater scoundrel on the face of the earth than the same Prince (Charles Edward); he is in his heart a coward and poltroon; he'd rather live in a garret with some Scotch thieves, to drink and smoke, than serve me or any of those who have lost our estates for his family and himself.'"

Mac-Brady, William, soldier. Born at Elphin, Co. Roscommon, 1652, he was son of Martin MacBrady, Baron of Loughtee, Co. Cavan. He was a relative of Colonel Baron James MacBrady and of General Baron Thomas Brady, both of whom were distinguished officers in the Austrian service in the eighteenth century). After serving in the Jacobite war in Ireland he went to France where, as an officer of the Irish Brigade, he went through the War of the Austrian Succession. He died at Bethune (Pas-de-Calais) on 15 June 1717. His two grandsons, Owen and Felix MacBrady (whose father succeeded to the title of Baron of Loughtee), were born in France and became priests. The former, born in 1726, became successively Canon of the Cathedral church of Namur and superior of the Irish College at Tournai, where he died on 8 April 1767. The younger brother Felix succeeded him as superior and died on 18 June 1767. Their inscribed tombstones are in the choir of St. Quintin's church at Tournai, and monuments to both were erected in the Irish College.

Mac-Cartan, Antony, soldier. Son of John MacCartan (colonel of cavalry in the Irish Jacobite army) of Ballydromroe, Co. Down, where he was born in 1694. In his seventeenth year he was carried to France by his uncle, Lieutenant-colonel Magennis of Galmoy's regiment, who introduced him to this corps as a cadet. He went through the campaign of Bouchain in 1711, was appointed lieutenant in the regiment of Lyonnais and became captain in 1734. In the following year he was transferred to Berwick's Irish regiment, and in 1741 was "officier à la suite" at Montreuil-sur-mer. In 1736 he married Susanne de Coêtlogon, who was Irish on her mother's side and who was then living at the Ursuline convent at Arras. By her he had three sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Antoine Joseph, became a physician, as did his children and grand-children who were eminent in their profession in north-eastern France.

Mac-Carthy, Cormac (Charles), soldier. Son of Felim (Felix) MacCarthy of the Glenachroim (Dunmanway) branch of the MacCarthy Reagh family. On the confiscation of his father's estate after the Jacobite war in Ireland, he entered the military service of France where he was known as "Charles of Lorraine." He was an officer of the Royal Foot-Guards (later Dorrington's Irish regiment) and fought at the battle of Landen in 1693. It was from the part he played in the subsequent campaigns of the Upper Rhine that he obtained the name by which he was afterwards known—"Charles of Lorraine." His kinsman Daniel MacCarthy Glas states in his book, "Pedigree of the Sliochd Feidhlimidh," that the military career of Charles comprised the period "in which were

fought all the great battles of Marlborough and Prince Eugene and the battle of Almanza by the Duke of Berwick, and in which took place all the great sieges, assaults and above all the memorable repulse from Cremona, for which that age was famous, and finally the campaign on the Upper Rhine, on which the fame of Cormac chiefly rests."

MAC-CARTHY, FLORENCE MAC TAIDHG, sailor. He belonged to the branch of the MacCarthy Reagh family which settled in France in the province of Saintonge early in the eighteenth century. His father Callaghan MacCarthy, knight of Saint Louis, was for more than forty years a lieutenant in the French naval service, chiefly in India and the east, and died in 1764 at New Orleans from wounds received in action. Florence entered the French naval service as a young man and, at the period of the Revolution, was major-general of marine and chef-de-division of the department of Rochefort, whence he emigrated to New Orleans at the end of the eighteenth century. (There was another Florence MacCarthy of the Carrignavar branch of the name who also entered the French navy and perished at sea. He was the son of Callaghan MacCarthy, 3rd Duc de Clancarthy, who was killed at Fontenoy in 1745).

Besides the above, there were several other members of the great Munster family who entered the French naval service. Timothy MacCarthy (son of Dermod MacCarthy of Timoleague who was created Viscount by James II), after the confiscation of his property in 1691, joined the French navy. He married Eleanor O'Shee of Kilkenny at Brest in 1701 and had two sons. The elder, Charles, became a naval captain in the department of La Rochelle and was a knight of the military order of Saint Louis. The younger son, Denis, also became an officer of the French marines and, with his marriage, acquired a property called " La Matière " in the island of Oleron. On production of a certificate signed by seven Irish gentlemen of position, showing that he belonged to an ancient family, he was ennobled by Louis XV in 1769. His son, Charles Denis, captain in the king's regiment of dragoons, was in the next generation admitted to the honours of the Court with the title of Viscount.

MAC-CARTHY LYRAGH, SIR CHARLES, soldier. Son of Jean Gueroult, " commissaire du roi," by his wife Charlotte MacCarthy. The latter was a grand-daughter of Charles MacCarthy of Dunmanway who, on the confiscation of his estate in 1691, followed James II to France. After arriving in that country his eldest son Charles, a priest, became curé of Montreuil in Normandy. His second son Michael married a French lady and had a son of the same name who, settling at Caen, married and had many children. One of them, Charles Thadeus MacCarthy, became

olonel of the Life Guards of Louis XVI, while a daughter Charlotte rried Jean Gueroult, a high legal official. Their son, Charles Gueroult e subject of this notice) took the name of MacCarthy and was known Charles MacCarthy Lyragh. He was adopted by his uncle, Colonel arles Thadeus, and entered Berwick's Irish regiment in the French ny in 1778. A zealous royalist at the period of the Revolution, he igrated and joined the army of the Princes beyond the frontier. He imately became an officer of the English-Irish Brigade established by t in 1794, and in 1812 was appointed lieutenant-governor of Sierra one. He was killed in action during the Ashantee war in January 1824.

Mac-Carthy, Denis, merchant. Belonging to the senior branch of Clan Dermod house of the MacCarthy Reagh family of Carbery, he ught refuge in France after the Jacobite collapse in 1691. Settling Bordeaux, he founded there a famous mercantile house (" MacCarthy ères ") which was one of that city's leading establishments for more in a hundred years—it ceased to exist in 1828. He became director the Chamber of Commerce of the city in 1767 and its first consul in following year. Admitted to the ranks of the French nobility in 56, he became " seigneur de Beaujé et Fonvidal." Having no children his wife Jane FitzGerald, he invited his two young nephews, Daniel d John MacCarthy, then residing in Co. Tipperary, to come and settle Bordeaux. On arriving in France they were sent to the college of ndôme for their education and subsequently became naturalised. niel married in 1778 Eleanore, daughter of Count Sutton de Clonard Wexford who had settled in Bordeaux. (*See* Sutton De Clonard). nn, the younger brother, married Cecile O'Byrne of the Cabinteely nily which had also settled in the French city, where they owned ensive vineyards. (*See* O'Byrne). Both nephews were admitted o the ranks of the French nobility in 1785 and, with their uncle, were embers of the States-General in 1789. Early in the Revolutionary riod the Chamber of Commerce at Bordeaux was abolished, but in cember 1793 Ysabeau and Tallien, representing the Committee of blic Safety in the city, established a new Chamber and nominated niel MacCarthy as one of its members. Soon afterwards, however, was imprisoned as a suspect for some time and he died in 1795. His ther John, who had retired to Hamburg during the troubles, returned d carried on the business. The family is at present represented in rdeaux by Count Patrice MacCarthy. One of his sisters married Dugue—their son Fernand till his death represented the Prince of naco as Minister at Rome. Wishing to change his name to that of acCarthy, he was officially permitted to do so in the following notice the *Bulletin des Lois* (August 1888) : " M. Dugue (Pierre Edouard),

secrétaire-générale de la principauté de Monaco, est autorisé à ajouter à son nom patronymique celui de Mac-Carthy et s'appeler legalement à l'avenir Dugue-MacCarthy."

MAC-CARTHY, EUGENE, soldier. Son of Timothy MacCarthy of Liss (Barony of Iveragh), Co. Kerry, by Elizabeth, daughter of Daniel O'Connell of Darrynane and sister of General Count Daniel O'Connell. In 1773 he joined Walsh's Irish regiment in the French service as a cadet. In 1779 a company of that regiment, under the command of MacCarthy and Lieutenant Stack, volunteered as mariners on Paul Jones's *Le Bonhomme Richard* and were present when Jones, in charge of three French vessels, engaged a British force off Flamborough Head. Jones captured the British frigate *Serapis* but lost his own, which sank after capturing the *Serapis*. MacCarthy got permission from Louis XVI to accompany the French expeditionary force which sailed under Lafayette and Rochambeau to take part in the American War of Independence; and for his distinguished conduct in that conflict he was created a Knight of the Order of Cincinnatus.

When the Irish Brigade was in 1791 incorporated with the regular army, MacCarthy being a royalist left France and joined the army of the princes. Later when Pitt formed a brigade in the English army, composed of those officers who seceded from the old Irish brigade, MacCarthy was appointed lieutenant-colonel in O'Connell's regiment in the British service. Sent to the West Indies he died there of fever in 1801, like most of his comrades.

MAC-CARTHY, JOHN, soldier and author. Born on 25 March 1785 at Nantes, where his father was a merchant, he was intended for a commercial career. The reading of an account of the battle of Marengo, however, turned his attention to the army. A partisan of the Revolution, he went through the various military campaigns of Napoleon against the allied powers. In 1814 he was in command of the defence of the bridge of Lagny and the castle of Compiègne. In the following year he fought at Waterloo, after which he was decorated with the ribbon of the Legion of Honour and retired from active service with the rank of chef de bataillon. He then adopted the trade of publisher in Paris and became one of the founders of the Geographical Society of France. Later he filled the office of chief of the statistical department of the war office. He died on 12 December 1835. For many years he devoted himself almost entirely to geographical studies and was the author, among other works, of the following: " Choix de voyages dans les quatre parties du monde " (10 tomes—Paris 1806); " Nouveau Dictionnaire géographique universel " (Paris 1824); " Histoire de la campagne en Hollande " (Paris 1818).

His son, M. Oscar MacCarthy, born in 1815, settled in Algeria and nned a project for a railway system for that country. He was the hor of " Algeria Romana " (Paris 1858) and " Geographique physique " ris 1859).

Mac-Carthy, John Baptist, ecclesiastic. Born in 1765 at Ennistymon, . Clare. Son of Dermot MacCarthy. He went for his education to Irish College at Nantes, in which diocese he settled as a curé after lination to the priesthood. Some years later he abandoned his sacred ling and engaged in business at Nantes. He failed in his new avocation l became involved in financial difficulties. It is said that, under the se of royalism, he organised a band of Chouans and tried to retrieve fortune by taking to brigandage. Arrested on 24 October 1801 he s soon after set at liberty, but in January 1802 was again in prison Bouffay. Popular opinion differed regarding his guilt, some maintaining t his motives were entirely political and were dictated by royalist l. He was tried before a military tribunal and, having been found lty, was executed at Bouffay on 24 November 1802. On the eve his execution he wrote a letter to the bishop of Nantes, in which he ed for pardon for whatever scandal his actions may have given and clared his submission to the Church.

Mac-Carthy, Justin (Lord Mountcashel), soldier. Younger son Donough Mac-Carthy (1st Earl of Clancarty) by Mary Butler of the use of Ormond. After going through the earlier campaigns of the obite War in Ireland, he was chosen at the beginning of 1690 to command Irish regiments which Louis XIV demanded in exchange for those t to Ireland under Lauzun. In May he landed at Brest with 5,800 sh soldiers. He was sent to serve under St. Ruth in Savoy, where distinguished himself in the action near Moutiers-de-Tarentaise on September 1690. There he received in the breast the wound which ew years later caused his death. After helping in the reduction of voy, he was left in charge at Chambery with 3,000 Irish. Transferred June 1691 to serve under the Duke de Noailles in Catalonia, he was the capture of Urgel, Valence and Boy, and at the raising of the siege Pratz-de-Mollo. On the temporary cessation of hostilities in Italy Mountcashel regiment was hurried to Germany with MacCarthy commander. There he saw service under Marshal de Lorges and s among the casualties in one of the first engagements of the German npaign. The injurious effects of his wounds compelled him to seek ief at the baths of Barege, but he died there on 1 July 1694. His portrait Sir Peter Lely has been long in the possession of the MacCarthy family Carrignavar, Co. Cork.

MacCarthy left no issue, but adopted as heir to his titles (Duke of Clancarthy, Lord Viscount Mountcashel, &c.) his cousin Florence MacCarthy of the Carrignavar branch of the name. The latter, who accordingly succeeded as the 2nd Duke of Clancarthy &c., died in 1715, leaving a son, Callaghan MacCarthy, who was an officer of the Irish Brigade and was killed at Fontenoy. This branch of the MacCarthy family was represented in France up to a few years ago by Pol MacCarthy, 7th Duc de Clancarthy Blarney.

MAC-CARTHY, COUNT JUSTIN, bibliophile. Born at Spring House, Co. Tipperary, on 18 August 1744. Son of Denis MacCarthy (head of the MacCarthy Reagh family), who owing to the severity of the penal laws emigrated to France and died at Argenton in Berri in 1761. Justin, who was then only seventeen years old, realised his father's property and settled at Toulouse. After being naturalised as a French subject in 1776 by letters-patent of Louis XVI, the title of Count was conferred on him and he was admitted to the honours of the court. He remained undisturbed in his home at Toulouse during the Revolutionary period. An accomplished linguist and sound classical scholar, he cultivated the fine arts and possessed one of the finest libraries in France. In the rare editions and sumptuous bindings of its contents it rivalled the king's library at Paris. After Count MacCarthy's death in 1812 the Duke of Devonshire bought the library for 25,000 guineas, but Napoleon forbade its export from France, and after a new sale it realised £16,500.

By his marriage with Winifred Tuite of Westmeath (whose father, chamberlain to the king of Denmark, had been presented by his majesty with extensive estates) Count MacCarthy had a large family. Two of his sons, the abbé Nicholas and Count Robert Joseph (*See* following), had distinguished careers. The Toulouse branch of the MacCarthy family became extinct in the male line in 1906 by the death of Count Nicholas MacCarthy.

MAC-CARTHY, NICHOLAS TUITE, ecclesiastic. Second son of preceding, he was born at Dublin on 19 May 1769, his parents having visited Ireland shortly before his birth. He was usually known as the abbé de Levignac from a property purchased by his father near Bordeaux. After the family's return to Toulouse from Ireland, Nicholas began his studies at Paris in the college of St. Plessis and, showing a disposition for the priesthood, was tonsured at the age of seventeen at the seminary of St. Magloire. His relative, Archbishop Dillon of Narbonne, one of the most powerful princes of the Church and State in France, was attracted by his fine character and offered him a benefice before he was ordained. The honour, though much appreciated, was not accepted. MacCarthy was pursuing a theological course at the Sorbonne at the outbreak of the Revolution,

the troubles of the time compelled him to return to his home at ılouse. In 1814 he was ordained a priest at the seminary of Chambery, immediately afterwards began his brilliant career as a preacher which ced him in the front rank of the ecclesiastical orators of the nineteenth tury. In 1817 he was offered but refused the bishopric of Montauban. ree years later he entered the Jesuit Order. His fame as a preacher ead throughout France, and he appeared in the pulpits of its larger es, in the palace of the Tuileries and at Geneva. After the Revolution 1830 he retired to Savoy. From there he was summoned to preach Rome; the visit proved too strenuous for his delicate constitution , on his return to France, he died on 3 May 1833 at Annecy, in whose ıedral he was buried. His sermons have been published in several ions and were translated into English and Italian. He was author " La Confession, ou le Tribunal de la miséricorde et de la justice " ıntes 1871).

MAC-CARTHY, ROBERT (5TH EARL OF CLANCARTY), *See* CLANCARTY.

MAC-CARTHY, ROBERT JOSEPH (COUNT), soldier and politician. Brother Abbé de Levignac and son of Count Justin MacCarthy. Born at Toulouse 30 June 1770. After his father's death he succeeded to the title of nt. He entered the army immediately before the Revolution and, r its outbreak, as a loyal monarchist he left France, joined the army he princes and became aide-de-camp to the Prince de Condé. After Restoration he was appointed maréchal-de-camp of cavalry in 1814, in the following year was elected deputy for the department of Seine-érieure. In 1816 he was a member of the War Council which d General Bonnaire and his aide-de-camp, Captain Mieton. MacCarthy ed with those who condemned the General to degradation and deporta- ı and the Captain to death. In the same year he was elected deputy the Drome, and in the debates on the freedom of the press he spoke ngly in favour of giving citizens the right to publish their opinions. was also strongly pro-clerical and advocated the restoration of their old property to ecclesiastical bodies. On the death of his old chief, Prince de Condé, he delivered the funeral oration at the graveside. 1820 MacCarthy retired from the Chamber of Deputies and died Lyon in 1827. He was author of " Rapports politiques de l'Ordre de lte avec la France " (Paris 1790), " Opinion sur le projet de loi relatif journaux " (Paris 1917), " Mémoire contre le sieur Francois-Victor ran, fermier du Grand Chatelet " (Valence 1826), and other works. son, Count Justin MacCarthy (1811-1864), wrote " Académie des floraux " (Toulouse 1854) and " Philanthropie, Charité, fragments ı poème " (Toulouse 1861).

MAC-CURTIN, FLORIMOND BENJAMIN, soldier and deputy. Born at Savennierres near Angers in July 1764, he was son of Cornelius MacCurtin and Victorine de Grandval. His grandfather was chief representative of the Co. Cork family of his name. Accompanied by his wife Johanna Coppinger, he left Ireland after the Jacobite War for France where he became captain-major in Clare's Irish regiment. Their son Cornelius, born at Mallow in April 1724, followed the occupation of salt controller at Nantes and became a landed proprietor in the neighbourhood of that city, where he was known as " seigneur de Driminine et Kainlis." (Driminine was the name of the ancient patrimony of his family in Co. Cork). He married Victorine de Grandval, by whom he was the father of Florimond Benjamin MacCurtin (the subject of this notice), who played a leading part in the Vendean insurrection in the last decade of the eighteenth century.

Young MacCurtin, an ardent royalist, became a major-general under the name of Kainlis in the royalist and Catholic insurgent army in Lower Anjou and Upper Brittany in 1793. Captured by the revolutionary troops in the following year, he was saved from the guillotine by the fall of Robespierre at Thermidor. Soon afterwards a treaty was signed between the Vendeans and the Republican government and, in the new era of peace that ensued, the insurgent prisoners at Nantes were released. MacCurtin was among them and, in order to foster a spirit of goodwill, Ruelle the representative of the Republic for the district appointed him his secretary. Madame de la Rochejacquelin, the famous Breton heroine, describes MacCurtin in her " Mémoires " as " a born Royalist " and tells how, when she came to Nantes, he procured an amnesty certificate for her. He subsequently became deputy for the department of the Loire-Inférieure to the Council of Five Hundred, but a year later (in 1798) he was numbered among the proscribed members and was condemned to deportation. After hostilities were renewed he rejoined the Chouans in his old rank as major-general. In December 1799 however the Consuls recalled him, and he lived in retirement till the Bourbon restoration in 1815, when he was confirmed in his military rank and became commissioner of stores. There is in the Royal Irish Academy (12 M 12) an original sealed family document, signed shortly before his death at Tours on 20 August 1819, in which he describes himself as " Chevalier des ordres royaux et militaires du Roi."

MAC-CURTIN, HUGH (MAC-CRUITIN, AODH), antiquary and lexicographer. Born in 1680 in the parish of Kilmacreehy, barony of Corcomroe, Co. Clare. In his boyhood he was educated by his relative Andrew MacCurtin, the Irish poet and genealogist. Afterwards he went to Paris to complete his studies. He was patronised in the French capital by his fellow-countryman Charles O'Brien, Lord Clare, and (it is said) acted

or seven years as tutor to the Dauphin of France. There, too, in collaboration with the Abbé Begley (*See* BEGLEY) he published in 1732 an English-Irish Dictionary containing an introductory poem by himself—it was the first book printed in France in which Irish type was used. (In 1728 his " Elements of the Irish Language," dedicated to Major-General Nevenish, Governor of Courtrai, was published at Louvain). Returning to his native country and bringing with him a valuable collection of Irish books, he spent the remainder of his life in various studies. After his death in 1755 at Kilmacreehy, where he is buried, most of his valuable collection of Irish books and papers, as well as others belonging to his cousin Andrew, were taken to France by the Chevalier Thomas O'Gorman. In addition to the works mentioned MacCurtin was also author of " Antiquities of Ireland " (1717). In this he exposed the unfounded statements of Sir Richard Cox in " Hibernia Anglicana " relative to the laws and customs of pre-Norman Ireland. As a result Cox, who had been a Williamite judge, had him illegally imprisoned for a year in Newgate gaol.

MAC-DERMOT, BARTHOLOMEW, ecclesiastic. Born in Roscommon *circa* 1750, he entered the Capuchin Order, in whose Irish houses in France—Bar-sur-Aube and Wassy—he resided for some time. Through the influence of his cousin, Adjutant-Major MacDermot of Dillon's regiment, he was, while guardian at Bar-sur-Aube, appointed chaplain to the French ambassador in London. During his chaplaincy he acquired some notoriety in connection with the affair of the Diamond Necklace. The Count de la Motte arrived in 1785 in the English capital, being sent there by the Countess to dispose of the bulk of the larger diamonds of the famous necklace. The Count was accompanied by Chevalier O'Neil, an Irish officer in the French army, as interpreter. They met in London the abbé MacDermot with whom O'Neil was acquainted, and on the latter's recall to the army the abbé became attached to the Count de la Motte. As has been stated, the abbé belonged to the Irish Capuchin convent of Bar-sur-Aube, of which place the Countess was a native. In her " Mémoires " she describes him as a " professed spy " in London and gives him a rather unfavourable character. After the outbreak of the Revolution he returned to France, where the Capuchin houses had been closed. Arrested as a British subject in 1793 at Nancy, he wrote to the Committee of Petitions of the National Convention in June of that year requesting his release. There are several letters in the archives of the French Foreign Office claiming his freedom under international law and by reason of his past services to France. The petitions were forwarded to the Committee of Public Safety, which postponed its decision till further information could be supplied. He was eventually released from confinement.

MacDermot's subsequent career is obscure, though some identify him with the abbé MacDermot to whom, at the close of the Reign of Terror, the Irish College at Paris was leased for a period of eight years by Dr. Kearney its superior. The abbé spent a large sum improving the building and opened it as a lay boarding school. Among the many notabilities he had for pupils were Jerome Bonaparte, future king of Westphalia, and Eugene Beauharnais, stepson of Napoleon. Jerome Bonaparte befriended MacDermot in his old age with a pension of 4,000 francs a year. Shortly before the lease of the college had expired, the abbé refused to give up possession to the newly-appointed administrator of the institution, but a lawsuit compelled him to do so. In 1812, according to Lart in "Registers of Saint Germain-en-Laye," the abbé Patrice MacDermot founded a new school, which he named the "Collège des Irlandais," in the old Convent of the Ursulines at Saint Germain. (Patrice was probably the baptismal name of MacDermot, his name in the Capuchin Order being Bartholomew), and according to the same authority he died there on 21 November 1812. Colonel Miles Byrne in his "Memoirs" refers to him as follows: "When I came to Paris in 1803 a Mr. MacDermot conducted the school of the Cheval Vert . . . he had a handsome country house and park and a good deal of land at Montrouge. I was there in 1814 to breakfast with Thomas Burgess, who lodged in the mansion till MacDermot's executors had the whole concern sold to the Jesuits, who built their college there."

The MacDermot family of Roscommon, to which the abbé belonged, had numerous representatives in the French army all through the eighteenth, and up to the middle of the nineteenth century. At the dissolution of the Irish Brigade in 1791, some of them, like Major James MacDermot (killed in action at Pellenberg in 1793) and Captain Francis MacDermot, aide-de-camp of General Thomas Keating, fought in the Revolutionary army, while others, like Colonel Thomas MacDermot and Lieutenant Henry MacDermot, loyal to the monarchy, emigrated and fought in the allied army against Republican France.

Mac-Dermot, Patrick, ecclesiastic. Born at Ardbraccan, Co. Meath, in 1703. He pursued his clerical studies in France, where he graduated as doctor of the Sorbonne. He became professor of theology at Paris and officiated for some time in the French mission. He acted as a chaplain at the battle of Fontenoy, after which he returned to Ireland and, while parish priest of Castletown, Co. Meath, died on 4 August 1814 at the age of 111. His fellow-countyman, Rev. Patrick Clarke, born at Athboy, was also a Brigade chaplain at Fontenoy.

Richard Hayes

BIRDS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE

BY PATRICK G. KENNEDY, S.J.

Part V.—Game-Birds

The term " game " as applied to birds may have various meanings. ome fowlers will tell you that only those birds which a sporting dog ill set are properly game. In this sense Corncrakes and even Skylarks nd Pipits, but not Duck, are game. Others will say that the term game " includes all the wild fowl mentioned in their shooting licence. hese are in fact the birds included in the Game Preservation Act passed y the Oireachtas in 1930. The following definition of game-birds is iven in Section 2 of the Act : " The expression ' game-birds ' means nd includes pheasant, partridge, grouse, quail, land-rail (corncrake), lover, snipe and woodcock, and also mallard, teal, wigeon and other pecies of wild duck, brent goose, barnacle goose and other species of ild goose " . . . No fewer than fifty different species of birds are, nder this Act, now game-birds in Eire. More than forty of them have o other claim to the title but that they have been so ranked in the Act. n a more restricted and scientific sense is the name Game-Birds or *rralliformes* of systematic ornithologists. These are birds with many ell-defined structural and external features. I need here mention only few of their characteristics : they are four-toed land birds, largely rrestrial ; they are possessed of a large crop and a powerful gizzard ; the ales are often brightly coloured ; the chicks are nidifugous—*i.e.* they ave the nest on hatching—are covered with down, but grow quills rapidly o that they can soon fly. In this paper I shall confine myself to the ame-birds of the systematists.

THE CAPERCAILLIE.—The large game-bird, the Capercaillie or " Cock f the Woods," has only a historic interest for us as it has long been extinct s an Irish species. Giraldus Cambrensis, writing at the end of the welfth century, stated that " Wild Peacocks " abounded in the Irish oods.[1] They were still common in the seventeenth century, but in ie eighteenth century they gradually disappeared. Dr. Charles Smith, n his history *The State of the County and City of Cork*, which was ready r publication in November 1749, writes of the Capercaillie : . . . called in Ireland Cock of the Wood : Its bigness is near to a Turkey . . . he bird is not found in England and now rarely in Ireland since our oods have been destroyed. The flesh is highly esteemed." According Pennant a few of the species were still be be found near Thomastown,

[1] " Pavones silvestres hic abundant."

Co. Tipperary, about the year 1760, but there is no evidence that the Capercaillie survived in Ireland as late as the end of the eighteenth century.

The large size and dark slaty-grey colouring suffice to distinguish the cock Capercaillie from other game-birds. He has a glossy blue-green breast, black tail, whitish bill and legs feathered to the toes. The hen is much smaller with upper plumage brown, mottled buff and white. The food of both from October to April consists almost entirely of the shoots and buds of conifers, especially Scots pine and larch and occasionally spruce. In summer they take other vegetable food and insect larvae.

The Capercaillie became extinct in Scotland at about the same time as in Ireland ; in England it had disappeared perhaps a century previously. Abroad the bird continues to inhabit most of the European pine forests. From Sweden birds were brought and set down in Perthshire in 1837 and subsequently in other places. Thus re-established, the Capercaillie is now fairly widespread and flourishing in Scotland. There seems to have been only one attempt made to bring back the species to Ireland. It was about the year 1842, when three braces of birds were sent to Lord Bantry to Glengariff ; but they all died within a year.

Attempts made to introduce two other game-birds, the Black Grouse and the Ptarmigan, were also unsuccessful. But these two birds, unlike the Capercaillie, were apparently never indigenous to this country.

THE PHEASANT.—The Pheasant furnishes one of the few cases of successful introduction. It was not originally a native either of this country nor of Great Britain. Though there is no direct evidence, it was possibly brought to England by the Romans. It was certainly introduced before the Norman invasion, but there is no mention of the Pheasant in Ireland till 1589. The first birds brought to these islands were of the stock which inhabited Colchis in the Black Sea area of western Asia. Hence the name Pheasant, and in Latin Phasianus colchicus, Phasis being a river of Colchis, the modern Rion, which flows into the Black Sea near Poti. In 1785 the Chinese Ringed Pheasant and, more recently, the Mongolian and other allied forms were brought to England, and probably later to Ireland. These later introductions have so freely mixed with the old race that none of the pure Colchian breed can now be found in this country. The late Mr. W. Williams, of Dame Street, Dublin, told me that during the first ten years of the present century he received for preservation a few of the original stock from the counties of Fermanagh and Monaghan, but after that period all the Pheasants which he handled were of mixed breeds, nearly all the cocks showing the white ring on the neck.

The Pheasant is not numerous in Ireland except where it is preserved—and the preserves have largely disappeared in recent years. Yet it is

fairly widespread species, as going through the country we frequently hear the crow of the cock from cover or see a pair feeding in stubble land in the most unexpected places. And since it is a wary bird in the wild state, it is likely to survive in small numbers, even if not artificially helped.

The cock, having fine feathers, is a fine bird and, like the Peacock, he seems, when undisturbed, to be conscious of his beauty as he steps majestically across an open space. But if he suspects danger, he throws aside all his dignity and runs quickly with lowered head and tail. He is of burnished copper-coloured plumage, with metallic dark green head and neck, red wattles surrounding the eyes and ear-like tufts on the crown. The hen is a smaller and more soberly coloured brown bird, but like the cock she has the characteristic long tail.

It is a well known fact that thunder or any unusual noise agitates the Pheasant. Thus in air-raids, before the sound of the approaching planes is audible to human ears, the cock birds begin to crow and to flap their wings in an excited manner. Coward, in his *Birds of the British Isles*, relates that on January 24, 1915, while he was bird-watching in a Cheshire wood, he was struck by the frequent crowing and wing flapping of cock Pheasants and he ascribed the cause to the unusually mild weather. Not till two days later did he learn that Pheasants in other parts of England had behaved similarly and that the real reason was the air vibrations from the heavy guns in the naval battle which at the very time of his bird-watching was going on in the North Sea, 400 miles away.

THE IRISH RED GROUSE.—The Irish Red Grouse, though in the field not distinguishable from the British Red Grouse, is regarded as a separate race. Our sub-species is paler, especially in winter, and more yellowish, and its measurements of wing, tail and bill tend to be slightly less. The Irish Red Grouse is resident not only in every county in Ireland, but also in the Outer Hebrides of Scotland—where, however, it is said to have greatly decreased during the past forty years. To the great indignation of our naturalists, some of the British Red Grouse have from time to time been introduced into Ireland, but fortunately there has been no apparent change in the plumage of our native bird. Though widely distributed over our mountains and bogs, our Grouse is nowhere numerous. It is largely left to its own resources and is not fostered nor so strictly preserved as the Grouse in Great Britain.

The characteristic game-bird of the open moorlands, the Grouse is recognised by its rather stocky build, by its general red-brown coloration which may look black at a distance, and by its whirring and gliding flight. Its legs are white feathered, and there is a red wattle above the eye. When flushed its crackling note " kowk, kok-ok-ok-ok " sounds almost human, and its " go-bak, go-bak-bak-bak-bak," delivered after alighting, is like a challenge.

The food of the Grouse, though mainly vegetable and consisting predominantly of shoots, flowers and seed-heads of heather, is supplemented by animal food made up of insects, earthworms and slugs.

THE PARTRIDGE.—The Partridge is resident in Ireland, chiefly in cultivated districts. At the beginning of the present century Ussher and Warren wrote that the species had long been diminishing in this country. It continued to decrease until 1930, when it was on the verge of extinction. In that year the Game Preservation Act was passed, and immediately the Irish Game Protection Association, supported by several local Associations and Farmers' Clubs, petitioned the Minister for Justice for special protection for the Partridge. The Minister acceded to the request and made an Order under Section 6 of the new Act prohibiting the killing or taking of the bird for one year from September 1930. The Order was renewed for another year in 1931. Meanwhile new stock had been introduced and the numbers had increased so satisfactorily that in 1932 and 1933 a short Open Season of 14 days was allowed. This was extended to one month in 1934 and 1935. The position has since continued to improve, especially since the outbreak of the War, owing to the extension of tillage. So favourable were reports from the country that in 1943 and 1944 the Open Season was fixed for the three months of October, November and December. In Co. Cork, however, where conditions did not seem to warrant any Open Season, Close Time has been kept throughout the whole year. Except for the fostering care bestowed so opportunely on the Partridge, it is likely that it would have passed, like the Capercaillie, into the category of exterminated species. Now it has not only risen above the danger line, but it seems to be in a more secure position than it has been for perhaps a century.

The Partridge is a handsome bird. The general impression is of a rotund form with orange brown head, vermiculated grey neck and underparts and chestnut barred flanks. In flight the rufous tail is conspicuous. There is a broad and prominent horseshoe-shaped patch of dark chestnut on the lower breast of the male. This is usually little developed or almost absent in older females, but is more prevalent in first year birds. The protective colouring of the Partridge makes it hard to see on certain soils and in pasture and stubble land. The flight is characteristic, quick wing beats alternating with glides on arched wings, and is seldom sustained for more than a mile. It generally flies low, but it skims easily over fences and trees. The call-notes, " kar-wit, kar-wit " or " kirr-ic, kirr-ic " are distinctive and have aptly been compared to the sound of a rusty key turned in a lock. The birds call frequently by day and sometimes at night, but Mr. Moffat informs me that they are more often heard in the evening. This was his experience not only at Ballyhyland, Co. Wexford, when out hoping to hear or see the Nightjar,

ut also in Hertfordshire, England, where after sunset the song of the artridge was the predominant note in almost every bit of suitable ground.

Partridge are gregarious from the end of the nesting season until he following spring. Family parties keep together during winter and oveys roost and feed in company. This social habit no doubt gives nem a certain protection from some of their enemies, though scarcely rom the Sportsman.

Partridge are apparently fond of dusting. In Co. Leix I have more han once come across a family party of parents and " cheepers " having dust bath in the middle of a bye-road. Last year, while I was watching irds from a concealed position on a slope of the Dublin hills, I suddenly ecame conscious of the presence of a pair not more than ten yards away. hey were dusting themselves in the loose earth of a broken down bank- ence. At first they were difficult to pick out, even at that close range, o well did they harmonise with the colour of the earth, but when closely vatched they became obvious enough in all their beauty of feather and orm and daintiness of every movement.

The nest is well concealed in thick vegetation in hedgerows, in young lantations, and sometimes in cornfields and meadows. From ten to wenty olive brown eggs are laid.

THE QUAIL.—The history of the Quail in Ireland is rather curious. rom the time of Giraldus Cambrensis to the end of the eighteenth entury there are periodic records to show that it was found here in bundance. In the first half of the nineteenth century, according to hompson (*Natural History of Ireland*, 1849), while the Quail decreased n England it increased considerably in this country. It was during this eriod too that greater numbers were noticed to remain for the winter nd that it came to be regarded as a resident species. Watters, a Dublin an, writing in 1853 says of the Quail : " This, the smallest, best known nd most familiar of our game, is also the most common in its occurrence, nd resembles the Partridge in selecting the cultivated districts . . . he Quail appears, from comparing notes as regards England and our wn country, to exist here in a proportion of 10 to 1. . . In summer is so abundant in the fields that, in the suburban streets of the city Dublin), we may constantly hear their pleasing call-notes." (*Birds of reland*.) There is a curious corroboration of this estimate in " a dis- onsolate entry in his journal " by A. G. More, made at Loughgall, Co. ntrim, on June 3, 1854, and quoted in his *Life and Letters* by C. B. Moffat : " I spent the morning at Tartaraghan looking for a Quail, but ould not succeed in meeting with a single bird. And so I am fated o leave Loughgall after hearing them on every side, and yet having never een them."

The Quail continued to be common up to about 1860, or according

to Howard Saunders to 1865. Then there was a steady decrease until after 1880 when the bird was regarded as practically extinct. Mr. Moffat tells me that, though observing birds pretty closely in Co. Wexford from 1873, he never heard a Quail until 1892, when a small immigration took place. There was a much larger visitation in 1893, and birds were reported from eighteen counties distributed in all the provinces. Ussher and Warren (1900) write: "Though Quails have occurred often during the last decade in spring, summer and autumn, winter records for that period seem wanting in Ireland, so that the species appears to have lost its resident character here, and even in summer its visits have become uncertain" (*Birds of Ireland*). In the present century the Quail has continued to be very scarce. Though there are occasional records from other parts, its visits are chiefly confined to the eastern half of the country.

The causes of the fluctuation in the numbers of various species of birds are often obscure or difficult to appraise. In the case of the Quail two main reasons are assigned for its almost complete disappearance. The first is the decline of tillage in the country. After the Repeal of the Corn Laws and after the Famine much of the tilled lands were turned into pasture or reverted to moor. But this cause by itself was regarded by Ussher and Warren as insufficient to account for the results attributed to it, "for plenty of ground abounding in the weeds of cultivation still exist" (loc. cit.) Secondly there was the wholesale destruction of the species on migration, which had been going on for nearly two centuries and was beginning to tell adversely on the European Quail population. It must be remembered that the Quail is in the main migratory and that the birds which were at one time resident here would be insufficient, after the toll taken of them by our winter climate and by sportsmen, to stock the country for long. Probably both causes combined to reduce our Quail to its present low status, though the second, as we shall see, would appear of itself to suffice.

The Quail winters from the Mediterranean region to north tropical Africa, Sokotra, South Arabia and India. In spring, while some birds remain in North Africa from Morocco to Egypt, North India, Afghanistan, Persia and Iraq, many travel north and north-west and breed in most European countries. For years before a decrease in numbers was noticed a large toll was taken especially during the autumn migration; for, as Mr. E. Moreau says[1], "it is the grand misfortune of the Quail that it is so good to eat." In recent times we have the statistics of an important section of the migration front in North Africa. The figures mentioned in *Nicoll's Birds of Egypt* by Col. R. Meinertzhagen (1930) are alarmingly large and eloquently testify to the vitality of the bird in its struggle for existence. In Vol. 1, p. 80, we read: "During the autumn passage

[1] *Bulletin of the Zool. Soc. of Egypt*, 1. 1927.

ractically the whole of the north coast of Egypt is netted and Quail e taken in their thousands. Many more thousands fall to the guns sportsmen and are netted in crops . . . As regards the exports, r forty years before the War (1914) the numbers averaged well over a illion birds per year. Since 1919 the highest figure has been three uarters of a million, and in 1925 and 1926 it was about half a million, alf of which came from Sinai . . . Altogether in 1926 the mortality y human agency in Egypt alone [whether for export or for home consumption] cannot have been less than one million, and it was probably uch more. If the proportion of Quail exported to the total catch has mained anything like constant, the annual mortality in the past must ave reached four millions in some years."

The entire export trade of Egypt used to be in live birds until, in cent years, cold storage transport was partially adopted. It had been und commercially that south of the Mediterranean the birds could not e fattened to the market weight which had become the standard for uail in Europe. As soon as they were recovered from the nets, the irds had their flight feathers plucked out to make escape impossible. hey were then packed densely in crates which held one hundred each nd were sent overseas. If allowed room to move about in the crates ey either died of cold or, due to their natural pugnacity, they injured or illed one another. "Such Quail as eventually survive the journey to ngland fetch as much as 3s. 6d. each" (*Birds of Egypt*, loc. cit.).

In Sicily and Italy, as in Egypt, Quail were regularly trapped or netted. eaders of *The Story of San Michele* by Axel Munthe will recall how irds in large numbers were annually caught on the small island of Capri. he author, having for long fought unsuccessfully against the practice, nally bought the mountain slope which was the best *caccia* on the whole land and made it a Bird Sanctuary. Dr. Munthe writes: "During ix weeks of the spring and six weeks of the autumn the whole slope of Monte Barbarossa was covered with nets from the ruined castle on the op down to the garden wall of San Michele at the foot of the mountain. . . s often as not a thousand birds were netted there in a single day. . . n the evening they were packed by hundreds in small wooden boxes ithout food and water and despatched by steamers to Marseilles to e eaten with delight in the smart restaurants of Paris." As a result f Dr. Munthe's fight for the birds the whole island of Capri was subequently made a Bird Sanctuary.

It must be mentioned that in recent years the Egyptian and the alestinian Governments have passed regulations with the object of iving the Quail a sporting chance. In Egypt it is laid down that the et shall be 500 metres back from the shore-line, that one third of each ilometre shall be left unnetted and that no nets shall be erected on the o kilometres of coast immediately to the east of Port Said. The Palestine

Ordinance, which in practice affects only the Gaza district, is somewhat more generous to the birds. The same distance of 500 metres from the shore-line must be observed, but not more than 200 metres of the shore may be netted continuously and a space of equal length to the net employed must be left clear. In spite of these protective measures, which were perhaps taken too late and were not drastic enough under the circumstances, Col. Meinertzhagen, basing his conclusion chiefly on the impossibility of enforcing the regulations, states: " There is no room to doubt but that the bird is on the downward grade. We may begin to fear that, though it is still so abundant on migration, the Quail may be doomed to extinction at no distant date. Species when depressed below a certain level, even when locally numerous, show an unaccountable lack of recuperative powers."

Ireland, being the extreme limit of the north-western migration of the Quail, would naturally be expected to be the country most affected by all this destruction. And it would seem that this ultimately proved to be the case. In 1912 evidence was collected of the lessening of its numbers in many parts of its European range, but Ireland suffered the most. We have seen that in 1853 Watters, comparing the numbers of Quail in England and Ireland, gave the proportion of 10 to 1 in our favour. That proportion has long since disappeared, and now we can scarcely count on one Quail for every fifty in England.

The Quail in general appearance is much like a very small, delicately-built and more sandy coloured Partridge. The upper parts are strongly streaked and mottled with black and buff, and the flanks are yellowish white. The male has a double blackish collar, but the throat of the female is uniform buff.

As may be inferred from the note of A. G. More already quoted, the presence of the Quail is more often detected by its call than by the bird being actually seen. The cry, uttered by the male, is a liquid " quic, quic-ic " usually repeated from five to a dozen times in succession, and is very fairly suggested by the popular "Wet-my-lips" or "Wet-my-feet". Mr. C. B. Moffat, however, considers that this popular rendering calls for some criticism. He thinks that " Whip-widow " or " Quick-whip-it," with the accent on the middle syllable, is a more accurate reproduction of the triple call. But he grants that it is possible that the bird may utter its cry with a slightly different emphasis in different localities, though his own experience, which extended over a considerable number of years, was uniform (*Irish Times*, July 8, 1940). Howard Saunders and some more recent observers hold the view here suggested by Mr. Moffat, but in the *Handbook of British Birds* (1941) W. B. Tucker, one of the authors, states: " In the normal call the middle syllable is the *least* stressed of the three " (Vol. V. p. 251.) At any rate the popular rendering suffices for purposes of identification.

PATRICK G. KENNEDY

THE '82 CLUB

BY CHARLOTTE M. KELLY

IRELAND has seen the birth of many political associations in the last hundred years; some of lasting significance and national importance; hers that rose, flourished for a time and then, the particular circumstances at had brought them into existence having changed, were either swept vay at one stroke or, more often, died a natural death and are now rgotten.

Among these latter was the "'82 Club," founded exactly a century o by prominent members of the Repeal Association to commemorate e great events of 1782 and to draw into the national movement men ho would never cross the threshold of Conciliation Hall. Of the political ms and practical achievements of the Club there may be divided opinion; its picturesqueness there can be none. For they were picturesque, ese 245 gentlemen in their costly uniforms of green and gold, with eir embroidered banner, their Grand Banquets at the Rotunda, their triotic toasts and eloquent speeches.

The purpose of the Club is thus described by Charles Gavan Duffy, ie of the original members: "To bring the intelligence, rank and wealth the National Party into one centre and to open a door to adherents ho, on various grounds, held aloof from the Association. The express oject was to encourage Irish art and literature and to diffuse a national eling through society, and its chief means to accustom Catholics and rotestants to act together."

The idea originated with one Matthew Moriarty, Barrister-at-Law, the early months of 1844, and plans for the new Club were discussed Richmond Jail by Doctor, afterwards Sir John, Gray, Daniel O'Connell id Smith O'Brien. O'Connell approved the project, and on 4 July 1844 meeting took place in Malahide Hotel where, with Smith O'Brien in e Chair, it was resolved:—"That we are of opinion that it is expedient at a Club be founded to be called the '1782 Club,' for the purpose of mmemorating that glorious epoch, of doing honour to the memory illustrious Irishmen and promoting the cause of Nationality." Several rther consultations were held in Richmond Jail, and from there the first rculars were dispatched on 30th August.

By the time that the first official meeting of the Club took place, on January 1845 in John Gray's house at 17 Upper Buckingham Street, the se against O'Connell and the other State prisoners had been brought on peal to the House of Lords, the verdict reversed, and the prisoners leased amidst tumultuous rejoicings. O'Connell was elected President the new Club. There were five Vice-Presidents: Lord French, nith O'Brien, M.P., Henry Grattan, M.P., Edmund B. Roche, M.P.,

Cornelius MacLoghlen, T.C. Over sixty of the original eighty-nine elected members were present, and the Committee included Charles Gavan Duffy, Thomas Davis, John Blake Dillon—the three young men who two years previously had founded *The Nation* and who were the leaders of the Young Ireland Party—Sir Colman O'Loghlen, John O'Connell, and the Mayors of Cork, Kilkenny, Drogheda, Limerick, Waterford and Clonmel.

The Club declared itself resolved to " promote Repeal, to encourage the consumption of Irish Manufacture, to enable Irish Art, Literature and Music, by the individual exertions of each member and by the collective patronage of the Institution; to meet in intellectual sociality on the anniversary of the great events of the era of Irish Liberty." The following are given, in a yellowed sheet of the time, as the " Fundamental Rules of the '82 Club " :—

That the Club shall dine together on the anniversary of the Declaration of Legislative Independence in 1782 and of such other great events in Irish History as shall hereafter be determined.

That the Charter Toast of the Club shall be " The Legislative Independence of Ireland."

That the Club Uniform shall be Green Coat, doublebreasted, with two rows of " '82 " Buttons, standing velvet collar, and velvet cuffs embroidered with shamrocks (according to pattern), cloth flaps to hind pockets, also embroidered with shamrocks. Green Trousers, same colour as Coat, with gold shamrock lace, one-and-a-half inch wide, down the sides. Green caps.

That all members shall be obliged to wear the Club Uniform at the Club Dinners and whenever otherwise required to do so by the Committee.[1]

That the Annual Subscription be One Guinea, payable (in advance) in the month of January each year.

That any gentleman not having attended at one Dinner of the Club in Uniform during the year next after his admission shall cease to be a Member.

That no person admitted a Member of the Club shall be entitled to sit or vote at any Meeting of the Club, or exercise any of the rights or privileges of Membership, until he shall have provided himself with the Club Costume.

The extreme importance attached to the wearing of uniform may appear excessive to a generation that has largely discarded formality in dress; and even at the time it did not wholly escape criticism. When Thomas Davis wrote to his kinsman, Denny Lane, in Cork, " This Club can do all we want if it be resolutely and earnestly supported," Lane in reply accused him of trying to make Repeal " genteel—which I do not consider of any value even if it were possible. There was a good deal of the old Irish fanfaronade about it which I hoped was dying out among us. In Cork the people in general have a great hatred of uniforms . . . . This, I think, principally arises from the morbidly keen sense of the ludicrous which Cork men generally possess."

[1] Several of these uniforms are to be seen in the National Museum, including those of Smith O'Brien and Thomas Davis.

There was some justification for what Lane termed " fanfaronade," d others voiced the same sentiments. " They do not expect to emanci- te a country by the use of green cloth," writes " A Member of the Irish ess " in a pamphlet entitled *History of the '82 Club* and published in ay 1845 ; " but, putting aside the old prestige of the National Colour d the fond and proud recollections it recalls, there was more substantial nefit to industry in the use of Irish Manufactures which will follow on the daily increasing numbers of the Club." These uniforms, which re extremely costly, were made of fine cloth trimmed with rich gold e, and it was hoped that they would one day become the official uniform a National Government and a National Army.

The " '82 Club " celebrated the sixty-third anniversary of the Declara- n of Independence by a Grand Banquet in the Rotunda on 16 April 45, when upwards of a hundred gentlemen dined together under the miring eyes of three hundred ladies seated on raised tiers of seats. A ntemporary scribe concluded his grandiloquent account of the occasion th the pious wish : " May the men of Ireland be ever confirmed in eir patriotism, as were the brethren of '82, by the approval of the fairest their country ! "

Behind the President's chair hung Kenny's painting of Grattan moving e Declaration of Independence in the Irish House of Parliament. Mirrors from floor to ceiling reflected in a thousand brilliant shades d shapes the gay habiliments of the brethren, the bright robes and ighter eyes of the spectators forming an ensemble never perhaps exceeded any country, certainly unequalled in Ireland." The *Weekly Freeman* clared : " The Liberator, the President of the Club, on entering the nqueting Room was accompanied by a group of friends, all in full iform, and looked more like a field officer surrounded by his Staff an the leader of millions peacefully struggling for liberty." One man ly was excused from wearing uniform—the veteran Cornelius acLoghlen who had fought in 1782.

The first toast, " The Queen," having been duly honoured, O'Connell oposed " The Legislative Independence of Ireland." Then followed The Volunteers of 1782," " The Memory of Grattan and Flood " runk in silence), " Prosperity to the Agriculture of Ireland," " The evival of Irish Trade and Manufacture," " The Men who made Science ustrious in Ireland," " Thomas Moore," " The Dramatists of Ireland." The Memory of Griffin and Banim and the Fame of the living novelists Ireland," " Carolin and the Music of Ireland." Each toast was pre- ded by a lengthy speech and drunk with enthusiasm. The speech ade by Thomas Davis on " The Advancement of Fine Arts in Ireland " as listened to with rapt attention and established his reputation as an ator.

A few weeks later, on May 30th, the National Levee took place at the

Rotunda and O'Connell, with the other State prisoners, stood on a platform draped with green to receive deputations from every part of the country. Behind him, in a circle, were the members of the " '82 Club "—the splendour of their green and gold enhanced still further in the case of Corporators, by scarlet cloaks. An address on their behalf was presented to the Liberator by Mr. Grattan, Mr. Boylan and Mr. Clements.

During the summer of that year members of the Club attended Repeal Banquets given by O'Connell in different parts of the country. But September brought them together in Dublin, not for celebrations this time, but for the mournful duty of taking part in the funeral of Thomas Davis.

By the death of Thomas Davis Ireland lost a sincere patriot, the Young Ireland Party one of its leaders, and the " '82 Club " an original member and a most ardent supporter. Davis had always believed in the political importance of the Club and spared no effort to further its aims. Among his unpublished poems was " A Rough Draft of a Song for the Eighty-Two Club." Now he was dead after a tragically short illness, and the country united to pay him a tribute. A meeting of the Club was hastily summoned, and members were requested to attend the funeral " in uniform with crepe on left arm."

On the morning of the funeral Burgh Quay was crowded with the carriages of members going to Conciliation Hall. In the mournful procession, following the Lord Mayor and Corporation, came the " '82 Club " in uniform, the Royal Irish Academy, the Royal Irish Art Union, members of the Archaeological Society, Royal Hibernian Academy, and other bodies. " It would have soothed the spirit of Davis to see, mixed with the green uniforms and scarlet gowns, men of culture and intelligence without distinction or party and outside all political parties," wrote Charles Gavan Duffy, his colleague on *The Nation* and a close personal friend. At Mount Jerome the " '82 Club " members walked in pairs after the bier " and added much to the impressive scene."

A second Banquet was held that year on November 27th at the Rotunda. O'Connell was absent, but Smith O'Brien was in the Chair and the President's health was proposed by John Augustine O'Neill, who ended an eloquent speech with the words: " Therefore I give you, brothers, health and happiness to the most distinguished philanthropist of ancient and modern times, the emancipator of his countrymen and the regenerator of his nation ! " And the toast, we are told, was drunk with " the most unbounded enthusiasm." The members wore crepe armlets in memory of Davis, and the Banqueting Room was without decoration save for the banner of the Club, on which the Harp and the Crown of burnished gold against green was surmounted by the words: " 1782. Dungannon Declaration 15th February. National Independence 16th April."

Despite these demonstrations of unity, however, dissension was already

sent among the members of the newly founded Club. O'Connell's vers were failing and, with them, his influence with the younger men. was strongly opposed to the policy of the Young Irelanders, whose ionalism was of a more militant and less constitutional nature than his n. Conflict was inevitable, and it is significant that on some half- :en ballot papers, ranging in date from May 1845 to February 1846, number of candidates for election decreases from twenty-three on first date to seven on the last.

Yet the anniversary of the Dungannon Convention was duly com- morated by a Banquet at the Rotunda on 16 February 1846. The bust Davis, now in the National Gallery, was placed in a prominent position, l the occasion was marked by the first appearance of the National peal Association Band in green-and-white uniform. Then, on the lowing day, the First Annual Meeting of the " '82 Club " took place Radleys, a coffee house in the Commercial Buildings, with Smith Brien in the chair. Madden, author of *The United Irishmen*, was elected nember. A warm tribute was paid to the memory of Davis, and it s decided that his portrait be painted for the Club. " Your Committee l assured that the opportunity of doing honour to so gifted and great a n will be eagerly embraced by every member of the Club." Yet rton's drawing appears to be the only portrait of Davis in existence ; so ssibly this project, like so many others, came to nothing.

It seems incredible that, in this year which was to see the split in the tional Repeal Party, the Secession from Conciliation Hall, the formation the Confederate Clubs under Smith O'Brien, and the dawning horror the Famine, one of the resolutions passed at this Annual Meeting was : That a peak with a Rim of Gold Embroidery be added to the Uniform p of the Club." It would appear that there was as yet no thought of ision between members, for another resolution was that " a dinner ould take place at least three times a year, and that it be an instruction to Committee to consider the expediency of giving a Concert of National usic or a Ball during the present year."

But there is no further mention of Balls or Banquets given by the 82 Club." The activities of the members seem to have been political her than social in the next few months. On April 13th special places re reserved for them in Conciliation Hall to welcome O'Connell back m the Imperial Parliament. A few weeks later Smith O'Brien was prisoned in the House of Commons for refusing to attend Westminster. e National Repeal Association confined themselves discreetly to a vote confidence ; but the " '82 Club " dispatched an address of full appro- ion by the hands of several of its members, despite the fact that their sident, O'Connell, after abstaining likewise from attendance in accord- e with the declared policy of the Association, had since taken his seat. d when Charles Gavan Duffy was tried for alleged seditious libel in

The Nation and, the jury disagreeing, was acquitted, the Club sent a vote of thanks to his counsel, Mr. Holmes, and requested permission to print and circulate his brilliant speech at their own expense.

In July came the final split in the Repeal Party ; and in the subsequent bouleversement the " '82 Club," with its fine aspirations and ambitious designs for the betterment of the nation, was swept away for ever. It had aimed to bring discordant parties together ; it was to see dissension in its own ranks that led to its extinction.

If as a body the " '82 Club " would appear to have achieved little of lasting worth, individually many of its members have left their names upon the pages of history: Smith O'Brien, Davis, Thomas Francis Meagher, John Mitchel, Gavan Duffy, and above all O'Connell, whom even his enemies recognized as "a giant amongst men." In August 1847 his body was brought home from Genoa, and every shade of political creed and party were represented in the vast throng that followed him for the last time to Glasnevin.

But the green and gold uniforms were not there. Those who had worn them were united for a fleeting moment in homage to a great man. But the " '82 Club " was dead.

CHARLOTTE M. KELLY

THE NORTHERN WHIGS

BY DAVID KENNEDY, M.SC.

OBSERVERS of the contemporary political scene in Ireland who happen to read some Irish history are frequently astonished to rn that loyal Ulster was once the focus of rebellion ; that the present-day angeman who boasts of his attachment to the British crown had, obably, an ancestor who fought to break the connection with England d to establish a republican form of government in this island. The lstermen—Hope, McCracken and Munro—who fought in '98 were publicans because republicanism epitomised their views on political form. They were in the van of political progress in their time, yet their andchildren were fawning time-servers to the most reactionary form Toryism. This astonishing *volte-face* amazes us all the more because -day, in Ulster, republicanism is invariably identified with Irish tionalism in its most extreme form. But this association of two distinct eas is merely a temporary one—*i.e.* it began at a definite date in the cent past and it will probably end at some date in the future (I shall ot attempt to prophesy whether near or remote). To understand the ansformation that has taken place in Ulster since '98 it is necessary perform a mental operation to separate the two ideas now.

Nationalism, as we know it, is a recent growth. Its first stirrings ere observed in the countries groaning under the Napoleonic armies occupation. That is not to say that it had not existed as an idea or en felt as an emotion before that time. A century earlier, when Fletcher Saltoun saw the Scots parliament disappear into the maw of the mother parliaments he lamented : " That's the end of an auld sang." And in similar incoherent though poignant form nationalism sang in the heart many an Irish poet, but then it was identified with some other cause : ith the cause of the counter-reformation, " wine from the royal pope ; " with the cause of the Young Pretender, *An Londubh*. It was not an vert, active force till the middle of the 19th century when the Young elanders made us nation-conscious.

To see philosophies rise and fall is to understand the mind of an ge. Let us watch the flux of ideas in 18th century Ulster. Where did ie new ferments arise ? How did they affect the existing situation there ? Why did they die ?

To all outward appearances the position of the Protestant land-owning ass in 18th century Ireland was impregnable. The whole privilege nd power of the State were in their hands. Yet it is one of the ironies f history that the very means devised to secure their permanent political scendancy should have led ultimately to their downfall. The penal ws, which excluded Irish Catholics and Non-conformists from the

learned professions, forced those who could rise out of the grinding serfdom of the soil to live by trade. Some amassed wealth and became part of the rising middle class, whose bible was Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*. They were representative of the new Whiggery. Emerson has defended their political ideals in an inspiring sentence: "The philosopher and the lover of man have much harm to say of trade; but the historian will see that trade was the principle of Liberty; that trade planted America and destroyed feudalism; that it makes peace and keeps peace, and it will abolish slavery."

Adam Smith saw in the untrammelled flux of trade the panacea for all political ills. His ideas fitted in well with the society in which he found himself. As a professor in Glasgow he saw that city prospering as a great entrepôt of the tobacco trade. The material wealth in circulation was stimulating the mental life of the old university; and the university, in turn, was quickening the life of trade. The scientific discoveries of Smith's colleague, Joseph Black, and the inventive genius of Black's pupil, James Watt, gave the world a steam engine which would work: a discovery which was to accelerate beyond the dreams of either the progress of the industrial age. Physical science was then still one of the philosophies in Scotland, and the Scottish philosophers, Black, Hutcheson, Smith and Hume help to form the mind of the 18th century—that Minerva's head from which sprang forth armed men.

The Ulsterman Francis Hutcheson, former associate of Bishop Berkeley and Adam Smith's teacher and predecessor in the chair of Moral Philosophy at Glasgow, initiated the era of Moderatism in the Presbyterian Church. His view of God, a benevolent deity who reigned but did not govern, paved the way for the later Deism of Hume. Under his teaching the harsh rigour of Calvinism gave way to a more benign view of religion. Where the older Calvinists, conscious of the sinfulness of all men, prince and peasant alike, had been fired by a "low, levelling, rancorous sort of Whiggery," the Moderates by their insistence on the innate nobility of the common man made extrinsic trappings such as titles appear insignificant in comparison. This was the new Whiggery: it became in Scotland the fashionable political and religious mode of the latter half of the century.

It had a direct, immediate and extensive impact on Ulster; for these advanced ideas on religion, economics and politics were eagerly absorbed by the crowds of Ulster students at the Scottish universities. Almost all the Presbyterian ministers in the North had been educated there. They showed their political temper by their support of the American colonists in the war of independence, and they were ardent admirers of the early stages of the French Revolution.

In the very words of the American Declaration of Independence there is an echo of the political philosophy of the time: "all men . . . are

dowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights." The word *alienable* carries with it the musty smell of an old text-book. In the evious century Locke had declared that, though men were naturally dowed with certain rights, these rights were alienable and, once handed er, were gone for ever—an attitude that could be used to bolster up y government however despotic. So in the following century Rousseau is forced to cry out " Man is born free, and is everywhere in chains," d to argue that the rights of man are inalienable. The professors in e philosophy class-rooms of Glasgow must have dissected the theme, it for the poor scholars in spartan lodgings in the narrow wynds of the iversity town it was more than a theme: it was an evangel.

When the *Social Contract* was published there were about one hundred ish students at Glasgow, most of them Ulster candidates for the ministry the Presbyterian Church. Dismayed by conditions at home many them led their congregations into exile, where their political ideals spired the Declaration of Independence, their pens signed it, their urage defended it. Later, when the fall of the Bastille resounded rough Europe, their descendants joined the United Irish Society to otain some of those " Rights of Man " which they had been so long nied. The Rev. William Steel Dickson, D.D., Presbyterian minister Portaferry, Co. Down, and adjutant-general of the United Irishmen, knowledged that his political thinking had been directed by John Millar, ofessor of Law at Glasgow; and it is significant that another famous nited Irishman, Thomas Addis Emmet, had been a student at Edinburgh d a pupil of Joseph Black. For these men the fall of the Bastille was symbol of the impending fall of feudalism everywhere.

What did it mean to the Irish Catholic? Some of his leaders, land-vners like Lord Kenmare, would have subscribed to Lord Justice axfield's charge to the jury at the trial of Thomas Muir, a Scot who had ined the United Irishmen: " A government in every country should just like a corporation; and in this country it is made up of the landed terest, which alone has the right to be represented. As for the rabble ho have nothing but personal property, what hold has the nation on em? What security for the payment of their taxes? They may pack all their property on their backs and leave the country in the twinkling an eye. But landed property cannot be removed." Others, springing om the new wealthy trading class, would have deferred judgment for time, but the excesses of the mob and the attacks on religion would entually alienate their sympathies. But some of the Irish peasantry, sual labourers or tenants-at-will, a classless society by force of history, ig their pikes from the thatch and marched to Antrim and Ballynahinch—spired, it is true, more by ancient wrongs than by new rights, but perhaps mly conscious that a new world was being born. The Presbyterian ghting for Catholic emancipation, the Catholic fighting for Presbyterian

ideals of political liberty: that alliance was for the government the most dangerous seed sown in '98. But it proved a delicate plant; it has not thrived well.

It flowered for a few brief years in Belfast. Henry Montgomery, leader of the liberal Presbyterians, spoke from the altar of St. Patrick's Church, Belfast, in favour of Catholic emancipation. In recognition of his services in their cause the Catholics of Belfast gave him a public dinner at which he proposed the health of the Pope. Later, on a similar occasion Bishop Crolly responded by proposing the toast of " The Synod of Ulster."

The ascendancy class knew that its power could not survive any political union of Catholics and Dissenters, and Castlereagh endeavoured to secure the loyalty of the Presbyterian clergy by a large increase in the Royal Bounty and by the imposition of the oath of allegiance on all new ministers who wished to participate in its financial benefits. This perhaps cost the Government as much in popular sympathy as it gained in paper loyalty, for it savoured too much of bribery to be popular with the Presbyterian laity. Some of the clergy, too, felt that they had to assert their independence, and the controversy with the Government over the new Belfast Academical Institution offered a suitable opportunity.

This academy had been founded to provide, among other things, home education for those candidates for the ministry who had hitherto gone to Glasgow. Dr. Drennan, a former United Irishman, was one of its principal supporters and the liberal wing of the Presbyterian Church was strongly represented on the staff. The Synod proposed to recognise the certificate of the Institution in lieu of a university degree. At once Lord Castlereagh threatened to withdraw the *Regium Donum* from ministers educated there: an unfortunate interference which provoked a spirited outburst from a young clergyman, the Rev. James Carlile:—

> Who or what is this Lord Castlereagh that he should send such a message to the Synod of Ulster? Is he a minister of the body? Is he an elder? What right has he to obtrude himself on our deliberations? . . . Where now is the high spirit of independence, the stern integrity of our ancestors which would have made them walk steadily to the stake or to the gibbet before they would have suffered any civil magistrate to dictate to them where their students should be educated? Let us tell our people that we will never permit his majesty's bounty to operate as a bribe to induce us to desert what we believe to be their spiritual welfare . . . This day's decision will tell whether we deserve to rank as an independent, upright, conscientious body, with no other end in view than the glory of God and the welfare of His church, or whether we deserve that Lord Castlereagh should drive his chariot into the midst of us and tread us down as the offal of the streets.

The speech was courageous; yet, at the same time, a note of caution is evident. The speaker does not reject the bribe; but, with one eye on the public gallery, he tells the people that he will not permit it to operate as a bribe. Fifteen years later Mr. Carlile was drawing another government bounty as Resident Commissioner for National Education.

In the meantime the Government gave way, but the Institution was soon made safe by other methods. Among Presbyterians advanced political views were, at this time, often accompanied by advanced religious views, and a section of the Church decided that it was time to purge its ranks of Arians, Socinians and Unitarians. The movement was part of a general return to emotionalism in religion after the cool, intellectual clarity of the 18th century. Its extreme form expressed itself in revivalism, in "voices" and religious hysteria, and in the Gothic monstrosities which disfigured church architecture at the beginning of the century. In England one of its most notable leaders was Edward Irving (1792–1834), boyhood friend of Carlyle, founder of the sect of Irvingites. The fashionable world flocked to his church at Regent Square, London, where, in the words of an observer,

> He opens with fearless hand the vials of apocalyptic vengeance against our light, empty and profane era. He attacks the poetry and criticism of the age, inserting a fierce diatribe against the patrician Byron in the heart of an apology for the hapless ploughman Burns; knocking Southey down into the same kennel into which he had plunged Byron; and striking next at the very heart of Cobbett; and Hazlitt bends his brow into a frown, and you see a sarcasm (to be inserted in the next *Liberal*) crossing the dusky disk of his face. Waxing bolder and eyeing the peers and peeresses, the orator denounces "wickedness in high places," and his voice swells into its deepest thunder and his eye assumes its most portentous glare, as he characterises the falsehood of courtiers, the hypocrisy of statesmen, the hollowness, licentiousness and levity of fashionable life. It is Isaiah or Ezekiel over again, uttering again their stern yet musical and poetical burdens.

The description would fit well Irving's Ulster counterpart, the Rev. Henry Cooke, Moderator of Synod, Montgomery's opponent, the man who drove the Unitarians and liberals out of the Presbyterian Church. When Cooke's new church was to be opened in May Street, Belfast, in 1829, Irving promised to preach the opening sermon. He was prevented by family illness from attending, but he came to Ireland in the following year, and, after a visit to Powerscourt, he travelled to Belfast to preach in Cooke's church.

Irving placed great emphasis on personal morality and on the duties of the subject to the State, but ignored largely the duties of the State to the subject. He had an exaggerated respect for constituted authority and denounced the French Revolution, the extension of the franchise, the secret ballot, parliamentary reform, popular education and other contemporary movements which might interfere with the proper order of society. Cooke shared many of his political as well as many of his religious views, but preached them with a more subtle tongue. He was well adapted to steer the Presbyterian Church in Ulster through a transition period. He had that complex personality which seems to be a necessary attribute of political leaders. In him apparently divergent attitudes were welded into a unified character. He could be all things to all men,

yet he was no easy-going latitudinarian : he knew his own mind and could sway others to his purpose. Here are his own words on his political and religious outlook :—

" First, then, I am not a Whig. The time was when I would have been a Whig, when Whigs had religious as well as political principles . . . Neither am I a Tory . . . But whilst I reject alike the name of Whig and Tory, I decidedly avow myself a Conservative."

Hear him on another occasion. " It has been said that Presbyterians are essentially Republican. Now this is both true and false . . . If by Republican it is meant that Presbyterians are in favour of popular rights and liberties, we glory in the name . . . If it be meant that we are favourable to the fooleries of a Republic, we deny it . . . Were our fathers Republicans when the throne of Charles was at stake ? "

And again : " I am an Episcopalian, Paul being my witness. Humble though I be, I hold myself to be as much a bishop as the Archbishop of Canterbury."

Cooke saw the changing circumstances of the time—Catholic Emancipation, the regeneration of the Irish people under O'Connell's leadership —and he feared that the Repeal of the Union, O'Connell's avowed aim, would mean the end of Protestant ascendancy in Ireland. To prevent this he sought an alliance with the Tory party. The occasion came, appropriately enough, on the occasion of a meeting called at Hillsborough in 1834 to oppose the Reform Bill. In a famous speech Cooke called the banns of marriage between the Presbyterian and Episcopalian Churches, a union of which the most notorious issue has been the use, by the governing class in the North, of the words " Catholic " and " Protestant " as political labels. Cooke had with him on the platform on this occasion the Marquesses of Downshire, Donegall and Londonderry, the Earls of Clanwilliam and Roden, and Lords Castlereagh, Dufferin and Arthur Hill, gentlemen who in the face of parliamentary reform were determined to preserve their privileges and power. They saw in Cooke an admirable instrument for their purpose, and they used him with all the more success because he honestly believed he was serving the interests, not of privilege but of Protestantism.

From the liberal wing of the Presbyterian Church, death, imprisonment, transportation and flight had removed the more radical spirits. The severity of the government reprisals which followed the rising of '98 had an immediate deterrent effect on the rank and file. That might have worn off in a generation or two, but the religious animosity nurtured by Tory policy was a powerful force to shape public opinion in Ulster. Even the conflicting interests of landlord and tenant could not keep the small farmer permanently estranged from the Tory party. Although as late as the 1830's secret societies like the " Tommy Downshires," exclusively Protestant, were drilling with arms to attain agrarian reform, yet, on the

whole, the preoccupation of the Whigs with urban interests threw them more and more into the ranks of the Orange Order, dominated by the Tory landlords.

The controversy over the National Schools was cleverly used to drive a wedge between Catholics and liberal Presbyterians. The Board's scheme for "mixed education"—*i.e.* for giving instruction in secular subjects to Catholics and Protestants, side by side—had been accepted by Catholics and Unitarians. The Church of Ireland, followed by the Orthodox Presbyterians under Cooke, at first held aloof from the schools. Gradually, however, they manoeuvred the Board into a position in which, departing from the early idea of strictly secular instruction to mixed classes, they were empowered to give religious instruction on the tenets of their own faith during secular hours. They gave such instruction to Catholics and at once the cry of proselytism shattered the plan of mixed education; the insistence of Catholics on their rights was represented as intransigence and a desire for domination.

In Belfast and its satellite towns the great mercantile expansion of the middle century brought economic security to many; and from mill-owner down to foreman, although this security was achieved at the expense of a depressed class, largely Catholic, they did not question its justice. The deadly influence of Malthus—who had proved, as he thought, that it was an immutable law that there should be a depressed class and that nothing could be done about it—had withered up social conscience. Well-fed people everywhere were content to regard slums as the will of God. So we had the paradoxical position that the "mere doctrines of freedom, industrialism and competition had produced a resurgence of something very like industrial slavery at the base of society."

"Home Rule is Rome Rule"—that was the cry used to frighten the masses; but the leaders were victims of that Victorian disease called "Progress," some symptoms of which I have tried to portray. Ultimately it was a derivative of the Calvinistic idea that material prosperity is the fruit or reward of good living. The deterministic attitude fostered by Malthus fitted in well with the new Calvinism, and that in turn was reinforced by the determinist outlook of the new Physics which the Belfast-born Presbyterian, Kelvin, did so much to promote. So that as Presbyterians became more wealthy they became more orthodox.

In Ulster the worship of material success drove out the old ideals of liberty. The fetish of bigness overshadowed the dignity of the common man. Big linen mills, bigger shipyards, the biggest Empire, these were the new gods. So it comes that the *Northern Whig*, founded at the beginning of the last century to support the principles of freedom and emphasising its suspicion of privilege with its motto *Pro rege saepe, pro patria semper*, might to-day rewrite that motto *Pro rege semper, pro patria caro.*

DAVID KENNEDY

REVIEWS

Biography

THE VITA CHRISTI of Ludolphus the Carthusian. A Dissertation by Sister Mary Immaculate Bodenstedt, S.N.D., A.M. Washington: the Catholic University of America Press. 1944. $2.00.

When Ignatius of Loyola began to feel the *ennui* of convalescence he called for something to read—for one of those high-flown interminable romances of chivalry in which he would find his own mind reflected. There were no romances in the scanty book press of the castle; there were only some spiritual treatises. They brought him the *Vita Christi* of Ludolphus the Carthusian and, probably ungraciously enough, he took up the bulky volume and began to turn the pages with a languid interest. But he soon got absorbed in it, and slowly the great soul of Ignatius turned on its axis away from the vain dreams of distinction in love and war to the steady contemplation of the glory of God in the world. He set himself to copy out portions of it and made a book of 300 leaves very carefully written, in which Christ's words were done in red letters, the Blessed Virgin's in blue, and those of the saints in other various colours. It was scarcely anything extraordinary that Ludolph's book should have been found in Loyola castle. It was found in most monasteries and castles in Europe. Walter Kennedy in Ayrshire, a religious poet of the fifteenth century, knew the book well and used it as the chief source of his poem *The Passioun of Christ*. A German scholar has expressed the opinion that the *Vita Christi* was the most influential book on German mysticism in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

Sister Mary Immaculate Bodenstedt has been happily inspired in taking, as a university thesis, an investigation into the problems concerning the life and writings of Ludolph the Carthusian with special reference to his *Vita Christi*. The work seems a very creditable piece of scientific research; and unlike many degree theses it has a very general interest. The book is a genuine contribution to the history of prayer in the middle ages.

Though she has cast her net widely, the author has not been able to add substantially to what was already known of the life of Ludolph. He may have been a Dominican for some years. He entered the Carthusians at Strasburg in 1340, was Prior at Coblenz in 1343, lived at Mainz and Strasburg afterwards, and died in 1377. He wrote several books, but it is by his *Vita Christi* that he is remembered. The work was popular from the beginning and was widely copied and reproduced in manuscript. With the invention of printing it became much more widely known. It was printed in numerous editions in its original Latin and then in most modern languages. With the exception of a period when Jansenism was strong enough to affect fairly generally the attitude towards Christ, the work of Ludolph has continued to exercise a considerable influence on Catholic piety. St. Teresa, St. Francis de Sales, St. Alphonsus Ligouri, St. Robert Bellarmine, St. Chantal are some of those who have used it and commended it.

The second chapter is devoted to the attempt to discover the sources of the *Vita Christi*. Medieval writers borrowed boldly and unapologetically. They had little of that modern hypersensitive feeling of private property in ideas; when they gave their works to the world, they made them *publici juris;* and all who came after them could help themselves to them with impunity. Sr. Mary Immaculate has made a list of over eighty authors from whom Ludolphus has borrowed. The Christians most frequently quoted are Chrysostom, Augustine, Anselm and Bernard. Among the classical writers Cicero and Seneca are the favourites.

The *Vita Christi* was based on the Gospels and was probably the first complete life of Christ published. It could not fairly be compared with the modern lives

Christ—such as those by Fouard, Fillion or Lebreton. Perhaps the closest modern rallel is Meschler's life. The medieval Catholic had not the modern interest pure historical fact. He was content with the facts which the Gospels gave. r him the words and actions of Christ had a value much greater than the historical ue; they had a spiritual value. They were to be meditated and prayed. rough them Christ was to be known in order that he might be imitated. Hence this book the exegetive, the ascetical, the preaching, the theological aspects are re important than the historical.

In the fifth chapter, perhaps the most valuable one, the author considers prayer the *Vita Christi*. The purpose of Ludolph's book was to teach the art of prayer. l the kinds of ordinary prayer—vocal, mental, affective, liturgical, acquired ntemplation—are described and practised, though not with the precision of a dern book of ascetical theology. A special feature of the *Vita* is the great number vocal prayers presumably composed by Ludolph himself. Selections from ese have been published in different languages.

For the modern non-Catholic the life of Christ is the study of a man who lived g ago in an age and a society, in a set of ideas, that have passed away. For the edieval Catholic, for whom Ludolphus wrote, the life of Christ was a truth, founded doubt on a certain historical foundation, but in itself transcending time and of rmanent vital interest. Sr. Mary Immaculate has done a good service by phasising this difference of outlook.

H. K.

ANIEL CARROLL. A Framer of the Constitution. By Sister Mary Virgina Geiger. Catholic University of America Press. 1943. pp. x+210.

HIS monograph is a dissertation for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, prepared der the direction of Professor Richard J. Purcell. Its subject was only related marriage to the more celebrated Charles Carroll of Carrollton, but he seems have been almost equally wealthy and influential, and his career was one of much stinction. Like his namesake he was descended from the O'Carrolls of Ely. is father only came to Maryland about 1720, but seems very soon to have acquired nsiderable property, and his marriage with Eleanor Darnall brought him into lationship with the Baltimore family. This first Daniel Carroll had two sons: e, the subject of this monograph, became a distinguished statesman; the other, hn, became Archbishop of Baltimore. Hitherto there has been some uncertainty out the career of Daniel Carroll II, arising partly from confusion with his son. ster Geiger may fairly claim to have elucidated the main facts; and her biography, hile not always very brightly written, is a thoroughly sound and creditable piece historical research.

After collecting many interesting details about Daniel Carroll's family background d private life, Sister Geiger devotes four closely-packed chapters to his career Senator of Maryland, member of the Continental Congress, member of the Federal onvention in which the Constitution of the United States was drafted, and finally ember of Congress and Commissioner for the Federal City which was to become ashington. He entered the Maryland State Council in 1777, a year after the eclaration of Independence. In 1781 he became a delegate to the Continental ongress, in which he announced the adhesion of Maryland to the Articles of Conderation. In the Congress his work was partly concerned with the smoothing relations between the newly-formed States and partly with the difficult task of pplying and maintaining the revolutionary army. Both an energetic worker and sound practical business-man, he acted as an "economic stabilizer" who helped eatly to set the struggling new State upon its feet. In his own State he worked centralise the powers of government, and in Congress he was incessantly active

in committees on foreign affairs, finance, and supplies. On one occasion we find him appointed as Indian interpreter to a commission for negotiation about native territories. In the Federal Convention he favoured federal authority as against the extreme exponents of state rights.

As compared with his illustrious namesake, Daniel Carroll appears to have been a Catholic of more pronounced type, though we are surprised to discover that, like most of the revolutionary leaders, he was also a Freemason. It would seem that, while Charles Carroll had imbibed some slight tincture of indifferentism from his protracted French education, Daniel was brought up by the Jesuits of St. Omer on more othodox lines. At any rate he was one of the two Catholic members of the Federal Convention, and a strong and successful advocate of the fullest religious toleration. His aristocratic connections did not prevent him from being also a convinced democrat. He died in 1796 at the age of sixty-six, probably worn out by his labours for the foundation of the Federal capital.

M. T.

THE FORGOTTEN HUME : Le bon David. By Ernest Campbell Mossner. New York : Columbia University Press ; London : Oxford University Press. 1943. 20s. net.

MOST works on Hume have treated of him as the philosopher, the historian, or the economist, but not as the man. Whereas Johnson's figure is well known, Hume, lacking a contemporary Boswell, is forgotten except as an intellectual inquirer. This book attempts to restore the missing or forgotten picture of the historical Hume. It is based largely on documents hitherto not utilized, from the libraries of Edinburgh and several places in the United States. As a man, the author ranks Hume higher than Johnson, and extols his lovable and gentle nature, his charity, benevolence and high moral qualities. One doubts whether any biographer could have made him as attractive a personality as Johnson. Comparing Reynolds's portrait of the latter with that of Hume by Allan Ramsay (reproduced in this book), one feels that this calm, wide-eyed, comfortable, self-satisfied Scotsman is far from being as humanly interesting a subject as the forthright if rugged Englishman. A dissonance, even a contradiction, between his philosophy, with its bleak, atheistic outlook, and the warmth of good nature which earned him the name *le bon David*, must disconcert his biographer, disturbing as it was even to Hume's friends. An interesting chapter of this book tells of the acute distress to which Boswell was driven by this enigma, and how he struggled vainly for many years to find some solution of it.

The account of Hume's relations to the Scottish literary movements is of great interest. The author hopes some day to use his collection of materials for a full-scale treatment of "David Hume, Man of Letters." Hume's championing of promising new outbursts of genius in Scotland was in most cases unfortunate, and was dictated more by good nature and Scottish pride than by conviction and good literary judgment. The story is told of his patronage of Blacklock, his propaganda for Home's *Douglas* and for Wilkie's *Epigoniad*, his part in the Macpherson controversy. Other chapters treat of his controversy with Wallace, his relations to the Johnsonians, and to Boswell. The interesting chapter on Rousseau gives a full account of his quarrel with Hume and throws fresh light on that incident.

The book is throughout very entertaining to read, and contributes valuable material not only to Hume-biography but to the history of eighteenth century literature in Scotland.

J. S.

Celtica

ABHAR BRANACH : The Book of the O'Byrnes. Edited by Seán Mac Airt. The Dublin Institute for Advanced Studies. 1944. 18+454 pp. 12s. 6d.

the English poet Spenser's *View of the Present State of Ireland*[1], written in 1596, doxus (p. 659) is made to ask Irenaeus for information concerning " Feugh c Hughe, whoe being but a base villeyn, and of himselfe of noe power, yet soe tinually troubleth that state, notwithstanding that he lyeth under theyr nose, I disdayne his bold arrogauncye, and thinke it to be the greatest indignitye he Queene that may be, to suffer such a caytiff to play such *Rex*, and by his mple not only to give harte and encouradgement to all such bold rebells, but to yeeld them succoure and refuge agaynst her Majestye, whensoever they into his Cummerreighe." Irenaeus, in his reply, begins with a very inaccurate ount of the origins of the " Birnes " and " Tooles ", of which this much at least rue that " Feugh Mac Hugh " belonged to a junior branch of the family ruled " O-Brin ". (This branch of *clann Bhroin*, to which *Fiacha mac Aodha* belonged, e known in Irish as *gabhal Raghnaill*, ' Raghnall's branch ', and lived to the t of the senior branch, in the mountainous part of Wicklow.) Irenaeus, when comes as far as Fiacha, begins to give sound information, for he is now describing nts that occurred about Spenser's own time. He tells us how " Hughe Mac ane, the father of this Feughe, first beganne to lift up his head, and through strength and greate fastness of Glan-Maleeirh, which adjoyneth unto his howse Ballinecorrih, drewe unto him many theves and out-lawes, which fledd unto the cour of that glinne, as to a saunctuarye and brought unto him parte of the spoyle all the countrey, through which he grewe stronge, and in shorte space got to nselfe a greate name thereby amongest the Irish ; in whose footing this his sonne tinuing hath, through many unhappy occasions, encreased his said name, and opinion of his greatness, soe that nowe he is become a daungerous enemy to l withall."

Eudoxus makes some further inquiries, and Irenaeus explains that had " Feughe " n " taken in hand when the rest of the realme (or at least the partes adjoyning) l bene quiett . . . he could not have stoode three monthes, nor ever have ked up agaynst a verye meane power : but nowe all the partes about him being in a madding moode, as the Moores in Lease, the Kevenaghs in the countye Wexforde, and some of the Butlers in the countye of Kilkennye, they all flocke o him, and drawe unto his countrey, as to a strong hold where they thinke to safe from all that prosecute them : And from thence they doe at theyr pleasures ake out into all the borders adjoyning, which are well peopled countreyes, as countyes of Dublin, of Kildare, of Catarlaghe, of Kilkenny, of Wexforde, with spoiles whereof they vittell and strengthen themselves, which otherwise should shorte time be starved, and soone pined away ; soe that what he is is of himselfe may hereby soone perceave."

In the book which, since John O'Donovan's day, has been known as *Leabhar nach* (' the Book of the O'Byrnes '), are contained almost all extant Irish poems praise of this Fiacha, his father, his sons, a grandson, and a number of other tives. *Leabhar Branach* is therefore of special interest to students of Irish try, in that it contains the *duanairí* (or ' poem-books ') of four Leinster chieftains o took a prominent part in Irish affairs in the generations immediately preceding decay of the bardic schools.

One at least of the poems is already well known, being a favourite with hologists. It is the poem of incitement beginning *Dia libh, a laochruidh*

[1] There is a good edition in Spenser's *Complete Works*, ed. Morris, 1869.

Ghaoidhiol. Its author was *Aonghus mac Doighri I Dhálaigh,* whom Professor O'Rahilly (R.I.A. Proc., 1922, Section C, p. 99) with probability has identified with " Enyes O Dalye of Palees " who, along with Phelim son of Fiacha O'Byrne, received a pardon for his offences against the government in May 1598 and again in May 1601. In reading it, as in reading so many of these poems, one is struck by the closeness of its agreement with the facts mentioned in English documents, though the judgements passed on those facts may be very different. In October 1596, for instance, the Lord Deputy writing to the Privy Council states that if he might follow Feagh till Christmas next, *he would make him a very bush kern and not leave him above two men to follow him* (Cal. St. Pa. Ireland, Eliz. 1596, p. 140). One could almost imagine that Aonghus had heard of the Lord Deputy's threat and was answering it when he said :—

Crádh liom eachtruinn dá bhfógra,
ríoghradh Fhódla 's a n-oireacht,
's nách goirthior dhíobh 'na ndúthchus
acht ceithearn chúthail choilleadh.

In the same letter the Lord Deputy claims that *he has beaten a great part of Feagh's glynnes, carried away* 600 *or* 700 *of his cows, and killed and taken some of his best men, one being his brother.* And in the same poem Aonghus laments Gabhal Raghnaill's danger in ' this glen ' :—

Méd a nguaisi san ghleann so
do chuir mo mheanma a míneart.

The poem we have been considering is in the looser type of syllabic verse, which, though popular at all periods, seldom obtained entry into official *duanairí.* Indeed one poet, Fearghal Mac Eochadha (line 2951), thought it shameful that ' soft verse ' (by which he probably meant loose syllabic verse as well as stress verse) should be given so prominent a place in Fiacha's *duanaire* while his own poems were neglected :—

Iomdha ad duanaire dán bog—
Nár, 's ar nduanai-ne ar dearmod.

And it is a fact there are more ' soft ' (or 'easy ') poems in *Duanaire Fiachaidh mhic Aodha* than in the other poem-books (namely *Duanaire Aodha mhic Sheaáin, Duanaire Féilim mhic Fhiachaidh,* and *Duanaire Briain mhic Fhéilim*) which, along with some additional poems, are included in the volume known as *Leabhar Branach.* Modern readers will tend to prefer the ' soft ' poems ; and doubtless they were always more popular than the ' non-soft ' poems (*dán neambog,* line 6615), which are often to be judged rather as elaborate ornaments on the social life of the period than as that personal expression of thought or emotion which is nowadays regarded as of the essence of poetry.

Leabhar Branach exists today in two manuscript copies, both apparently derived from an original written by Brian Mac Giolla Phádraig (himself a good poet) in 1622. The better copy, that upon which Seán Mac Airt has based the Institute's edition, is now preserved in Harvard University, America. Readings from the other copy, now preserved in Trinity College, Dublin, have however also been included. Seán Mac Airt worked by means of photostats of the Harvard manuscript, and the excellence of the text he has printed gives us reason to trust the copious citation of manuscript readings he has added to it ; for it is unlikely that a scholar so accurate where the details of bardic grammar and prosody are concerned, and so skilled in emendation and choice of readings, would be a careless transcriber.

In a short, but adequate and scholarly, introduction Seán Mac Airt has

summarized the history of the O'Byrne family and discussed the manuscript sources of his text. The notes, if scanty, are again scholarly. In them the main subject of each poem has been indicated, some difficult passages translated, and certain historical details added, drawn mainly from the illustrative documents printed by Standish Hayes O'Grady in his *Catalogue* (p. 499 *sq.*) and by Mr. Price in his *Notes on Feagh McHugh O'Byrne* (published in the Journal of the County Kildare Archaeological Society, XI, 1930—33, p. 134 *sq.*).

Carefully compiled indexes, with clear and accurate identification of the people and places mentioned, and appendixes containing further excerpts from the Harvard manuscript and a discussion of the scribe's dialect, complete a volume which is a model of textual editing and a good example of the sound work we have learned to expect from the staff of the Dublin Institute.

A second volume, which it is to be hoped the Institute will soon undertake, might well contain translations and really informative notes drawn from State Papers and other contemporary sources, which happen here to be unusually rich. Such a volume would make this valuable book really useful to the historian and would considerably lighten the task of the reader fond of literature, for strict bardic style normally offers difficulties even to the expert.

G. M.

Classics

THE STYLE OF SOPHOCLES. By F. R. Earp. Cambridge: University Press. 1944. 10s. 6d. net.

Professor Earp is already distinguished among classical scholars for his sympathetic and sensitive studies of Greek thought in his *Way of the Greeks*. The present brief but original and subtle work will add greatly to his reputation, particularly as we have had little recent research of quite the same scope. Its first three chapters contain a series of very valuable word-lists in which are classified words used by Sophocles in one play only, words confined to Sophocles and Heavy Compounds, and words peculiar in classical Greek to Sophocles. By " heavy compounds " are meant those made up of noun and adjective or noun and verb. Taking as his starting-point the poet's own description of his stylistic development as preserved for us in a much-discussed passage by Plutarch (*Moralia*, 79 B.), Professor Earp shows how, from such a statistical investigation as he here conducts for us, very important conclusions may be drawn as to gradual changes in style and most instructive comparisons may be made between extant plays.

The succeeding four chapters deal in turn with figures of speech, amplification, resolved feet in iambic passages, and finally with selected passages both from dialogue and from the lyrics. There is considerable difference in value between these various criteria, and in particular it is shown that arguments drawn from dialogue metre do not possess the cogency sometimes attributed to them. Professor Earp does not deal with the very difficult question of lyric metre, nor with the rhythmical structure of the odes, a subject discussed fully some years ago by a German scholar, Walther Kranz, in his illuminating book *Stasimon*. It is quite certain that a study of the lyrics of Sophocles would reinforce the conclusions here arrived at. The evidence gathered by Professor Earp is cumulative and converging, and while perhaps no single line of argument is in itself infallible, the general result is clear and striking.

Briefly the development in the style of Sophocles is shown, as indicated by the Plutarch fragment, to be from an elaborate and artificial style to one that is both simpler and more dramatic. The earliest plays, *Ajax* and *Antigone*, belong of course to a period when the poet had already travelled a good distance from his

earlier subjection, which seems to have been very definite, to the influence of Aeschylus. Yet Professor Earp's method makes it abundantly clear that these plays are far closer to Aeschylus than are those of a later period. Our numerous Sophoclean fragments are for the most part too brief and too uncertain in date to be used in this connection to any decisive purpose; but it is possible to feel, for instance, that the interval between *Triptolemos* and *Antigone* is at least as great as that between the latter and *Oedipus Tyrannus*. There are naturally certain unevennesses in the development traced with such skill in this book. Professor Earp himself draws attention to the very instructive special case of *Electra*, with its return to a rather archaic style, which he accounts for by its subject. Perhaps the most valuable result of his method is the clear light it throws on *Trachiniae*, which is convincingly shown to be an early play, at least as early as *Ajax*.

Every student of Sophocles will find matter to interest him in this book. It is written in a candid, unpretentious, and at the same time readable style, and its author demonstrates his skill both in the careful qualifications which he admits at every step of his argument and in his frequent comparisons, especially with Shakespeare, to the development of whose style he devotes a neat little excursus. The longish chapter in which passages from different plays are compared word by word will prove to be perhaps the most valuable as well as the most readable part of a book which should do much to encourage appreciation of one of the world's supreme poetical stylists.

M. T.

History

EXTENTS OF IRISH MONASTIC POSSESSIONS, 1540–1541. From Manuscripts in the Public Record Office, London. Edited by Newport B. White, M.A. Irish Manuscripts Commission. Dublin: Stationery Office. 1943. 21s.

THE TANNER LETTERS: Original Documents and Notices of Irish Affairs in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. Edited by Charles McNeill. Irish Manuscripts Commission. Dublin: Stationery Office. 1943. 42s.

THE Irish Manuscripts Commission has added two important publications to its long list of useful volumes. And these two volumes are no more than a sample of the good work that is being quietly, but most efficiently, accomplished by the Commission's group of expert workers and editors.

Mr. Newport White presents a full English translation of the Latin *Extents of Irish Monastic Possessions*, which are now preserved in the London Record Office. They were made at the time of the suppression of the monasteries in 1540–41, and consist of the sworn statements or surveys made at the command of Henry VIII's royal commission. They are not complete, but give us invaluable information as to the state of 172 religious houses in Ireland at this time—many of them among the most important religious establishments in the country. The list of counties included in the commission's work—Dublin, Carlow, Cork, Kildare, Kilkenny, Limerick, Louth, Meath (including Westmeath), Tipperary, Waterford and Wexford—is an index of the geographical area which could safely be covered by a royal commission at this date. The religious houses in the other counties were, for the most part, inaccessible.

Mr. Newport White pays a special tribute to the help given him by Father John Brady, who brought to his notice copies of the *Extents* for Meath, Cork and Limerick, which have been preserved in a separate collection at the London Record Office. Father Myles Ronan had already printed the full text of the Dublin *Extents* as an Appendix to his *The Reformation in Dublin*; and other isolated texts

have been printed elsewhere. But it is an immense advantage to have all these detailed lists within a single volume. For those who are lucky enough to own a copy of Archdall's *Monasticon Hibernicum* (1786), it is of interest to compare these sworn statements of 1540–41 with the very similar *Inquisitions* printed by Archdall in his rare volume. Father Brady has already called attention to the fact that copies of the *Inquisitions* used by Archdall are still preserved in the Dublin Record Office, and has suggested (what would in fact be a most useful undertaking) that the Irish MSS. Commission should supplement the present volume by another containing the contemporary *Inquisitions*. We should then have easy access to both sets, and should have in addition the advantage of a reliable text, for Archdall's printed texts are open to question.

Of the information to be gained from these *Extents*, I cite only one or two instances. It is most instructive to compare this sworn statement of the property owned by some great monastic community at the end of the medieval period with the surviving collection of its charters, which often date from the first years of the Anglo-Norman invasion. To take the Dublin Augustinian Abbey of St. Thomas as an example, its surviving charters would suggest that the canons owned very considerable property in the city and county of Cork—which was being occupied by Robert fitzStephen and Milo de Cogan just about the time when these Victorine canons were introduced into Ireland. Actually, it is plain from the *Extents* that holdings of Thomascourt in Cork were very small. Most of the earlier grants were either speculative grants, made at a time when the first Norman lords were claiming land which they had never even seen, or else grants which the Dublin canons soon found it more profitable to sell for cash or exchange for some other more useful property. A similar process can be observed in the holdings of the Anglo-Norman Abbey of Dunbrothy in Co. Wexford—as has been demonstrated by P. H. Hore in his *History of Co. Wexford*.

The statements made in these *Extents* often throw valuable light on the social status and obligations of the tenants who worked these lands for the great monasteries. We hear of ' ploughdays ', ' hookdays ', ' haydays ', ' turfdays ', and so on ; and tithes are paid in various forms. There are also endless details of interest to local antiquarians, who will often find it possible to identify the sites or lands here named. The *Extents* of the various religious houses at Trim are a good example of this point. Local tradition has here preserved the memory of various plots still known as " Friarsland ". These *Extents* should help to identify the various friaries to which these plots belonged. There is also, of course, an immense amount of material for the more accurate study of place-names.

Some years ago Mr. Charles McNeill was sent on a mission to Oxford, and took the opportunity of copying a great mass of documents of Irish interest now preserved in the Bodleian Library. The Tanner MSS. are one of the main collections of the Library, but Bishop Tanner—who was himself a well-known English antiquarian—had no special interest in Ireland. The papers here copied come, almost without exception, from the collections of William Sancroft who was Archbishop of Canterbury from 1678 to 1691, when he was deprived by William III. (He died in 1693). Sancroft took his papers with him at the time of his deprivation, and before his death made a gift of them to his nephew, from whom they were bought by Bishop Tanner. The whole collection came to the Bodleian Library on Tanner's death in 1735. Sancroft must have had personal connections with men who worked in Ireland either under Charles I or Charles II, and his papers include a very great number of Irish interest.

Here are, for example, autograph letters to and from Queen Elizabeth at the time when she was instructing Mountjoy to do all he could to get possession of Hugh O'Neill's person after the battle of Kinsale. From the Queen's letters it

is plain that the Earl was well-advised not to accept any of the terms offered to him for surrender. Even more important are the papers from the Cromwellian period, which do not seem to have been used systematically by any Irish historian. Gilbert used some of them for his work on the Confederation of Kilkenny, but there is a great deal here which did not interest him. Many documents, for example, from the years 1641–52, which throw light on the situation of the English Protestant forces; but more especially an important series of despatches from Inchiquin to the English Speaker Lenthall, which give us an insight into the operations which Inchiquin was conducting in Munster in 1647, and some new light on Cromwell's own actions at Clonmel.

More literary interests are aroused by the many letters in this collection which passed between Ussher, Bedell and their friends in England at a time when Ussher was collecting those manuscripts which are now the most valuable portion of the collection in Trinity College Library, and Bedell was preparing his Irish translation of the Bible. There is a letter, from 1656, which records Ussher's death and the price offered for his library by some friends of Sion College—£2,500. There is another curious letter which gives us (1680) a full list of the benefices granted to the apostate Jesuit priest, Andrew Sall. Sancroft was evidently anxious to reward the apostate, and his correspondent (the Protestant Bishop of Raphoe) assures him that his new benefices will " afford him such a competency that he need not complain of neglect nor seek any other charity, unless it be to pardon his accepting it." Narcissus Marsh and Dudley Loftus are also among Sancroft's correspondents.

I have noted some slips in the Index, and occasionally the texts could have been edited with greater care. For example, a summary is here printed (from the Collections of Sir James Ware) of the probably fictitious dispute between Archbishop Dowdall and Bishop Staples of Meath, which is supposed to have taken place in Dublin in 1552. It is not clear who copied this text from Ware's collections; and the reader should have been warned that a much fuller text was printed by Father Gogarty many years ago in *Archivium Hibernicum*. Two letters are printed here (p. 3) which are said to have been exchanged between Dowdall and Sir James Crofts in 1552. They are plainly not originals, but it is not clear what their origin is; it is probable that they are new samples of Robert Ware's forgeries.

A. G.

SPLENDOURS AND MISERIES. By Sacheverell Sitwell. London: Faber and Faber. 1943. 18s.

THE Sitwell Trio have been before the reading public for upwards of a quarter-century now. Both brothers fought in the last war; the horrors of the present provoked these evocations in 1943 from Sacheverell, the younger of the two. It will be said that he hardly needed such a catastrophic urge; he has been producing an average of a book a year since 1924! Such literature is not easily bred. It is weighty with learning, however lightly borne. It skirts the confines of the cosmos and is played upon by a temper of allusiveness which has earned its author the title " magician of history ". For such learning the critic is hard put to it to find a formula. It is Southern Baroque or maybe Northern Gothic; Mozart or Liszt or Bach; Flowers or Poltergeists; the Primitive or the Precious. Almost always it is art, seldom life except as a potential of art.

Miss Edith Sitwell once strikingly deprecated, in her own self, any attempt to bring a poet's personality into the limelight. The Sitwells are now, however, well known to readers, partially revealed by the trio themselves. If they were not, it would not be difficult for the discriminating to trace a line of descent in their work. All three have the aristocratic stamp. They are amateurs in the good sense of that misused word. True heirs of an ancient house they conserve and collect; use and

extend. They are distinguished travellers, accomplished musicians, evocative and so creative exponents of the arts and of artists.

The book before us, the title of which repeats a chapter-heading in Edith Sitwell's re-creation of Bath, is conceived in an apocalyptic, " end of the world " mood. This is no novelty in history. Mr. Sitwell knows that well. Neither is it new to readers of his books. Already in 1936 in *The Dance of the Quick and the Dead* he wrote : " To our generation, who are struggling in the trough left behind by a century of reason and materialism, there is a direct communication coming to us out of the Inferno that he (Hieronymus Busch) imagined . . . It seems now as if the last war was only the foretaste of what is to come ; as if the new and terrible toys that have been invented have only just found their way into our hands and have not yet been played with in all their potentiality of evil." These potentials as actuals in the years of war are the stuff of the chapters " Refugee Ship," " Carthage is Fallen," " Battle in the Steppe," " Songs my mother taught me " in the book under review. A curious student might even find that *The Dance of the Quick and the Dead* was but an overture, the motifs of which—such as the myth of Orpheus and his lyre ; Orpheus and Eurydice ; Bach, Mozart, Chopin ; Breughel, Bosch and Callot ; Crime and Punishment ; Paradiso, Purgatorio, Inferno—recur with variations in the nine books that make up *Splendours and Miseries*.

It is, as I have implied, an evocation of the dread to-day, the twilight of the gods as semi-final or final stage in human history, and of the past with its splendours of life in culture, music, painting, sculpture and with its miseries of death, in madness, crime and punishment. Jostling Mr. Sitwell the creator is Mr. Sitwell the critic. The same voice that pictured the present in the opening chapter of the 1936 book speaks here against mass civilisation and mechanisation. Mr. Sitwell believes that salvation lies in the individual. He must be rescued from the permanent intrusion that threatens. Otherwise the arts, the soul of the world will die. Into the Inferno of the present which haunts Mr. Sitwell no Christ will descend. Orpheus it is who with his lyre will silence Cerberus and bring back Eurydice. He is the redeemer. For " the only true religions are the arts of men. That is the only immortality. All other is imaginary and has no proofs. There are no Heaven and no Hell."

I have said that the division of *Splendours and Miseries* is into nine books. The coincidence with the nine muses, to whom and to whose fountain Mr. Sitwell makes frequent allusion, may or may not be accidental. This book would in my opinion have the same or perhaps a better title to be called poetry (though in prose form) than *The Dance of the Quick and the Dead* which I have seen so catalogued. I am prepared to admit the visitations, in the book under review, of any or all of eight goddesses ; but if Polyhymnia were claimed, I should enter a decided objection. I do not think Mr. Sitwell's philosophy would bear examination; still less do I believe it to be a solution for the ills under which humanity labours. Indeed I am not quite sure that Mr. Sitwell is entirely human, though he has exquisite human touches. He is an aesthete and, I will admit, a sturdy one ; Gilbert and Sullivan would not have found him an easy butt. He is a dilettante in the best sense ; a collector, as becomes a leisured aristocrat, of rare and interesting matter which he is good enough to share with lesser mortals ; a fascinating critic of the arts ; a poet with definite limitations ; a good but unequal prose writer. His books, this last among them, are well worth while—in my opinion. MARY M. MACKEN.

THE CLUBS OF THE GEORGIAN RAKES. By Louis C. Jones. New York : Columbia University Press ; London : Humphrey Milford. 1943. 18s. 6d.

THIS book appears to have its roots in a thesis and shows the qualities and defects of its kind. Its writer is enthusiastic but insufficiently selective. He shows much

of the enterprise and industry that have helped to lift the research work of American students in English studies above the level of their cispontine colleagues ; but his book would have been a more shapely and exact contribution to its subject if its writer had held more strictly to his title. As it is, it tends to be diffuse and irrelevant. He purports to deal with the gregarious excesses of idle, dissipated men of fashion ; but he mixes indiscriminately the convivial with the debauched, the normal ebullitions of an unpoliced society with the abnormal, demoniacs with drunks and disorderlies.

History has provided us all with boxes of paint to paint any age any colour. When we deal with Monks of the Screw, one writer may prefer to quote exclusively from their charter-song ; another, with greater truth, may quote Curran's vindication of his convivial hours :

> We spent them not in toys or lust or wine ;
> But search of deep philosophy,
> Wit, eloquence and poesy—
> Arts which I loved ; for they, my friend, were thine.

Mr. Jones is too candid and intelligent not to recognise this. His sources are largely the deliberate didactic essayists, the satirists, the censors and critics of contemporary manners. Transcribing their censures with one hand, he lifts another admonitory finger against taking their authority too literally. He makes all the proper qualifications to lower the tones in his picture, but in spite of his reservations the picture comes out a rather lurid conversation piece ; he puts in too many figures and the picture over-runs his frame. Any student of eighteenth century society quickly realises how small a group its upper class makes ; how closely related their members were and on what easy terms libertines and virtuous met. This does not justify the inclusion of the average sensual man amongst the rakes. Take for example the Dilettanti Society. Mr. Jones presents it as a rakes' club turning in course of time from drinking bouts to a serious interest in classical antiquity. The Society may have begun as a sort of Travellers Club whose members swapped adventure stories over their wine. But drinking was certainly not its reason for existence. It would have surprised a late member, the very respectable, scholarly and invalidish Lord Charlemont, to learn that he had joined a rakes' club, nor would he have accepted a characteristically malicious observation from Horace Walpole's private correspondence as any sort of justification for the name. It would have equally surprised the not so invalidish Ormonde and Liberty Boys to find themselves bracketed as rakes with idle men of fashion ; and, perhaps most of all, it would have surprised the King of Dalkey and his jolly crew of holiday-makers to find themselves sailing in such a galley in any circumstances.

All this matter is relevant to a picture of eighteenth century club life, and to quarrel with its presence here is little more than to quarrel with a title and to complain of too liberal a helping. Mr. Jones, with many and sympathetic Irish references, produces a sufficiency of rakehelly roysterers, bullies and gamblers for our inspection and entertainment. They would be more interesting if they were not completely insignificant. Even the demon parade is as unconvincing as a pantomime, and one finds it now not easy to discover or disengage a truly satanic element in the luridly romantic pseudo-diabolic play-acting of the Medmenham Monks or the members of the Hell-Fire Clubs. C. P. C.

JESUITS UNDER FIRE IN THE SIEGE OF HONG KONG, 1941. By Thomas F. Ryan, S.J. London and Dublin : Burns Oates. 1944. 10s. 6d. FATHER RYAN was one of a group of 27 Irish Jesuits who were working on the island of Hong Kong when war broke out between Japan and the Allies in 1941. The siege and capture of Hong Kong followed in December ; the actual surrender of the island took place on Christmas Day. This little book tells the story of the

immediate preparations, the attack and the surrender from the point of view of Catholic missionaries who were called to play their part in a dramatic crisis. All came through the crisis unscathed, though some of the buildings in which they had been working for the past twelve years—notably the fine Regional Seminary on Aberdeen Bay—suffered severely, and several of the Fathers had hairbreadth escapes from danger to life and limb.

This book is called "Jesuits under Fire." It might perhaps more aptly have been called "Everyman under Fire," for the story told here is a moving tale of that sudden, unfaltering response to the call of duty and the stimulus of danger which seems to be the almost universal experience of mankind under war-conditions. Father Ryan has pieced his story together from the experiences of each individual missionary. We get glimpses of priests who were deputed to work as chaplains to the forces in their outlying stations; students who joined in the work of the ambulances; volunteers, Portuguese as well as English and Irish, who gave the priest an unforgettable welcome whenever he appeared to hear their confessions and give them what might well be their last Holy Communion; others who were taken prisoners by the Japanese at an early stage of the fighting on the mainland (for the Jesuits had opened a school and a smaller residence on the British territory across the straits) and who had some anxious hours of uncertainty; young Chinese seminarians whose simple courage was in keeping with all that the Fathers had learned to expect from their faith and piety in preparation for the priesthood; and so on throughout the catalogue of individual experiences.

Perhaps the final impression from reading this book is the sense of God's Providence, watching over all who were caught up in this grim struggle, and fulfilling—to the letter—the promises of the Gospel. A similar lesson is taught by all the news that has so far leaked through from the various mission-stations of the Far East. There has everywhere been reason, only too much reason, for anxiety; and often there have been long months and years of waiting for news that is sometimes dreaded in advance. And then news comes at last; and it is comforting news. When the full story comes to be written of all these outlying missions—in Central China, in Korea, in Burma, in Hong Kong, in the Philippines, in the Malay States and the Dutch islands—we who have been so sheltered at home and who have been able to do nothing but remember the absent ones in our prayers, will no doubt be at once humbled and consoled to hear how constantly those who were in great danger had no resource but trust in the loving Providence of God, and how that trust was never disappointed. P. D.

Studies in Saints and Scholars

THE EAGLE AND THE DOVE. A Study in Contrasts. By V. Sackville-West. London. Michael Joseph. 1943. 10s. 6d.

This book consists of two short contrasting studies of St. Teresa of Avila and St. Teresa of Lisieux. A Catholic will find in it much to criticise, a little to smile at and a great deal to be grateful for. Indeed let us honestly admit that, in spite of some obvious faults of treatment, we are grateful to this distinguished non-Catholic author for lending the repute of her name to the popularising of our saints. Sancta Mater Ecclesia, it is true, loses not a jot of her serenity when the Huxleys and the Werfels and the Sackville-Wests come face to face with a saint and sing their songs of excited approval. For it was in her womb the saint was formed, and it is with her sign that his sanctity has been sealed. Her approval is other than the novelist's. But it is also true that there are Catholics who will never take a spiritual book in hand unless a popular author's name lends it an adventitious glamour or that it happens to be "the book of the film". It is sad that many Catholics are content to allow their spiritual culture to stand on so much lower a

level than that of their secular knowledge. They are " well-read in Wells and witless of the Trinity ", expert in the technique of Gerard Manley Hopkins's poetry and ignorant of the dogma which informs it ; and so many of their candles burn before the altars of Epstein and Klee that they have none left for the mediaeval shrine of Avila and certainly none for the tinselled modern shrine of Lisieux. Miss Sackville-West's votive torch may relight their steps to the higher altars.

Both as saint and as woman of the world, St. Teresa of Avila has an outstanding place among the women of all time. It is small wonder then that she has attracted scores of biographers. Miss Sackville-West brings to her effort an artist's eye for colour and a journalist's flair for the telling detail. The result is a vivid and interesting narrative, even if at times the colour is a trifle lurid and the details are chosen with an eye rather to their telling effect than to their proportionate value for the finished portrait. But she is handicapped by the want of that intimate instinctive knowledge that can be gained only *en famille*. She makes valiant efforts to overcome this handicap, the handicap of being a twentieth-century English non-Catholic writing of a sixteenth-century Spanish Catholic saint. But without being in any way discourteous or denying the book's many fine qualities, it may be said that her failure to overcome the handicap is at times notable. Even a saint's writings cannot be taken literally—often, in fact, because of the spirit of humility in which they were written, more than ordinary care is required in their interpretation. No Catholic could write of St. Teresa that " she literally frightened herself into a convent " ; nor would they accept too literally the statement that, in her desires for martyrdom, " it was not the love of God made her heart beat so wildly." Again, while St. Teresa was " a daughter of her country and her century," she was above all a daughter of the Catholic Church. It is true that, like most of the Spanish mystics (with the marked exception of St. Ignatius of Loyola), she wrote little directly about the Church. But her devotion to it was a salient feature of her whole life ; and her swan-song at Alba was the constantly repeated " In short, Lord, I am a daughter of the Church, I am a daughter of the Church." Miss Sackville-West can on occasion pay generous tribute to the " strange and magnificent institution which is the Church of Rome." But when she finds it " excellently suited to those whose temperament conforms to herd-obedience ", she can scarcely be expected to appreciate St. Teresa's devotion to it. Nor do we find mention of the Mass or the Blessed Eucharist, except insofar as they may be associated with mystical phenomena. Yet the Mass was the mainstay of Teresa's life, and the three chapters on the Eucharist in the *Way of Perfection* are among the finest she ever wrote.

Catholics—and others as well—can only regret the pages devoted to the discussion of the exact nature of St. Teresa's early failings. A short popular study is not the place to " outspokenly note " that " the name of Teresa has been associated with that of Sappho." It is to be regretted also that the author should have seen fit to end her study on a very macabre note. However much she may disagree with the " desecration " of St. Teresa's incorrupt body, it is artistically incorrect and disproportionate to devote several pages to descriptions of its dismemberment. And the acrimony of her disagreement scarcely justifies her in writing such a sentence as this : " What soul in superstitious Spain could fail to covet the possession of magical trophies such as these ? ". She longs for an El Greco to immortalise the scene of the exhumation. But, however violent a chiaroscuro he would have brought to its lighting, he would have failed to picture the lurid horrors of Miss Sackville-West's imagination. Only the haunted brain of a Wiertz could do full justice to the " ghastly and hallowed scene " she conjures up.

The mystical side of the saint's life is treated interestingly if rather inadequately. The interest is heightened by the marked preoccupation with levitation, visions, locutions and such-like secondary phenomena of mysticism. And while the author

is careful to state that such somatic marvels are not the things that count, yet her balance is undoubtedly weighted in their favour, and she detracts from the merits of her study by the introduction of such weird figures as St. Christina the Extraordinary whom Fr. Thurston dismisses as " little more than a pathological case." There is, of course, much emphasis in the writings of St. Teresa on these external concomitants of mysticism. But then she was writing for the instruction of others ; and Miss Sackville-West would certainly be too humble to make even a remote claim to such a purpose in her pages. There is at the moment, both inside and outside the Church, a renewed interest in mysticism. It is at least worthy of remark that three non-Catholics have in recent years chosen as the subject of their studies three Catholic contemplatives (we can hardly say saints as Père Joseph is among them) and a visionary. That all this interest springs, like Aldous Huxley's, from a belief that " a totally unmystical world would be a world totally blind and insane " is more than doubtful. For it goes hand-in-hand with a frightening belief in prediction and prophecies and a prodigious wave of spiritualistic practices reminiscent of that which flooded the world during the war of 1914–1918. One cannot help recalling Our Lord's warning to an evil generation on the subject of signs and wonders. At any rate, the reader of this book would do well to keep clearly in mind that the chief and most essential characteristic of Christian mysticism resides in sanctifying grace, and that mystical theologians have waged wordy wars for centuries on topics which Miss Sackville-West has perforce to sum-up in a few pages. And he might prudently take for compass in those reef-strewn waters the dictum of St. John of the Cross : " The more attention the soul pays to such things, the further it strays from the true way and means, which are faith."

That way of faith can be securely trodden in the footsteps of St. Thérèse of Lisieux, in whose life external mystical phenomena were almost entirely lacking. Perhaps that is why God has given her to this modern world that craves for signs and wonders. Miss Sackville-West asks whether she was a true mystic in the sense in which St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross were mystics, and she answers ' not quite '. In this she is in agreement with many mystical theologians of the saint's own order, though all agree that she did enjoy the union of transforming love. But the question is not of great importance. For her essential characteristic is the complete self-surrender to God of a life, ordinary in its outward actions, extraordinary in the heroism with which these actions were performed. And it would be sad if the sentiment that surrounds her like some Hollywood aura were to obscure the iron heroism of that life. " The tough core of heroism is there, even if it must be disinterred from under layers and layers of cotton-wool." And to the author's honour be it said that she does disinter it, though it is clear that her heart is more with the " great " Teresa. But just as her study of Teresa of Avila would be improved by less attention to mystical phenomena, so we feel here that if she had spent less time in removing the cotton wool and more in probing the deep core within, her work would have been better. Yet, perhaps, she is right ; the sentimental aspect of the devotion to St. Thérèse does demand treatment. For many are repelled by the cloying sentimentality that has been accumulated—and, alas, deliberately accumulated—around the saint. Only a few artists like Samberger, who place religion and art above financial popularity, have had the sincerity to depict her as she should be depicted—as a figure of heroic mould. (Incidentally may we hope that our many excellent Irish artists may be given the opportunity of making things worthy of the house of God, now that the supply of continental lollipop statuary has been mercifully cut off). Even the very photographs of the saint have been " touched-up " to meet the popular demand of a generation whose sense of beauty is derived, not from the Madonnas of Angelico or the windows of Chartres, but from the synthetic complexions of the film-stars.

But the Church in canonising St. Thérèse of Lisieux had no intention of canonising the sentimentality of the jeweller's daughter of Alençon. The Church's business is primarily with sanctity, not with good taste. Dirt did help St. Benedict Joseph Labre to become a saint; but the Church does not counsel us to imitate him in his dirtiness, but in his contempt of the false values of the world. And that may be achieved in spite of a daily bath. So, even if the reader believes with Henri Ghéon that the shrine of Lisieux is "in the front rank of the monstrosities of Catholic ecclesiastical art", the humble and patient effort to penetrate the tinselled facade will more than repay him. He will discover a building very different indeed at first glance from the turreted castle of Avila, but whose every stone, hewn and polished "scalpri salubris ictibus et tunsione plurima", bears the hallmark of heroic sanctity. They are little stones, far less imposing than the granite boulders of Old Castile, though the labour of their shaping was not a whit the less. But it was for their littleness that they were chosen of God to make a model sanctuary in a world that worships size. They are the same stones that are at the disposal of every man and woman in the everyday life of this twentieth century. And the dark night in which they were hewn is no Juanistic gloom, but something more humanly akin to that dull and wearying darkness which, at times at least, is our common lot. That is the meaning of St. Thérèse of Lisieux. D. O'S

SENTENTIAE PETRI PICTAVIENSIS. Vol. I. Edited by Philip S. Moore and Martha Dulong. (Publications in Mediaeval Studies, VII). University of Notre Dame (Indiana). 1943. pp. lxii+326.

FOR some years before the war scholars in many countries were concentrating their interests on the recovery and re-interpretation of the major and minor text-books of medieval scholastic thinkers. The University of Notre Dame had formed a small group of international workers, with Father Philip S. Moore, C.S.C., at its head; and this group had selected as their chosen field of work the texts of Peter of Poitiers, Prepositinus, Stephen Langton and one or two others from the school which gave Paris its fame in the second half of the twelfth century. Father Moore produced his *Works of Peter of Poitiers* in 1936; in collaboration with Mr. James Corbett he edited Peter's allegorical tracts *Super Tabernaculum Moysi* in 1938; Dr. Arthur Landgraf edited the first two volumes of a commentary on the Epistles of St. Paul, now extant in a Cambridge MS. and recognised as the work of a pupil of Peter Abelard, in 1937 and 1939; and Dr. Edward Hunt edited the very curious *Lucula Noctis* of Johannes Dominicus (a fourteenth-century criticism of the new humanistic Renaissance) in 1940. The appearance of this first volume of the *Sententiae* of Peter of Poitiers, edited by Father Moore in collaboration with Miss Martha Dulong, shows that even the present crisis has not interrupted the steady course of these workers at Notre Dame University. It is the first of a series of five projected volumes. May the series go forward to its due conclusion!

Peter of Poitiers is recognised as one of the most influential pupils of the famous Peter Lombard, whose *Liber Sententiarum* was to become the accepted text-book of all later medieval scholastic lecturers. He ranks with Prepositinus of Cremona, Simon of Tournai and Gandulf of Bologna as an inheritor of the metaphysical traditions of Peter Abelard and Peter Lombard in the school of Paris. His own *Sententiarum libri quinque* was a favourite text-book for the next century and more, and Father Moore has had access to no less than 26 complete MSS. of its text, with four other manuscript versions of an abridged edition made in the early thirteenth century. These *Sententiae* were edited for the first time by Dom Hugh Mathoud, of the Benedictine Congregation of St. Maur, in 1655; and Mathoud's text was reprinted (with many printer's errors) by Migne in vol. 211 of his *Patrologia Latina*. Dom Mathoud was on the whole a conscientious editor, but he had the

bad luck to be given an inferior, though early, manuscript from which to produce his text; and most modern scholars knew that text solely in the very much inferior reprint of the *Patrologia*.

A new critical edition was needed, if the early stages of the scholastic tradition at Paris were to be properly assessed, and Father Moore has placed all students of medieval philosophy and theology in his debt by his courageous adventure. Here is a text which is based on a careful examination of the principal extant texts, not on the selected evidence of any single manuscript. So heavy a task could never have been attempted without the aid of the photographer—for we must presume that the library of Notre Dame University had acquired rotograph copies of several, if not all the MSS. listed by Father Moore and Miss Dulong in their elaborate Preface to this work. This first volume covers Peter's first book, with its questions on the doctrine of the Blessed Trinity—always a favourite field for the speculations of the schoolmen of Paris. Father Moore has been able to show that the theories of Peter of Poitiers had a direct influence on the familiar theses of Saint Thomas Aquinas in his *Summa Theologica*.

Work of this kind will never make its appeal to more than a few technical research-students; but it has its own undoubted value, and we offer the authorities of Notre Dame University our congratulations on the courage and foresight which have enabled them to build up a school of medieval studies which gives every promise of sound work in the post-war, no less than in the pre-war world. How many of the manuscripts here cited by Father Moore in his foot-notes will survive the present international storm? Will future scholars owe more than would have been thought possible a few years ago to the bold planning and generous enterprise of American scholars in many Universities, whose photostat or rotograph copies may so easily (but so tragically) become the sole surviving witnesses to a lost inheritance?

A. G.

Miscellaneous

THE CATHOLIC DOCTOR. By A. Bonnar, O.F.M., D.D. London and Dublin: Burns Oates. 3rd ed. 1944. Pp. 168. 7s. 6d.

This, the third edition of Dr. Bonnar's well-known *Catholic Doctor*, is one of the most valuable books a young doctor could read. For it deals with things that are certain and certainly important—birth, marriage, pleasure and pain—and it deals with them in an eminently scientific way. Conclusions are derived from principles without special pleading, and the medical facts are fully and fairly stated. Fr. Bonnar avoids the error of some Catholic apologists which consists in buttressing with very controversial medical opinion an unassailable case based on first principles. In the chapter on birth-prevention, for instance, he states the ethical case firmly and finally, before quoting the opinions of various medical authorities who believe that these practices are responsible for much ill health. Yet in my view he gains nothing and may lose something by quoting these medical *obiter dicta*. It is unfortunately true that the majority of competent gynaecologists is still unconvinced that the proper use of contraceptives involves any necessary danger to health; and it would be easy to produce a number of equally authoritative pronouncements to balance those quoted by Fr. Bonnar. The danger is that a vigorous attack by some critic on the medical section might weaken the force of the ethical argument in the mind of a young doctor who has been brought up to believe that facts are more important than principles and that unsupported opinions of a clinician are always suspect.

This book will give to the medical student who is fortunate enough to have an opportunity of studying it systematically a fine training in cool rational thought;

it will help to preserve his sanity in the atmosphere of statistical empiricism which permeates modern medicine. It is right that biologists should recognize their limitations and seek only to prove what can be proved by the correct use of the tools of their trade ; but it is wrong that doctors, or even biologists, should be educated only in the use of these tools. The recent introduction of ethics into the medical course will therefore be of great benefit to the student from a general educational point of view, quite apart from the valuable and indeed vital information which he would not otherwise acquire.

This third edition differs from the former editions in the substitution of a chapter on the Problem of Pain for one on Freudian Dogma now omitted. It has been evident for some time that Freudianism as a pseudo-religion is fading away, and the substitution is therefore justified by the author's desire to combine economy with completeness. The index has been thoroughly revised, and there appear to be no misprints. An excellent and elegant book. T. W. T. D.

THE CORRIB COUNTRY. By Richard Hayward. Dundalk : Dundalgan Press. 1943. pp. 164. 15s.

ANYONE who has read Mr. Richard Hayward's delightful *Where the River Shannon Flows* will open this book in eager anticipation. Nor will he be disappointed. Mr. Hayward is the ideal guide, clear and vivid in description, intimate and friendly in talking with you, and without a trace of that condescension, be it ever so kindly and well-meant, that one meets occasionally in other books on Ireland. As he talks about the shores of the Corrib you might almost imagine that you were walking by his side, stopping here and there, turning down an unpromising lane which you might otherwise not have noticed to lead you to an old house or a broken gable-end of a church or the mouth of an underground river. And there you would sit down and listen to him reconstruct the past so vividly that it would seem to live still.

Mr. Hayward has the knack of drawing a story from most of those he met on his travels, and he is at his best and happiest when telling it. Whether the words he sometimes puts into the mouths of his narrators are so concentrated a dose of Synge as he implies, I take leave to doubt. It may be that he heard all the phrases in his time around the lake, but that he would hear so many in one story is hardly likely. A few times I was uncomfortably reminded of the stage Irishman.

I have heard some people complain that there was too much archaeology in the book. But I can sympathise with Mr. Hayward's predicament. There is hardly any district in Ireland so rich in monuments—both sacred and profane, of Irish and Norman and English settler origin—as the shores of the Corrib. To have omitted any of the more remarkable would have been a fault, and yet there is so much to say about each of them that he must have wondered where to stop. At any rate the book caters for all tastes, tourist and student ; and if the reader or traveller isn't interested in the architectural details of a monastery or castle, he can skip them.

I have, however, one crow to pluck with Mr. Hayward. Nearly three quarters of the book is taken up with the neighbourhood of Cong. Now it is true that there is much of interest in the district, more perhaps than in any other area of its size around the lake—excepting of course Galway City, where Mr. Hayward rightly does not delay as it has been written of so well elsewhere. It is also true that there is, as Mr. Hayward impresses on us, very good accommodation for tourists at Ashford Castle. Still, to leave for all the rest of that lovely country (lovely, at least, on the west shore of the lake) a bare forty pages is surely not enough. It seemed to me that the author drew mainly on books for this section of his journey. When he comes across an interesting story in them, he tells it in his own racy style. But there is none of that pleasant chatting with the local inhabitants and fishermen that gives

its charm to the earlier part of the book. And did no one tell him of that loveliest of drives north-east out of Oughterard by the shores of the lake, on through Glann to what must always be one of Ireland's finest sights, the Hill of Doon? If they had, he would surely have raised his voice to call for the completion of that road to join the Oughterard road a couple of miles away.

Still, where there are so many good things it would be churlish to complain too much. And the good things are here in abundance. Mr. Hayward has the happy knack of picking out the dramatic incident, the illuminating detail and the humorous incongruity, so that every page sparkles. He can be caustic too, as when he inveighs against the unsightly custom of cluttering up the interiors of ruined churches with tombstones and ugly headstones. Piety is all very well, but it is not so well when it becomes an obstacle to the restoration of some of our finest churches which, as the author points out, would require very little to turn them into use once more. I notice with pleasure that Mr. Hayward has given the Irish names for most of the places he mentions. Scholars may not agree with every one of them. But, then, when did scholars agree about anything?

A word must be said about Mr. Humbert Craig's drawings. Some might prefer photographs as being more " true to life ". But they would have been out of place in this book. *The Corrib Country* is not merely a Baedeker. It is the record of the impressions which that countryside made on the mind and eye of a sympathetic and imaginative artist. So it was right that the illustrations should be the work of another artist, viewing these same scenes and giving us what his eyes saw. That he has caught the spirit of that western lake as a photograph could never have done will be clear to anyone who has ever been there.

Finally, a word of praise for Mr. Tempest and his Dundalgan Press. We have by this time come to expect a high standard from that Press, a standard which might well serve as a headline for our home printing business. This book is in that high tradition. It is a fine piece of work, courageously undertaken in these troubled days and competently carried out. It is a book of which any printer may well be proud.

S. Ó C.

THY KINGDOM COME. By Bernard Kelly, C.S.Sp., M.A., D.D. Dublin & London: Burns Oates. 1943. Pp. 248. 9s.

THE MASS: From Shadows to the Truth. By Arthur J. Clarke, C.SS.R. London: Burns Oates. 1943. Pp. 212. 7s. 6d.

By allusion, by parable and by direct teaching Our Lord made frequent use, in His discourses, of the idea of the Kingdom. *Thy Kingdom Come* is a synthesis of the principles and practices of the spiritual life built around this central idea. It contrasts, first, man's selfish kingship of this world and the diabolic kingship of the world of darkness with the kingship of God as Creator and Lord of the universe. It next studies the Kingship of Christ in the Incarnation and Satan's efforts to overcome it. From the three temptations of Christ, which epitomise those efforts, the major pitfalls of the spiritual life are skilfully deduced. Under the Beatitudes are ranged the cardinal laws of the Kingdom. Further chapters treat of prayer, of suffering and self-denial in the light of Calvary and the Mass, of the distribution and workings of divine grace, and of the peace which comes to him who in justice and charity seeks the Kingdom of God. A special chapter is devoted to Mary as Queen; and the book closes with a sketch of the glory of the Kingdom, both on earth and in Heaven, based on the Apocalypse.

To present a comprehensive view of the spiritual life and at the same time to give to details their proportionate value is no easy task. Many will be disappointed at finding details which they themselves would stress passed lightly over. Others will regard certain viewpoints as being over-urged. But all will agree that Dr.

Kelly has given us a book of sure and solid spirituality which, if it does not always make easy reading, will repay the time spent on its study. An analytical index of the various chapters would much enhance its value.

Father Clarke believes, and we heartily agree with him, that " if no more religious instruction were given to children between the ages of twelve and fourteen than that which would lead to a loving appreciation and understanding of the Holy Sacrifice, all other instruction and spirituality would follow from the Mass itself." His book has grown out of talks given before Mass to evacuated children in England. In it he traces the idea of sacrifice from pagan times through Jewish history to Calvary and the Mass—from shadows to the truth. It is not meant to be put into the hands of children ; it is rather a book for teachers. Indeed, while there is much in it that is well adapted to the minds of children, there is much more that will require careful explanation and adaptation by the teacher. Adults will appreciate the historical detail with which the early sacrifices are described ; but the child's mind would only be confused by it. The first chapter on the idea of sacrifice is excellent and might well even be expanded in teaching. But if the child is to be given a clear view of the Mass as a whole, the three following chapters on " the shadows " need considerable abbreviation. The shadows are necessary only in so far as they show up the light of Calvary and the Mass. The chapters on the Mass as a relative and as a true sacrifice are helpful. They could be made still more helpful by a clear statement as to what is of faith and what is of opinion. The chapters on the interrelation of Mass and daily life are amongst the best in the book. They insist on " our reasonable service ". The remaining chapters go through the liturgy of the Mass as it stands to-day. Throughout the whole book Holy Scripture is used aptly and frequently. D. O'S

GOLDEN PRIEST : A Three Act Drama on the Martyrdom of Blessed Oliver Plunket. By Aodh de Blacam. Dublin : M. H. Gill. 1943. 2s. 6d.

Mr. de Blacam's aim in this play is ambitious, and he has chosen with care the scenes which he depicts. In a skilful way he has contrived to present, within comparatively narrow limits, a good picture of the contrasts in the life-story of Blessed Oliver Plunket and the involved political and religious influences by which it was affected. The portrayal of Blessed Oliver Plunket himself is dignified, perhaps even to a fault. A burning zeal, desire for peace and goodwill amongst his flock, singleminded pursuit of God's glory and the good of souls, together with an immensely deep concern for the safety of the Faith under the unnatural strains of the time in which he lived—these were the motives that inspired Blessed Oliver Plunket in all his undertakings, and each is reflected in the pages of Mr. de Blacam's play. The play, too, is well laid out and pleasantly unfolded. It presents a considerable variety of characters from the would-be blind Peter Pad-the-Road to the shifty self-seeking MacMoyler—on the surface a friend but at heart a traitor. Its scenes show a wide variety—the quiet study of the Blessed Oliver as professor of theology in Rome, the needy shelter which he called his home when Archbishop of Armagh, the wild mountain-ridge of Slieve Gullion, and finally the dark and miserable Newgate cell.

Given the sub-title of the play it would be, I suppose, hard to quarrel with the air of foreboding that broods over it from the outset ; though we do well to remember that, between Blessed Oliver Plunket's consecration as Archbishop in 1669 and his apprehension in 1679, there ran a course of ten long years of vigorous missionary endeavour and labour. For all of us, of course, today it is hard to think of Blessed Oliver Plunket apart from his martyrdom, and our picture of him is inevitably coloured by the series of events which marked his arrest, imprisonment and death. Much therefore, in the early part of this play, will depend on the way in which the play is acted and on the measure of personal charm (never easily conveyed in writing) that is contributed, by thoughtful interpretation on the part of the actor, to the character of Blessed Oliver Plunket himself. C. O'C.

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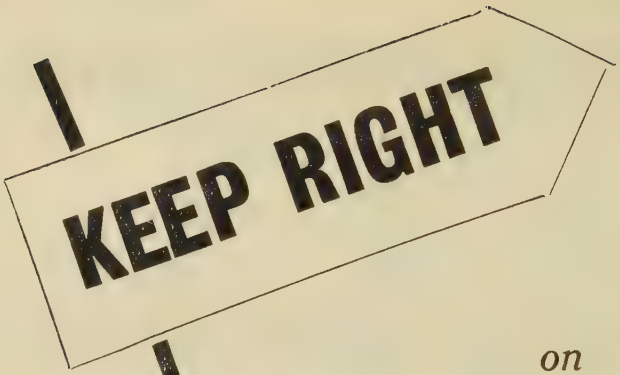

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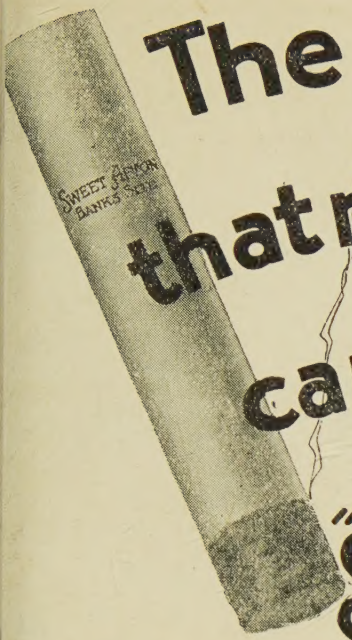

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